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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

TWENTY PATTERNS FOR THE UNDER-TENS

TEN TENNIS TIPS FROM MARGARET SMITH

MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS TREES FROM ODDMENTS

HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND—P. 32

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Health books by doctors can prevent —or help early diagnosis of—disease, says a distinguished family doctor.

THE doctor — the author of our brilliant new series, "How NOT To Kill Your Husband," which starts this week on page 32 — says:

"Books by doctors cannot, and are not intended to, replace regular medical supervision of a patient.

"But a person does not become a patient until he is ill, and then it may be too late.

"Health books sometimes make an impression on those who dash through life unchecked."

★ ★ ★

PAUL GILCHRIST, the Canadian Mountie who married in Victoria (see opposite page), didn't forget his mother on the big day.

Paul, the younger son of Mrs. Gilchrist, of Toronto, Canada, and of the late Mr. Robert Gilchrist, arranged for a complete tape-recording of the ceremony and reception, and for a color movie of the events.

He will take them home to his mother so that she may hear and see something of his wedding day.

Our cover

● You can make these pretty clothes (see below), and there are 20 more patterns for children's fashions on pages 43 to 46. There are clothes to sew for boys as well as girls — from infancy to 10 years.

Pattern No. 7752 (order details, page 44). Frock requires 2 to 3¼ yds. 36in. material; pinafore and pants require 3½yds. to 4¾yds. 36in. material. Sizes: lengths 22, 24, 27, 30in. Price 3/6.

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THE MOUNTIE TRAVELLED 7350 MILES

● Corporal Paul Gilchrist, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who flew 7350 miles from a remote lumber town to marry Sister Shirley de Hennin at Corryong, in north-eastern Victoria, looked every inch the storybook Mountie on his wedding day.

TALL (he's 6ft. 3in.), broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, he wore his dress uniform.

And he had crowds of Corryong's small boys green with envy as they packed round the little Presbyterian Church for a look at their first live Mountie.

A large part of Corryong's population of 1500 turned out in a hailstorm to see the wedding.

Shirley is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie de Hennin, of "Glen Eyre," Greg Greg, 16 miles away in New South Wales.

The pageboy, her nephew Peter de Hennin (nearly three), wore a replica of the Mountie's uniform made by his mother, Mrs. Alan de Hennin, from illustrations in the "R.C.M.P. Quarterly," copies of which Paul has been sending to Shirley.

They met in British Columbia in August last year, five months after Shirley arrived in Canada on a working holiday with Sister Marie Godfrey, of Elmore, Vic.

"He was the relieving corporal in charge at McBride when we met," she said. "Soon after that I went to Port St. John, and Paul was working 68 miles away.

"Somehow the acquaintance went on through the snow and the ice until by January we were engaged."

Her first home with Paul will be in Ocean Falls (population 3800), which he describes as a "paper and pulp town." On the west coast 350 miles north of Vancouver, it is inaccessible by land — the only way in is by ship or seaplane.

"We will live in a married-quarters flat over the offices," Shirley said. "It's got three bedrooms and a huge living-dining room with big windows looking over the sea. We'll buy the furniture in Vancouver when we arrive there in the Canberra in November."

Paul has been in the Mounties for 12 years, during which he's served over most of Canada. His most isolated posting was just below the Yukon border.

He had the last dog team used by the R.C.M.P. in British Columbia. Now dogs are "on the strength" only in the Arctic region.

—FREDA IRVING.

POSTSCRIPT — The bridegroom hoped we wouldn't make any play with that ancient joke about the Mountie getting his man. So we didn't.

ABOVE: Royal Canadian Mounted Police Corporal Paul Gilchrist was a handsome bridegroom for attractive Sister Shirley de Hennin at Corryong, Vic. AT LEFT: At attention in his replica Mountie uniform is pageboy Peter de Hennin, nephew of the bride, with her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Alan de Hennin (left) and Mrs. Jim de Hennin (right), and her ten-year-old sister, Diane. BELOW: Paul tweaks 80-year-old George Finch's beret straight on a visit he and his bride made to Corryong District Hospital to see some of her former patients after the wedding. Pictures by staff photographer Bill Rowntree.

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every time he fears severe pain...

You can tell when he's thinking about his next attack. He's edgy, irritable. This fearful anticipation saps resistance when pain comes — increases suffering — even brings pain on sooner. But knowing you can quickly bring him comforting 'CODRAL' eases his mind — and yours. You know that 'CODRAL'S' action is swift, strong, lasting . . . and so perfectly safe. Two tablets with water or a cup of tea speedily relieve the severest pain of headache, migraine, neuralgia, toothache, abscess, backache, all other nervous or muscular pain, and the symptoms of cold or flu. **Is 'CODRAL' close at hand this very moment?**

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(TRADE MARK)

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME TRUSTED PHARMACEUTICAL

Worth Reporting

THE elegant, well-manicured hands of Jose Luis Gonzāles flicked affectionately over the strings of his guitar.

Occasionally his head would bend low and he'd listen intently to the soft, clear tones, lost in his music.

Mr. Gonzales is a young (30) Spaniard, in Sydney to teach the guitar for two years.

He was recommended by Segovia (spoken of as the world's greatest guitar player) when an Australian music-publishing company and the Society of the Classical Guitar wrote to Spain asking for a teacher.

He doesn't speak English very well — although he's getting better every day — and the interview turned into more of a tiny private concert.

Married for six and a half years, Mr. Gonzales hopes that his wife and children (a boy and a girl) will join him in Sydney before Christmas.

He showed us pictures of his family. The children are jolly and chubby, and his wife is pretty.

He has been studying for 15 years; first with his father, then with Regino Sainz de la Maza in Madrid, and for the past five years with Segovia.

In Spain he is a teacher of the guitar, and he has travelled Europe giving concerts.

Mr. Gonzales is very keen on ping-pong. He likes football, too, but doesn't play.

He takes extraordinary care of his fingernails, using five different grades of emery paper to get each nail just right for the string it must pluck.

Each nail must have a different angle to correspond with the angle of the finger on the string, and even a microscopic roughness tortures the note.

★ ★ ★

SIGN on the front lawn of a suburban house: "Anyone is welcome to use our lawnmower, provided they don't take it out of our garden."

● ***Jose Luis Gonzales***

DUCKLINGS on an experimental farm in Maryland, U.S.A., have a radio-controlled "mother." It is a robot shaped like an adult female duck and contains a radio receiver with which a scientist can direct it to any part of the pond.

It can even be made to quack.

The ducklings, which follow the robot everywhere, were made to believe it was their real mother by being associated with it constantly since they were hatched.

All this quackery is part of a study of bird behaviour by scientists of the University of Chicago. By similar methods, they have made other ducklings look upon humans, hens, and even orange boxes as their mothers.

Calling all cars . . .

IT'S not every girl who is paid for driving about in a car, but we know a group of girls in Melbourne who are.

They are the R.A.C.V. (Royal Automobile Club of Victoria) Traffic News team, who give Melbourne motorists the latest reports on the flow of traffic, roads to be avoided, and directions for reaching their destination in the shortest possible time.

This smoothly running service, which was started last December by a local radio station, is the only one in Australia operated entirely by women.

Using two-way-radio cars, the girls send in the traffic news to a small radio broadcasting unit at the R.A.C.V. St. Kilda base.

From there it is broadcast minutes after the girls report in.

Attractive Vi Dolphin, of Essendon, who has been with the R.A.C.V. for seven years, told us that she was the "guinea pig"—the first woman driver employed when the service began.

And she soon proved that girls were just as good as, if not better than, men at a job which requires not only driving skill but a level head, keen road sense, and the ability to make quick assessments on the flow of temperamental peak-hour traffic.

Cutlery—Norfolk style

WHEN the Duke of Norfolk brings the English Test team to Brisbane, he will be invited to inspect a Norfolk family heirloom.

It is a 200-year-old canteen of cutlery, now in the possession of antique dealer Miss Cecilia McNally.

"I bought it 10 years ago from a North Queensland woman who claimed to be a descendant of the Norfolks," Miss McNally said.

"I would say that it was made about 1750."

The Norfolk crest (one of three used by the family) is engraved on each pistol-shaped silver handle.

Although it shows "battle scars," the cutlery is still powerful enough to plough through a baron of beef.

With Miss McNally we tried it out on a dainty chicken salad.

Miss McNally explained that the battle scars were probably well earned — it was the type of cutlery canteen which officers took to war in the 18th century.

In the picture (at left) Miss McNally shows the cutlery on an 18th-century Pembroke table, which was sent to Government House during the Queen Mother's visit in 1958.

The Queen Mother breakfasted from the table in her suite.

Miss McNally has lent her treasures to every Royal visitor in recent years, and she is often asked to help with period settings for charity money-raisers and historical exhibitions.

The heirloom Norfolk cutlery shares honors in her North Brisbane drawing-room with Venetian chandeliers, celadon bowls, Ming statues, Byzantine ikons, a witch's ball, Staffordshire dogs, and 1000 other fascinating relics of the past.

● ***Miss Cecilia McNally and antique cutlery.***

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"Angry Middle-aged Jeweller"

—with a rip-roaring sense of humor

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● Matcham Skipper should be on his way to Italy. If he really has gone, the residents of Eltham, Vic., will find life perceptibly flatter. They will have to be consoled with the legends that cling to him like burrs.

THEY will miss him flashing by in the Landrover this summer, carolling like a lark from sheer high spirits with his twin boys, beautiful, but absolutely bare, beside him.

The young lady at the hairdresser's can go on shampooing without fear of being called to the counter and asked how to dye a goat.

"I've been broke, but I've never prostituted my talent . . .

. . . socialites? My most discerning client was a taxi-driver . . .

. . . they turn you away from some parties unless you're wearing my jewellery."

The bank manager need no longer twitch in his sleep, dreaming that he is trying to explain ordinary banking procedure to a client who plainly thinks he is out of his mind. (Though lately Matcham has turned over any figures that worry him to his young son Marcus, who explains the mysteries of mathematics to him with infinite patience.)

When we went to see him, pages of Marcus' neat figuring were strewn around Matcham's home at Eltham Artist's Colony, where Marcus was doing all a 12-year-old could to help his adored, if erratic, father decide whether he ought to go to Italy or accept a Canberra commission.

The Italian Government had offered Matcham a scholarship worth £1000 to cover a year's study at the Benvenuto Cellini School of Jewellery ["A 1000-year-old jeweller's college, 2ft. deep in (sanguine) snow at Valenza," said Matcham].

Child of sun

A child of the sun if ever there was one, Matcham was not pro-snow, especially with a wife and three children to shelter from it when he got to Italy.

But he was conscious of the honor the scholarship conferred, and eager to match his talents with those of European craftsmen.

On the other hand, the Australian Government had asked him to make six immense wrought-iron screens for Canberra University ("I conceive them as great pieces of jewellery"), and the completion of these was going to bring, according to Marcus' arithmetic, great financial comfort. Also considerable prestige in his native land.

Both offers were plums for any craftsman, but unfortunately for Matcham they both came at the same time, and he had to choose between them.

At the time of writing, Matcham had, to my knowledge, changed his mind seven times. His wife, Myra, a painter and a woman of infinite calm, was claiming that she had lost all interest in whether they were going to Italy or not.

She had packed for all (Matcham, Marcus, herself, and the five-year-old twins, Adam and Damien) to sail on October 23, and felt her responsibility ended there. She was waiting (as were two Governments) for Matcham's final decision.

How did one man come to be concerned with both jewellery and wrought-iron screens, or, for that matter, the bas-relief Stations of the Cross that he and his sister Sonia recently completed for the new Church of Mary Immaculate at Ivanhoe, Vic.?

Matcham, though he airily claims he is a master of all crafts—including leadlighting, wrought-iron work, pottery, woodcarving, and blacksmithing — is primarily a sculptor.

And his jewellery is sculpture writ small: rings, bracelets, necklets, and medallions, usually depicting Greek myths and legends, cast in silver (occasionally in gold), often as settings for precious or semi-precious stones.

"With due attention," Matcham always insists, "to the essential character of the stone."

There was a time the Jewellers' Guild made the disastrous mistake of inviting Matcham to participate in their show at the lower Melbourne Town Hall.

"They thought," Matcham says tolerantly, "that a wild, bearded artist would be a good gimmick.

"I tell you, there was a million quids' worth of jewellery from all over the world in that room, all spit and glitter. You know the kind of junk? Bows of diamond chips, gold dachshunds with ruby eyes, sapphire sprays — ludicrous nonsense."

GIRL'S HEAD, by Matcham Skipper

MATCHAM SKIPPER and his sister Sonia (left) at work on a bas-relief for the Church of Mary Immaculate at Ivanhoe, Vic.

As luck would have it, a young newspaper reporter sent to cover the show lit on Matcham.

True, Matcham, with his beard, his bright blue eyes, his flash of beautiful white teeth, his shout of joy whenever anything triggers his rip-roaring sense of humor, would be a hard man to miss. But it was tough on the Guild that he should have been selected as spokesman.

Tolerance itself when it comes to the peccadilloes of the human race, Matcham's conscience on aesthetic values would daunt a bishop. Nor is he the man to hold his whist when that conscience is outraged.

The message he gave the Press compared the show's cash customers to those primitive tribes who wear their bank accounts round their necks.

He hinted that "tenners" worn around the throat would get the message across more clearly, and look more appealing.

He expressed the view that anyone working in a decorative medium, as jewellers supposedly were, should have some artistic training—but he was the only one present who had.

For good measure, he added that men who'd spoil an opal by surrounding it with diamond chips were barely fit to live.

The Guild hasn't invited Matcham to anything since.

"Is it true," I asked him, "that your jewellery is accepted as a status symbol in certain well-heeled intellectual circles?"

"More than that," said Matcham proudly. "There are some parties you can't get into if you're not wearing something of mine. Invited or not, they turn you away at the door."

"Rumor has it, Mr. Skipper," I said keenly, "that your jewellery always reflects the personality of the client, that you won't make jewellery for people you don't really know?"

"Come off it, dear," said Matcham kindly, "you'll lose me all my lovely old dowagers."

Kept faith

Dowagers or no, Matcham claims, in his few serious moments, that he has always kept the faith. "I've been broke, but I've never prostituted my talent, and I've never mass-produced."

Quotes from Matcham:

"Most jewellery is designed to decorate silk or velvet — mine is made to complement flesh. That's why it's not hard and glittering, but mellow, soft-looking.

"I've made jewellery for all kinds of people, including socialites, but I think my most discerning and sensitive client was a taxi-driver. He bought jewellery for his wife and mother, and paid if off over two years, a fiver at a time. No, no, I don't usually sell on time-payment."

It is as a sculptor, rather than a jeweller, that Matcham has received most publicity lately, and his beautiful, explosive Stations of the Cross have brought him many interested inquiries from ecclesiastical circles.

He is not religious himself, but "You don't have to be," he claims, "to feel the beauty and power of the story of Christ. An artist who can't get any voltage out of that isn't an artist."

The range of Matcham's interests, which is about as wide as the sky, includes film-making. He was one of the foundation members of Eltham Film Productions, which made "The Prize," a charming, if not very powerful, piece which won an award at Venice.

Young Marcus played one of the villians, with Matcham as the kindly rabbit-trapper, a role that really did not allow full play to the spirited Skipper personality.

This was Matcham's goat-dyeing period. One of the cast was a white kid with black markings, which grew out of its role long before the picture was finished and had to be replaced—a white kid dyed in the appropriate places.

This information is proffered mainly for the peace of mind of the young lady in the hairdressing establishment who was approached by Matcham for some goat-dye. She may still be wondering.

"How can I sum up Matcham Skipper?" I asked, in parting.

"Just put me down as an Angry Young Jeweller," Matcham advised.

"Young?" said his wife, pensively.

"Angry Middle - aged Jeweller," Matcham amended, and reached for his guitar.

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When only the best will do

...and isn't that all the time?

3/6 for 20

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HENRY FARRELL, author of our new suspense serial, "Death on the 6th Day," which begins in our next issue, also wrote "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

We published "Baby Jane" as a serial in April, 1961. Now Warner Brothers' studios have filmed it with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in the starring roles.

"Death on the 6th Day," author Farrell's second novel, is another chilling suspense story, but quite different from his first.

What ever happened to Bette and Joan?

...Rivals, but there were no tantrums

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood.

● Gossips predicted a knock-down, drag-out donnybrook when temperamental stars Bette Davis and Joan Crawford started filming together in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

BUT somehow it just didn't happen, because these two stars are professionals.

I met Miss Davis, whom I hadn't seen in person for years, in a little restaurant where she likes to eat because people are used to seeing her and she can talk and eat without the curious watching every mouthful.

Naturally, the first thing I asked about was how she and Joan got on during the filming.

Was everything really so blissful while they were filming "Baby Jane"?

"Blissful!" she blistered. "Certainly it wasn't blissful. This was a searing experience. One factor—and one alone—held this picture together. That, my friend, was professionalism.

"You know damn good and well that I am a 'pro.' You also know that Crawford can look at a guy and he'll do exactly what the book says he should do. She's a 'pro', too.

"So you get two of us 'old pros' together — and, well, it isn't exactly bliss. But dammit, it's a pleasure.

"And there's Bob Aldrich, who produced and directed the film. If it hadn't been for him—no picture.

"I called him practically every morning at 2 o'clock with some suggestion, some peeve, or just some conversation. He was the perfect gentleman, he was a true scholar.

"Over the phone, yet, he'd hand me a mental sedative. And everything was all right!

"But the most important thing was that he did not hand me a report on what the rest of the cast said about me.

"This guy Aldrich was the most professional 'pro' among us. I bitched and bitched and bitched to him.

"But what did Joan do? Did she do the same? She must have. But did I get a whisper of it out of Aldrich? Not a whiff!"

"Baby Jane" is the first film in which Oscar-winners Joan Crawford and Bette Davis co-star—or even appear together.

That it didn't happen years ago is no fault of Joan Crawford's. When the two top stars reigned simultaneously at Warner Brothers, Joan repeatedly asked her bosses to make a film co-starring the two.

After Robert Aldrich directed her in "Autumn Leaves" Joan shifted targets, but not her objective.

That was in 1956.

Whenever she found a suitable story, she would send it off to Aldrich with a note asking: "How about this one for Bette Davis and me?"

Bob invariably replied, "Good — but not good enough for you two."

When he read Henry Farrell's novel "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" he promptly sent it to Joan with a note: "Here's what we've been hunting."

Both stars readily agreed with him; both immediately went to work.

Clearly, the making of this picture was a tussle between two gigantic talents.

These two ageing women, both great motion-picture actresses, knew that when they were up against each other each had to perform like an old "pro."

And, of course, they did.

Hollywood columnists who predicted the picture would be torn apart by two Olympian temperaments simply didn't know what they were talking about. Bette and Joan worked together like troupers.

[Bette plays the role of the ageing former child star, "Baby Jane Hudson, the diminutive dancing duse."

At six, "Baby Jane" was a spoiled darling, the sole support of her doting parents and her older sister, Blanche (Joan Crawford).

As Jane outgrows her appeal, Blanche blooms into a beauty and becomes a top film star. Jane continues to make films, but her "cuteness" is now grotesque, and they are flops.

At the height of Blanche's career, an accident cripples her for life. The details are vague. The sisters had left a party, with Jane driving their car.

For years the sisters live alone in their old mansion, Jane "caring" for her helpless sister, and becoming more and more eccentric herself.

She plans a comeback, ordering ludicrous adult versions of her "Baby Jane" costumes, and advertises for an accompanist.

The plot turns to horror, two murders are committed, and there is a surprise twist at the end of the film.]

Gigantic talents

Miss Davis recently took a full-page advertisement in the trade paper, "Daily Variety," which read:

"Situation Wanted, Women Artists.

Mother of three — 10, 11, and 15 — divorcee. American. Thirty years' experience as an actress in motion pictures. Mobile still and more affable than rumor would have it. Wants steady employment in Hollywood. (Has had Broadway.)

Bette Davis, c/o Martin Baum, G.A.C. References upon request."

"It wasn't entirely a joke," Bette told me. "I was kidding on the square. I really do want to work in Hollywood. I know I can always get a job on Broadway, where my career was actually born, but I like living here.

"I like having my kids grow up here, and I have just bought another house—a beautiful, big, old house in Coldwater Canyon. So I'm saddled with another mortgage to pay off.

"And I want to work here because this has been my home town for years, because this is where the craftsmen are best, and because nobody in the world knows how to make pictures as well as we do.

"As for all the fightin' and fussin' and feudin' that was predicted by all the gossips hereabouts (and that never saw the light of day, much to their disappointment) let me say that you'll have to go far to find so sweet a shot of vinegar as Miss Joan Crawford—bless her I'il ole Pepsi-cola selling heart!"

IT WASN'T BLISSFUL—but there were no "scenes" off-stage when old rivals Bette Davis and Joan Crawford made their first film together, "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" They are pictured here at the studio.

"BABY JANE" (Bette Davis), an ageing, deranged woman dressed pathetically in little-girl clothes, attacks her helpless, crippled sister Blanche, played by Joan Crawford.

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THESE MIGRANTS HAD NOTHING

(except courage, confidence, and 2/-)

● When Mrs. Therese Cowan, her husband, Daniel, and six of their seven children stepped off the ship at Sydney they had 2/- between them.

By **PATRICIA KENT**

THAT was last July. Now the Cowans, who migrated from Scotland, have saved more than £50 toward the house they plan to buy "somewhere with space—and trees."

There's no doubt that the moving force behind this mass migration scheme was Mrs. Cowan. She has one driving ambition — to settle down and bring her children up Australians.

Therese Cowan wrote us a letter in which she said: "I think my story will help others who are thinking of migrating to this wonderful country to make a new life for themselves.

"I cannot tell you how happy we all are to be here. Daniel is twice as big as he was in Scotland and the children are blooming."

The family are living now in four rooms at the migrant hostel at Dundas, one of Sydney's western suburbs.

Mrs. Cowan told me about their life in the dockyard town of Dunfermline, in Scotland.

"It was a bleak, depressing place," she said. "Jobs were hard to get and the pay was appalling. My husband, who worked on the docks, earned £7/10/- (sterling) a week as an electrical laborer.

"We huddled"

"For our two-bedroom, unheated house we paid £2 a week. A bag of coal cost 10/- and that didn't see the week out—for the rest of the week, with the snow 8ft. deep outside, we huddled in overcoats and with hot-water bottles.

"And on one memorable occasion I chopped up the old kitchen table to give some warmth to the children."

Bread and potatoes took first place on the Cowan menu. Good minced steak cost 5/9 a pound.

Mrs. Cowan continued: "The Australian posters said, 'Go Down-Under to the Sunshine for £10.'

"I told Daniel that I wanted to make a future for the children in a land where there were opportunities for them. He was dubious at first. After all, it is a giant step to take.

"And then our friends kept telling us that it was impossible for us to uproot ourselves and travel to the other side of the world without any money at all.

"But by this time I had made up my mind, so Daniel said that if I made the arrangements we could go."

The next few months were busy ones for Mrs. Cowan. There were people to see, forms to sign, and some difficulties she hadn't expected.

"You see," she explained, "I was born in Bangkok, my father was German, my mother was Dutch, and my grandmother was half-French and half-Scots. In spite of all this I am a British subject, but I had to prove it, so there were many letters to and from my father, who lives now in Ceylon.

"However, just over a year after we applied to migrate, we were accepted.

"The only one in the family who wouldn't come was my eldest daughter, Dierdre, who is nearly 19. Dierdre was having a big romance then and didn't want to be separated from her boy. But I think we might see her here after Christmas. I hope so."

The Cowans stepped on to the boat at Southhampton with £30.

"It may have been foolish," Mrs. Cowan said, "but Daniel and I wanted to make the trip as enjoyable as possible for the kids. We bought them little things at the ports, and extra sweets and drinks.

"Our money didn't last long, and by the time we docked at Sydney we had 2/- left.

"On the day we left the ship, Daniel needed some razor blades, so I put down the 2/-, paid for the blades, and was left with 1/5. I was feeling mighty nervous by this time, for I knew we had been allotted to the Dundas migrant hostel and I wondered how on earth we'd get there.

"A Government official came up and told us we would be taken to the hostel in a bus. I plucked up the courage to ask him how much the fare would be. Imagine my relief when he said, 'Courtesy of the Australian Government, Mrs. Cowan.'"

For the first few weeks Mr. Cowan had difficulty getting a job, but the whole family were guests at the hostel until he found work.

"I sold a gold brooch that had belonged to my mother," said Mrs. Cowan. "It gave us a little extra for Daniel's fares and ice-cream and fruit for the children."

A skilled dressmaker, Mrs. Cowan made some money of her own sewing dresses for the women at the hostel. After five weeks Mr. Cowan found a job as an electrical mechanic.

Saving now

"Daniel is now earning £24 a week," she said. "Full board and lodging at the hostel costs £11/6/-. I keep aside a few pounds for special treats for the family, Daniel's fares and lunches, and the rest goes straight into the bank.

"I am amazed at the quality and price of food here. Really good mince steak costs about 2/- a pound, and for a few shillings I can buy twice as much fruit as we would have in Scotland."

Mrs. Cowan has met many British migrants in her three months at the hostel—some glad to be here, others saving to go home. She had this to say about some of the migrants who were dissatisfied:

"People can't expect to come to a country and have everything handed to them on a silver platter. You have to work to make something of your life, no matter where you are — it's the striving and the effort that makes your goals worth something.

"We came to this country penniless, but with stout hearts, and I believe that all of us will contribute something worth while."

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL COWAN and six of their seven children. From left: Angela, 4; Charmaine, 8 months; Nigel, 2; Jeanne, 12; Duncan, 6; Alex, 7. The eldest, Dierdre, 18, is still in Scotland but may come soon.

The boy who loved golf

● Jack Nicklaus, the "boy wonder" of American golf, has probably earned about 250,000 dollars in his first year as a pro—and should be a millionaire by the time he's 25.

By **GEORGE McGANN, in New York**

THE youngest-ever holder of the U.S. Open Championship is to play in the W. D. and H. O. Wills classic in Sydney this week and go on to Adelaide for the Australian Open tournament — but this Australian visit is probably costing him a university degree.

For nearly four years, in between tournaments, Nicklaus has been studying at Ohio State University. He needs only 12 more weeks' attendance to qualify for a Bachelor of Commerce degree.

Last month he gave up touring the lucrative professional golf circuit to finish his studies, but asked the university authorities for three weeks' leave to make a TV film and play in Australia.

When they refused he angrily announced he was leaving the university.

His pretty, blond wife, Barbara, goes with him on his tours, including Australia. They leave their infant son, Jackie, at home in Columbus, Ohio, with Jack's parents.

In Nicklaus (pronounced Nicklus), Australian galleries will be getting their first look at one of the most powerful hitters in the game and a prodigy who many people believe will surpass Arnie Palmer, Gary Player, and the older pros to become the greatest player of them all.

Off the course, Jack Nicklaus is a thoroughly relaxed young man, addicted to practical jokes.

He takes his golf with extreme seriousness, however. Barbara had a few qualms on their wedding day, in July, 1960, when Jack and three of his ushers went off to play a round before the ceremony. But they made it to the church on time.

Jack had learned to play golf by following his father around courses in Columbus, where the elder Nicklaus owned a chain of chemist shops. By the time he was 12 he could beat his father.

"I hit a 260-yard drive," the father recalled recently. "I told Jack, 'If you out-hit that one I'll buy you a convertible.' The kid promptly hit a drive 25 yards past my ball."

The lad never forgot about the convertible, but had to wait until he left high school to get it.

When Jack Nicklaus turned professional 11 months ago, he left behind the greatest amateur golf record since the fabulous Bobby Jones.

In fact, it was his father's fond dream that his son would one day duplicate Jones' unrivalled feat in scoring a grand slam, by winning the United States Amateur and Open and the British Amateur and Open titles in the same year.

Jack won the United States amateur crown twice and left his amateur rivals far behind.

He had to contend with a weight problem. For a time his appetite outstripped his exercising and he ballooned up to 17 stone. The kids called him "Whaleman" and "Blobbo."

After he turned professional he became "Ohio Fats" to his fellow tourists. That was too much for Jack, who went on a serious diet and shed nearly two stone.

Last June he became the youngest player in history to win the United States Open.

JACK AND BARBARA NICKLAUS

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● Captained by "Lord Ted" Dexter and managed by the Duke of Norfolk, the M.C.C. cricketers in Australia are under orders to "play bright cricket" — and regain the Ashes.

THEY'RE AFTER

GEOFF PULLAR

Left-handed opening batsman from Lancashire. He is the undisputed sleeping champion of this or any other touring team. When not batting or fielding he may be found, almost invariably, in peaceful repose on the dressing-room massage table, hence his nickname, "Noddy." His Test debut was against India in 1959, when he was 24. Geoff, as you may guess, is not one for dashing around when off duty. "A little fishing is just about right for me," he says. Team-mates reckon he spends winter keeping an electric blanket warm.

REV. DAVID SHEPPARD

Right-handed opening batsman, aged 33. For eight years he has been running a youth centre in London's dockland area. He was a member of the 1950-51 M.C.C. team touring Australia, but then, barely out of his teens, he met with little success in the two Tests he played in. Three innings brought only 51 runs, and 41 of those came in one knock. But from then on, until he entered the Church, Sheppard went from strength to strength and eventually deputised for Len Hutton as England's skipper. Now married with a baby daughter, he is most of the time engrossed in his work with the Church, and cricket is ordinarily merely a relaxation.

JOHN MURRAY

Has been the outstanding wicket-keeper-batsman in England for the past two years. John Murray is a bachelor, aged 27, and is considered one of the "characters" of the touring team, with a nice line in gags and pranks. Watch his routine as he settles down to receive each ball. He adjusts his cap, taps his finger-ends together to make sure the gloves are on properly, and then has a look around the field before squatting into position. Team-mates used to rag him about this, but he does it for every ball, and they became tired first! Last year he appeared in all five Tests in England against the Australians, with a batting average of 20.

DAVID LARTER

Fast bowler. The first impression you get as you talk to him is that your neck is breaking. At 6ft. 7in., he is the tallest man currently playing first-class cricket — and 17 stone takes some moving around, especially when you consider that in two six-ball overs Big Dave covers almost a quarter of a mile. He wears out nearly a dozen pairs of boots every season. A 22-year-old bachelor, he spent most of last winter practising in the yard of his father's farm-haulage garage. Last season he took 77 wickets at 22 runs each. Hasn't been in a Test.

BRIAN STATHAM

The 32-year-old spearhead of the England attack is one of the finest fast bowlers ever known. On this tour he is certain to surpass Alec Bedser's magnificent world record aggregate of 236 wickets in 62 Tests. In first-class cricket he has three times done the hat-trick, taking three wickets with successive balls. Brian has done little but play cricket for several years; last year, when he preferred to stay at home while the M.C.C. toured India, was his first winter at home for five years. ("I almost forgot what my house looked like.") Like most fast bowlers, he's usually a stone lighter at season's end.

ALAN SMITH

Wicketkeeper - batsman. Alan is unusual in that, as well as being the first wicket-keeper since Les Ames to score a century in each innings of one match — he did it for Oxford University against Hampshire last year —he's the only English amateur keeping wickets in first-class cricket. He is 25.

KEN BARRINGTON

Last year he appeared in all five Tests against Australia, with an average of 45. It was his most successful season — he scored more than 2000 runs and topped the first-class batting lists with an average of 59. Now 31, he is a low-handicap golfer, keen fisherman, and a racing enthusiast.

TOM GRAVENEY

Now almost 38 and a veteran of more than 50 Tests, he will soon qualify as the new "grand old man" of English cricket. He's the elder statesman of the touring squad, but there's no holding him down; he gets better with each match. He often outshone Ted Dexter in the Pakistan Test series. He has made several record stands during his Test career, during which he's scored more than 3000 runs for an average of over 42; and he needs only a few hundreds for his century of centuries. Tom is one of five members of this team who toured Australia four years ago. Like Ted Dexter and Ken Barrington, he is a first-class golfer — "but those characters usually gang up on me."

FREDDIE TRUEMAN

Yorkshire's fast bowler, after 50 Tests, is a bit peeved because it's been said he is "over the hill." His answer: "Take a look at the first-class bowling averages and see who is at the top. Not bad for a has-been, eh?" Fred is 31, and his Test record is history now (including a devastating spell of four wickets for no runs in his very first Test). He has got a wit like a razor's edge and is normally a happy character—until someone hits a sixer or drops a catch off his bowling. He has figured in many incidents, on and off the field, but usually it's only because he just can't resist speaking his mind.

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THOSE ASHES

BARRY KNIGHT

Another comparative newcomer to Test cricket, Barry is making his first tour of Australia. He's 24, and has proved himself a good all-rounder. In 1959 he missed scoring the "double" — a thousand runs and a hundred wickets in a season of first-class cricket — by a mere five runs. He is a fast-medium bowler, and his best performance in any one innings was when he took seven wickets for 55 runs against Glamorganshire in 1960 (with six wickets for 88 in the other innings in the same match). In the M.C.C. Tests against India and Pakistan Knight was selected to play in six of the eight matches.

COLIN COWDREY

Vice-captain. Full name Michael Colin Cowdrey, and with those initials it's pretty obvious what Father had in mind when he was christened. He captained Oxford University and made his Test debut against Australia in 1954. Now aged 29 and a veteran of 56 Tests, Colin has been England's captain on 11 occasions. Although he's been described as the world's finest opening batsman, he prefers to go in later in the innings. He has two baby girls and is the director of a furnishing company — which at one stage made him doubt whether he had time for this, his third Australian tour.

TED DEXTER

The captain — pictured with his wife, former model Susan Longfield, who'll be with him for at least part of the tour. If Dexter had been born two or three hundred years ago he would probably have been a buccaneer. This is not questioning his integrity, but merely emphasising the spirit of adventure that's made him one of the most attractive and dynamic cricketers in the world today. "Lord Edward," as his team-mates call him, is that rare phenomenon, a completely natural sportsman. He could have been an international amateur golfer, was no mean athlete in half a dozen events, and played squash and Rugby Union well enough to represent his college. He's 27, and works in a stockbroking business.

PETER PARFITT

They call Peter "the second Denis Compton" after the way he knocked up centuries against Pakistan a few months ago. Peter is 25 and answers to the nickname "Puff." He is expected to be one of the successes of the Australian tour. When not batting he is a brilliant close fielder. When not playing, he likes nothing better than to lounge on the nearest beach along with his fellow sun-worshipper John Murray. "I missed my calling," says Peter. "I should have been a beach-guard." In 1961, he scored more than 2000 runs, including eight centuries, for Middlesex and took 34 catches. In that season Peter was voted "Young Cricketer of the Year."

FRED TITMUS

"Always a bridesmaid but never a bride" could have been bowler Titmus' motto until he was chosen for the Australian tour. Fred, now 30, has been in and out of the England side since he made his international debut against South Africa in 1955, although he has not yet appeared against Australia. He has been the most consistent all-rounder in English cricket since the war, completing the double of 1000 runs and 100 wickets seven times in the past eight years. Best bowling tally was 9 for 52 against Cambridge University this year. He is a first-class coach and has been to South Africa for several winters. Likes travelling and likes the sun.

LEN COLDWELL

When Len Coldwell appeared at the Somerset County Ground asking for a trial he was told that he was too small. So he went to Worcester, and last year he took 11 Somerset wickets for 121 runs. It wasn't hard to guess his thoughts as he bowled out the county that had refused him a trial.

RAY ILLINGWORTH

Ray Illingworth, the all-rounder, didn't do well against Australia last year, but he recently hit form again — "The lad's gone mad," one cricket writer said — and virtually single-handed won several matches for Yorkshire. He is 30, and has four times topped 1000 runs, 100 wickets in a season.

DAVID ALLEN

When he is not taking wickets, David is one of England's leading amateur soccer players. He was in four Tests against Australia in 1961, and in that series was third in both the batting and bowling averages, with a six-innings average of 44 and 13 wickets at 27 runs apiece. This is his first tour of Australia, but as leading English off-spinner it probably won't be his last. Last year he completed the 1000-runs-100-wickets double for the first time, and he is currently second to Fred Titmus in the race for the double this year. Dave is 27.

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£100 cash for skill

● *Try your skill at Crozzles. Your ingenuity could win you £100.*

Here is Crozzle No. 2 in the new series of our popular word game competition.

CROZZLES is a fascinating word game combining a puzzle with a crossword.

All you have to do is make up your own crossword, using words from the list provided.

The winning entry will be the one with the highest score — so get your family and friends to help you.

Crozzles can provide hours of entertainment for everyone.

Closing date for Crozzle No. 2 is November 14.

HOW TO DO IT

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week's words refer to holiday trips.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

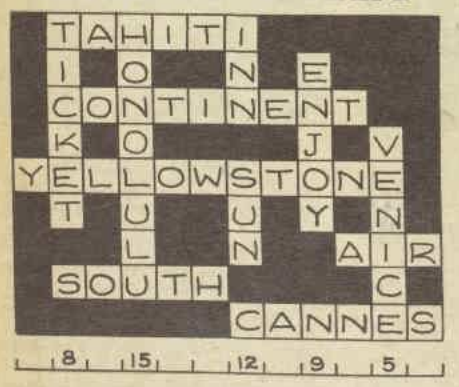
Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock, as in the sample CROZZLE shewn below.

Results of Crozzle No. 1 will be published in our issue of November 28.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

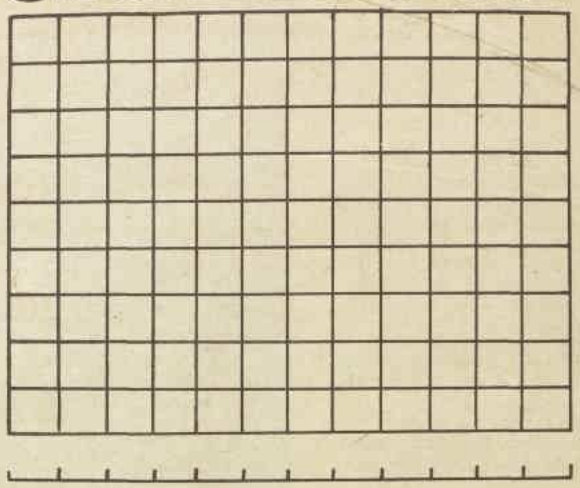
1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 2 must be received by November 14, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 2," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.
4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.
5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.
6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of October 24.

SAMPLE ENTRY



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	49
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	120
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	169

CROZZLE No. 2



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.	

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... STATE .....

SCORING For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The sample CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list for Crozzle No. 2

3 LETTERS
Air
Bus
Fly
Inn
Jet
Sea
Ski
Spa
Sun
Tan
U.S.A.

4 LETTERS
Alps
Como
East
Fiji
Fish
Food
Isle
Nice
Oslo
Rest
Rome
Snow
Surf
Swim
West
Wine

5 LETTERS
Atoll
Beach
Cabin
Cairo
Canal
Coast
Coral
Enjoy
Games
Guide
Hotel
Isles
Italy
Japan
Lakes
Liner
Miami
Motel
Music
Paris
Relax
Rhine
Sands
Spain
Tokyo
Tyrol
Water
Yacht

6 LETTERS
Abroad
Athens
Cannes
Casino
Ceylon
Cruise
Flight
Fjords
France
Greece
Hawaii
Jersey
Lotion
Monaco
Naples
Nassau
Norway
Skiing
Sphinx
Sports
Sweden
Sydney
Tahiti
Venice
Vienna

7 LETTERS
America
Austria
Bahamas
Bermuda
Dancing
Fishing
Florida
Germany
Holiday
Islands
Madeira
Majorca
Pacific
Riviera
Romance
Tickets
Waikiki

8 LETTERS
Adriatic
Biarritz
Broadway
Climbing
Festival
Florence
Guernsey
Honolulu
Pyramids
Salzburg
Scotland
Swimming
Tintagel
Yosemite

9 LETTERS
Acropolis
Barcelona
Blackpool
Caribbean
Continent
Hollywood
Moonlight
Mountains
Parthenon
Singapore
Stockholm

10 LETTERS
Copenhagen
Queensland
Versailles
Windermere

11 LETTERS
Skyscrapers
Switzerland
Yellowstone

12 LETTERS
Oberammergau

Another Crozzle next week

SOCIAL

JUST back from a trip to New Guinea, Dr. and Mrs. Mick Kater are busy with schemes for remodelling their Point Piper home and building a cottage on the small (exactly 3019½ acres) stud merino property they've bought at Warren.

Their home in Wolseley Road is to be converted into two flats.

They will live in the upstairs flat and the ground-floor one will be for their son, Dr. Roderick Kater, and his bride-elect, Penny Salter, after their marriage in January.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PHILLIPS' infant son, who was born at Biarritz, in France, last month, has been named Pascal Robert as a compliment to his French maternal grandfather, M. Pascal Robert Fragnaud. Mr. Phillips has just returned to Sydney from France, and Pascal Robert and his attractive mother, who are now staying with Mrs. Phillips' parents at their villa at St. Jean de Luz, in the Pyrenees, will fly home in December.

★ ★ ★

BARGAIN of the year was the little Italian car bought by Peter Gregory, of Bellevue Hill, to take his lovely English bride, formerly Anita Young, of Chelmsford, Essex, honeymooning on the Continent after their marriage in London two months ago. Peter got it for £20—and sold it for £10 in Naples, where he and Anita embarked by ship for Sydney after covering 4000 miles in the car, exploring Europe from Spain to Greece.

★ ★ ★

MRS. VICTOR MAXWELL and Mrs. John McPhillamy are organising a fascinating display of more than thirty table settings and Christmas decorations at Beard Watson's from November 5 to November 19. Contributors to the exhibition, which will aid the Sydney Hospital Women's Committee, include Lady Plowman, Mrs. H. A. Sweetapple, Mrs. Philip Simpson, Mrs. Bertram Wright, Miss Betty Arnott, Bruce Arnott, Leslie Walford, and Thomas Gillies, who is decorating a fabulous Christmas tree to be awarded as a lucky-number prize.

★ ★ ★

ATTRACTIVE Llynne Morgan, who resigned last week as private secretary to Lady Woodward, is in a whirl of trousseau shopping and dress fittings for her marriage to Captain Gerald Salom at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, on November 17. Her bridal gown will be made of oyster-white Thai silk (woven to order to get the exact shade of white Llynne wanted), with the train attached to a bolero jacket with bracelet-length sleeves.

★ ★ ★

YOUTHFUL newcomers to Sydney Town from London, Jennifer Mason and Patricia Fraser were guests of honor at such a cheery cocktail party given by Leslie ("Noisy") Lloyd Williams and his wife, Margot, at their home at Darling Point last week. Jennifer and Patricia, who plan to settle here, are staying with Jennifer's stepfather and her mother, Lord and Lady Lymington, of Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill.

★ ★ ★

FROM Melbourne comes news that the Hon. Simon Warrender and Mrs. Warrender have named their second son Simon Hamilton Angus Norman. At his christening last week, he wore a robe which had belonged to his great-great-great-grandmother, the Duchess of Abercorn. His godparents are Mrs. Baillieu Myer, Mr. Ken Myer, the Countess of Dalkeith, and Captain Douglas Montagu Douglas Scott.

DUNTROON GRADUATE Lieutenant James Townley and his bride, formerly Miss Wendy Prance, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Prance, of Canberra, leaving the Guardian Angels' Church, Southport, Queensland, for reception at Lennons Hotel, Broadbeach. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Townley, of Surfers' Paradise.

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ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles

PICTURED at right are Mr. Bob MacPhillamy and his bride, formerly Miss Diana Power, leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, with bridesmaids (from left) Miss Jan Retallack, Miss Helen Campbell, and Miss Gay Power. A reception given by the bride's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Power, of "Wirrilla," Coolac, and Double Bay, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the ceremony. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Scott MacPhillamy, of "Nerreman," Forbes.

ABOVE. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barnum, of Wahroonga, pictured in the foyer of the Theatre Royal at the opening performance of "Under the Yum Yum Tree." Mrs. Barnum wore a colorful satin cocktail suit.

JUST WED. Mr. Robert Lane and his bride, formerly Miss Carole Sims, leaving Shore Chapel with bridesmaids Miss Judy Sims (at left) and Miss Judith Lane, best man Mr. Tony Merrett, and pageboy Billy Starratt. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Lane, of Mosman. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sims, who entertained at a reception at the Wentworth Hotel after the ceremony.

WIG HAT from Paris was worn by Mrs. Bruce MacFarlan, of Bellevue Hill, at the private viewing of the Voss Smith collection of paintings arranged by the Art Gallery Society at the Terry Clune Gallery. The exhibition, which will be open until November 13, includes paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Picasso, Gauguin, Dobell, and Nolan.

AT RIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Veech (couple on left) chatting with Mr. and Mrs. John Stanistreet at the Baby Bunting Ball at Princes arranged by the Baby Bunting Committee of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. More than 250 guests attended the function.

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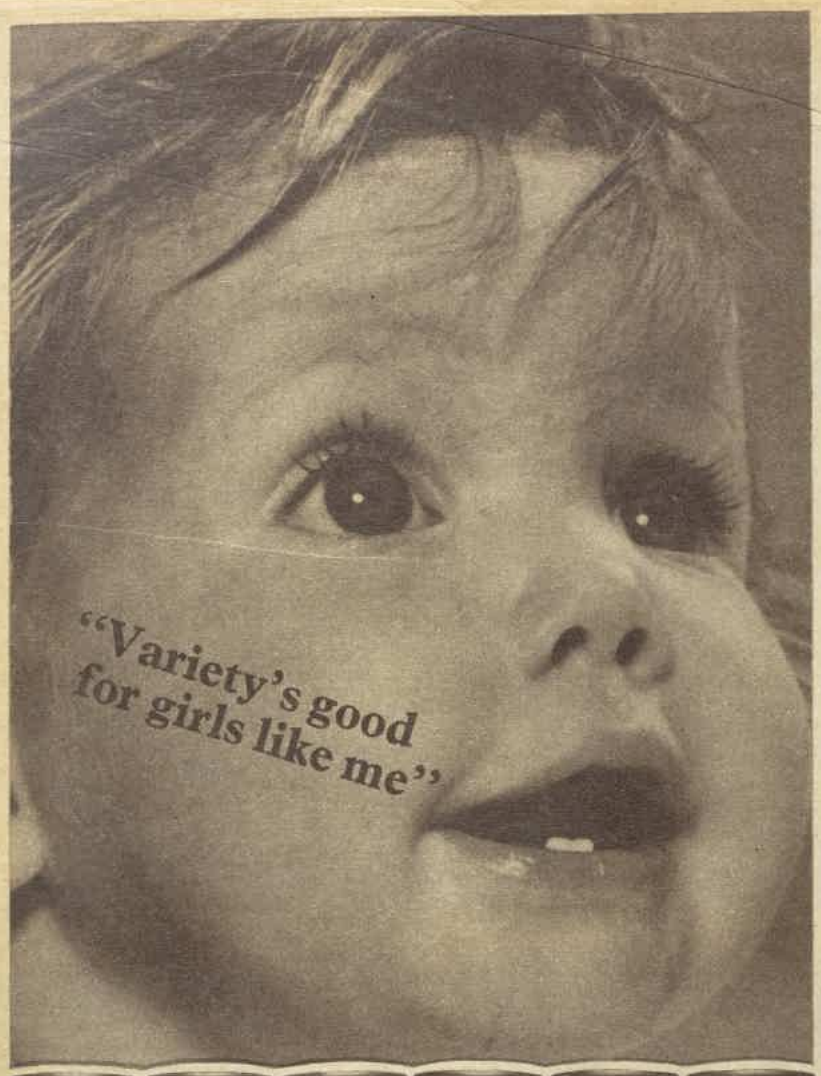

More than 90 Strained and Junior Foods specially prepared for babies like yours.

Babies thrive on variety, because it gives them the balanced diet they must have for healthy development. That's why it's good to vary their all-milk diet, as early as possible, with Heinz — the baby foods that offer the greatest variety of all.

Which of the many Heinz foods does baby like best? Well, the first favourites with very young babies are the six strained foods above. For older babies, we've shown the six most popular Junior Foods. These are the top twelve as far as babies are concerned, and it's a wise mother who serves them often. In turn, these are just a part of more than 90 strained and Junior Foods, each of which meets a specific need in baby's diet. And each is prepared to look tempting, digest easily, and taste delicious. No wonder babies love them.

Why not try them all? You'll be thrilled to see how quickly baby's appetite develops — how readily she takes to different varieties — and how much time and energy **you** save when your baby enjoys the goodness of Heinz Baby Foods — every meal, every day.

You can be sure baby gets all the variety she needs with

HEINZ BABY FOODS 57

every meal – every day

FATHER

"Silly girl . . . Whoever said £10 was too much for a new hat . . . It's lovely!"

MOTHER

"Less noise! Quarrel QUIETLY!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Dean

AMERICAN women are bewildered by too much fashion advice, says Ginette Spanier, directrice of the Pierre Balmain fashion house in Paris.

Madame Spanier recently made a tour of American women's clubs and gave them her own advice. "I tell them to relax," she said. "It's basically your attitude coming into a room that really counts."

If her audiences were bewildered before, that dictum should have muddled them properly.

People who say things like that often visualise the average woman's world as a succession of elegant salons where a guest, duly announced, makes an "entrance."

Few people in real life ever have an opportunity to make an entrance. If they arrive unexpectedly in many homes they trip over a toy train in the front hall.

If expected they (a) arrive early when the flustered hostess is so busy putting the finishing touches to the party that she doesn't notice what the guests are wearing; or (b) arrive late when the talk has swelled to such a roar that nobody looks round.

Perhaps Madame Spanier meant that a woman entering a room should have forgotten herself and be looking forward to meeting the other people. Which would be sound psychologically, but not much to do with fashion.

★ ★ ★

LIKE many offices, we keep bring-up files for each month.

Sometimes I drop a personal message in mine such as "Don't forget so-and-so's birthday" or "Dentist." Last week I composed one for next August, which will mystify my relief if I take holidays then. It reads, "The cold weather could last till Christmas."

Year after year I make the same mistake about clothes, believing that Sydney's spring is going to be warm. Why I should believe this after long experience I do not know. It must, I think, have something to do with the optimism in the face of facts which has caused the human race to survive.

★ ★ ★

THAT projected B.B.C. programme "Auntie's Bloomers," a collection of celebrated radio and TV errors, should be amusing.

However, the fact that yesterday's mistake can become tomorrow's joke doesn't remove the worry from announcers, judging by a B.B.C. news broadcast I heard earlier this month.

The announcer closed with the words, "And that's the end of the world news," and then hurriedly added, in the tone of one who has said something shocking, "Oh, I'm sorry. That's the end of this news broadcast."

IF you have an emu egg handy I can give you a recipe for "Early Settlers' Birthday Cake."

To be truthful, it's not mine. It is one of the contributions by Mrs. Rose Chalmers, of MacDonald Downs, Central Australia, to a small cookery book compiled to aid the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

The authors of it are members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Branch No. 1, with headquarters at Alice Springs. Many of them live on properties in Central Australia and their recipes range from those that speak of the outback —Drover's Curry ("take a piece of cooked salt beef"), Plenty River Curry ("take 12 goat chops") — to pineapple veal with rice, and champagne pastry.

There are five recipes for pikelets and, among the cakes, eight for sponges. I haven't tried any of the recipes yet, but I was attracted by the titles "Never Fail Sponge" and "Mrs. Feeney's Sponge," both from Mrs. E. M. Cossons, of Hart's Range. They are titles that inspire confidence. They sound as if they came from hand-written exercise books, kept in kitchen drawers, and handed from one generation to another.

It's a modest paper-covered book and its 150 recipes don't pretend to be comprehensive, but they read like the work of practised cooks, and the cause is a good one. It costs 7/9 plus 5d postage, and Mrs. M. V. Barr, of 32 Ashbourne Avenue, Kingswood, Adelaide, tells me that she has plenty of copies for sale.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH stuntwoman Connie Tilton fell down stairs for the 600th time last week. She receives about £40 sterling per small fall, gets bigger fees for crashing cars and jumping off London bridges. Explaining her success, she says that when she was 13 a film company wanted someone thrown through a plate-glass window, so she volunteered. "Since then I have never looked back," she said.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men . . .
I need not quote the rest. You know it well.
And "Opportunity knocks once" — though now and then
I do not quite believe it, truth to tell.
But in some occupations I admit
One simply must be noticed. Take the stage.
You understudy. Star gets flu. A hit!
The critics like you and you're all the rage.
Or you're a salesman, bent upon a deal.
You meet a customer who's rich and weak,
You've struck the jackpot, you correctly feel,
You know at last you're on a winning streak.
It all boils down to this. You need the breaks,
A break in broken glass began her climb,
Though if you too have what you think it takes,
Remember you may need a stitch in time.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4931604

Older woman—the top tourist

● When it comes to being interested, enthusiastic, and co-operative tourists, women in their sixties are best, according to top U.S. travel agent Mr. R. W. Hemphill.

● "The really sophisticated traveller will put up with a lot of difficulties to see somewhere new," says U.S. travel expert Mr. R. W. Hemphill. Here tourists investigate the Giant's Causeway, in Antrim, Ireland.

By
PAT FIELD

MR. HEMPHILL, a past president of the American Society of Travel Agents, recently addressed the Australian National Travel Convention in Adelaide.

He has been 40 years in the travel business, and he gave good reasons for nominating older women as top tourists.

"Perhaps it's because all their lives women have to make more concessions to others than men do, and have had to adapt themselves to circumstances, whereas men are more used to being in a position of dominance," he said.

More trouble

"And although a woman might often be mean and nasty on a tour, when she gets back home she'll recommend the tour and tour manager to her friends.

"Also, I find that people in their sixties are usually the best travellers.

"Young people are far more trouble. They don't keep appointments and they sleep late instead of getting up and going.

"Older people, particularly if they've travelled before, are much easier to deal with."

Mr. Hemphill instanced an American woman client aged 88 as a dauntless traveller in Australia.

"She came last year as one of a party on an outback tour," he said. "The small chartered aircraft some of the party were in got lost and landed somewhere out of Andamooka — and was fortunately found by a station - owner. This old lady was not at all upset.

● Mr. Hemphill, a very sophisticated traveller.

"When the party stayed at Andamooka for a night, the accommodation had dirt floors, but she didn't mind. She had wanted to see unusual places, and she was seeing them.

"I met this dear old lady in Australia — she was here on another trip when I came for the convention — and she said she wanted to thank me.

"I asked why, and she said for 60,000 dollars (about £A26,910) worth of trips. She's had 10 trips with my company."

Mr. Hemphill claims his company arranges the most unusual and most expensive tours available for Americans.

His clients, he says, are mostly people between 60 and 70. Between 55 and 60 per cent. are women, and many are widows.

His company arranges from 15 to 20 tours a year. Each tour takes between 12 and 20 people.

"My clients may be rich or may be people who have decided that they will spend the money they have on travel rather than on other things," he said.

"My standard 90-day round-the-world tour, luxury all the way, and including all expenses except liquor and souvenirs, costs 5700 dollars (about £A2556).

"The unusual tour, for really sophisticated, experienced travellers, takes in places that the average person never sees, from the Irrawaddy River in Burma to out-of-the-way parts of the Middle East and the Greek Islands. This costs a little over 6000 dollars (about £A2691).

"I plan, for the present, to have an unusual Australian tour every other year —that is, to the outback.

"What do rich Americans want to see? Some want to see the usual luxury places, but the really sophisticated travellers want to see somewhere new every time, and they're prepared to put up with quite a lot of difficulties to achieve that."

Sea, air

By his own standards, Mr. Hemphill, whose home is in Los Angeles, is a very sophisticated traveller indeed.

He has been round the world 23 times, visited 180 countries or islands, and made about 1000 long-distance air trips and 200 sea trips.

A short, vigorous man of 66, with a grizzled goatee beard, Mr. Hemphill claims he doesn't mind how much discomfort is involved in visiting a place he really wants to see.

He is something of a homespun philosopher about discomfort—"once you have the choice of two things, there's the beginning of luxury."

Unlike most of his clients, he got the travel bug at an early age as a youth on a Kansas farm.

"I joined the Navy in World War I to see the world, but I only got as far as the East Coast," he said. "So after the war I joined an American relief team in the Middle East, and toured the Aegean with groups of students. I went into the travel business when I returned to America late in the 1920s."

Mr. Hemphill no longer manages tours himself — he has eight tour managers — but he still travels for between three and five months a year, sometimes covering as much as 150,000 miles a year, blazing a way for his clients.

He likes Australia, thinks it has great tourist potential — one of the world's best climates, fine beaches, and plenty to see.

But, he says, it needs another jet-entry point in Queensland to save tourists covering the same ground by having to enter and leave through Sydney.

He also believes there should be more publicity overseas about Australia.

What would he publicise? "You must be yourselves," he said. "Don't think too much of the koala and the kangaroo in publicity. Rather, think of yourselves as a friendly people and as a virile, growing nation."

Volunteers wanted: For boys' "second home"

"THERE are 2000 boys in the Glebe, Annandale, Chippendale, and Pyrmont areas of Sydney who are without their second home. We are trying to give it back to them as quickly as we can."

That's how Sergeant Matt Johnson, Financial Organiser of the Federation of Police-Citizens Boys' Clubs described the Glebe Club, destroyed by fire on August 30.

It will cost £50,000 to rebuild the Club. Sergeant Johnson is in charge of the appeal, launched by the Commissioner, Mr. N. Allan, to rebuild the premises.

To work on at the moment, Sergeant Johnson has a golf tournament, a cavalcade of jazz, two bowls-club days, a Doorknock Appeal, and a day of car-washing at a Glebe garage.

For these he has to find about 700 unpaid volunteers to act as marshals, programme - and ticket - sellers, car-washers, and door-to-door callers.

On Saturday November 3, alone, Sergeant Johnson has to find 600 volunteers for the Doorknock Appeal.

"The postal authorities and the postmen at Glebe have been wonderful," he said.

"They volunteered to go through their postal records and compile for us a complete plan of campaign to ensure that every address in Glebe, Annandale, Chippendale, and Pyrmont will receive a call from our volunteers.

"We could never have done all that without their help.

"They have split the area into 93 sections and the postmen have volunteered to give up their time to be section leaders. Policemen, too, have offered to take part in the Doorknock.

"Two bowls clubs, the Victoria Park and Harold Park clubs, have volunteered to set aside a day when all the takings will be donated.

"Then there is the 'Cavalcade of Jazz' at the Trocadero on October 31. We want 20 volunteers as ticket and programme-sellers."

Ray and Keith Marchant, who own the Glebe garage, have set aside November 10 to keep their staff working until 6 p.m., donating all the profits of the day.

In anticipation of big business, they want 16 extra volunteer car-washers.

The Glebe Club received £10,000 in insurance and so far the appeal has raised about £11,000.

Anyone able to volunteer for fund-raising activities or the Doorknock Appeal can contact Sergeant Johnson or Sergeant Armstrong at these telephone numbers: 68-1376, 37-5091, 69-2824, 58-0407.

Donations of money should be sent to the President of the Appeal, Inspector Archinal, Officer-in-Charge, Regent Street Police Station, Sydney.

● The Cavalcade of Jazz, 1962, in aid of the Glebe Police - Citizens Boys' Club Fire Appeal, will be held on October 31, 8 p.m. to midnight, at the Trocadero.

Some of Sydney's best-known jazz bands and singers — Graeme Bell, Ray Price, the Port Jackson and Paramount Jazz Bands, the Waratahs — are donating their services.

Tickets, available beforehand from the Trocadero, or at the door on the night, are 10/- each.

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Gossamer Invisible Net for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles. **Gossamer Supersoft** for easy-to-manage hair and casual hair styles. Gossamer comes in 3 sizes: Purse, regular and large salon size.

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With Nan Musgrove

From convict girl to colonial lady

● Congratulations are in order for Channel 7's production of "Jonah," a 26-part Australian serial. The sets and costumes, the lighting and camera work are splendid.

I DON'T feel the same about the story, described as having "an Australian historical background."

Each episode is complete in itself. The first episode, "No Time for Despair," was about the discovery of gold by Polish Count Paul Strzelecki, and the suppression of the news so that the economy of the colony would not be affected.

It was written by Mr. Michael Plant, who has worked in America and written for "Hawaiian Eye," "Bourbon Street Beat," and other similar stories.

It was a mixture of the ingredients televiewers are familiar with in these stories: a strong, ruthless older character, Jonah; an idealistic and worthy young man, Brett; a love interest, some violence, and a shocking situation which was resolved in a happy ending in a slick, glossed-over way.

(The violence was a hand-to-hand brawl in which Brian James, apparently much stronger than he looks, downed Owen Weingott and finished him off with a gun.)

The main and continuing character in the serial is a rich merchant called Jonah Locke, ably portrayed by Brian James, who achieved TV fame for his portrayal of Governor Bligh in A.B.C.-TV's first historical serial, "Stormy Petrel."

The other two continuing characters are Locke's ward, Ann Parry (Hilary Bamberger), and his nephew, Brett Hamilton (Neil Fitzpatrick), to whom Ann is engaged to be married.

Smooth acting

All three are interesting characters who acted their way through the first half-hour episode with smooth competence.

I was delighted to meet a new TV face in Hilary Bamberger. Miss Bamberger's Ann Parry, however, is far too poised, assured, well dressed, and groomed.

The first episode revealed Miss Bamberger as a secretary working busily in Jonah's office; as a competent housekeeper and a winning social personality.

It also let fall the information that she had been a convict before her release as Jonah's ward.

I salute Mr. Jonah Locke, not only as the opportunist businessman he was shown to be in the first episode but also as a Pygmalion of out-of-this-world class in the first-class job he had done in making an extra fair lady and a business girl out of a convict girl.

I would like to see "Jonah" become more historical or more fictional — one or the other — and do away with producer Harry Dearth's historical footnote.

He hasn't the time to give more than a brief sentence, which makes it impossible to give the true historical picture.

I wonder what "historical fiction" does to the young and to the older viewers who aren't particularly interested in Australian history.

Will they deny history and stoutly affirm that Count Paul Strzelecki was the first man to find gold in the colony? That a rich merchant called Locke connived with Governor Gipps to keep the news a secret for the good of the colony?

Incidentally, Jonah Locke's impressive mansion is "Rosemont," the beautiful house in Woollahra where Lady Hannah Lloyd Jones and her son Charles live.

Outside shots of Locke's house in "Jonah" are actual pictures of "Rosemont" today, although all the interiors are studio sets.

"Rosemont" is believed to be more than 100 years old, and was, indeed, originally built for a rich Sydney merchant, Alexander Campbell, who founded the A.M.P. Society and the Mercantile Bank of Sydney.

★ ★ ★

TELEVIEWING is very habit-forming. If you sit down and take honest stock of your viewing habits, you'll probably get a shock.

Most people find that their viewing is more habitual than adventurous; that they watch the same programmes week after week.

Taking myself in hand recently, I took a look at "Bachelor Father" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.), starring that handsome creature John Forsythe. I've never enjoyed a half-hour more.

Forsythe made the remark of the week for me when Blossom, a niece of Forsythe's Chinese servant, Peter, got sick.

"We've majored in medicine from all three channels," he said gravely, saying they quite understood the symptoms involved.

Spurred on by my first look, I watched again the next week and enjoyed myself more than ever. It is delightful. Be in it some time —a bit of adventuring round the dial pays.

EDWARD HEPPLE as Private Hamp gave a superb performance in a recent live A.B.C.-TV play, "The Case of Private Hamp."

Death of a deserter

"THE CASE OF PRIVATE HAMP," A.B.C.-TV's latest Sydney-produced live drama, was one of the strongest and most moving plays yet presented on TV.

It is the story of the trial by court martial of a private soldier charged with desertion, found guilty, and executed.

The play is set in the battlefields of 1917 in France, the court martial held in a bombed chateau within sound of the guns.

The role of Private Hamp, a pathetic, simple little man, who never quite seemed to realise what was going on, was played superbly by Edward Hepple.

Ric Hutton, as Captain Hargreaves, the officer defending Hamp, was good in his difficult role. There were others in the cast who performed well, but the performances of Hepple and Hutton made it a two-man play.

There were some beautiful touches in the production. I loved the little pup, as unaware and guileless as Hamp himself, that was smuggled to him in the guardroom; I loathed the stuffed-shirt Medical Officer, the regulations written and unwritten that led to Hamp's death.

At the end of the play I came back to reality, not believing an hour had passed —always a compliment to a production.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★ THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL

Seven men patrolling a Far East jungle lose contact with their base and begin to pick up Japanese signals. Filmed entirely around an abandoned mine excavation, it is a study of men and their reactions as the Japanese close in. The film drags until the Sergeant (Richard Todd) decides that their prisoner, a pitiful but pleasant elderly Japanese soldier, must be killed.

Then, with great impact, each character shows true. The futility of war and man's inhumanity to man are old themes, but here they are given new life. Laurence Harvey and Ronald Frazer are outstanding. — **Embassy, Sydney.**

In a word . . . CHILLING.

★★ THE PRESIDENT

Brilliant acting by France's grand old man of the theatre, Jean Gabin, doesn't save this film from being occasionally dull. Devaluation of the franc, the state of the export market, and France's complicated internal politics are the themes of this French-language film. The supporting cast, including Bernard Blier, turn in competent performances, but are dominated by Jean Gabin. Perhaps if you enjoy politics, you'll enjoy this one. **—Metro Continental, Kings Cross.**

In a word . . . PATCHY.

★ ★ ★

ROUGH-RIDING outdoors man John Wayne has learnt to play chess. His personal make-up man on the set of "Donovan's Reef" taught him, and Mr. Wayne is now thoroughly intrigued.

NEXT WEEK:

● Exciting new serial

Begin "Death on the 6th Day," by brilliant American suspense writer Henry Farrell.

Farrell wrote the chilling "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?", which we published last year.

Readers who couldn't put down our previous Farrell story will be similarly thrilled by "Death on the 6th Day"— about a young wife's terrifying drive across America pursued by killers.

● Melbourne Cup special feature

A fascinating feature looks at Australia's biggest and best-loved sporting event.

There are answers to many questions, including:

- **How many favorites have won?**
- **What chance has an outsider?**
- **The luckiest saddlecloth numbers?**

● 23rd Psalm in Flowers

A delightful three-page color feature shows some of the descriptive phrases from the beautiful 23rd Psalm illustrated in unusual flower, foliage, and driftwood groupings.

● Sweaters to knit this summer

Two special patterns for all-season knitters—a three-ply sweater in pale blue to wear now and a glamorous chunky knit in astrakhan wool to make for later on.

● How NOT To Kill Your Husband — 2

The second article in our series by a famous physician.

In it he gives ways in which a wife can help her husband avoid a heart attack.

● Expert's advice on picture hanging

Second of a series of articles on interior decorating, written specially for us by Loelia, Duchess of Westminster.

The famous decorator tells all about this important — though sometimes overlooked — facet of furnishing.

● Cake of the month

Here's just the cake to set end-of-term parties off to a flying start—it's decorated with a blackboard, teacher, and books. Diagram and directions are given.

● In Teenagers' Weekly

You can make two beach ponchos—the new swimming season's most fashionable accessories — from instructions and diagrams.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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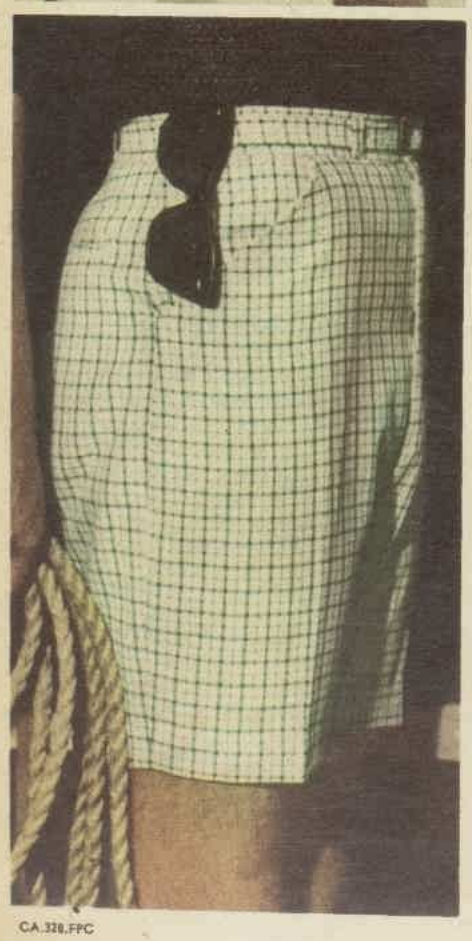
Casben WALKSHORTS

NEW nature weaves



Play it cool and smart, in walk shorts of undoubted character. Borrowed from nature: the fresh and contemporary look of the fabrics, bark textured, loose loomed. Also filched from the great outdoors: superbly blended earth and woody tones, so big overseas right now. Again in the current collection, distinguished Bermudas, with tapering more defined than ever. The Casben mood: very much a young man's for *all* men of high adventure.

Clockwise from lower left:

"Mount Ibis," slimline bermuda, pleatless front, terylene and viscose, 30"-36", 89/11.

"Mount Renoin," extended waistband and side tabs, blue or redwood, 30"-38", 99/11.

"Mount Bruni," in Everglaze minicare Glen cotton, in green, brown, grey, 30"-44", 79/11.

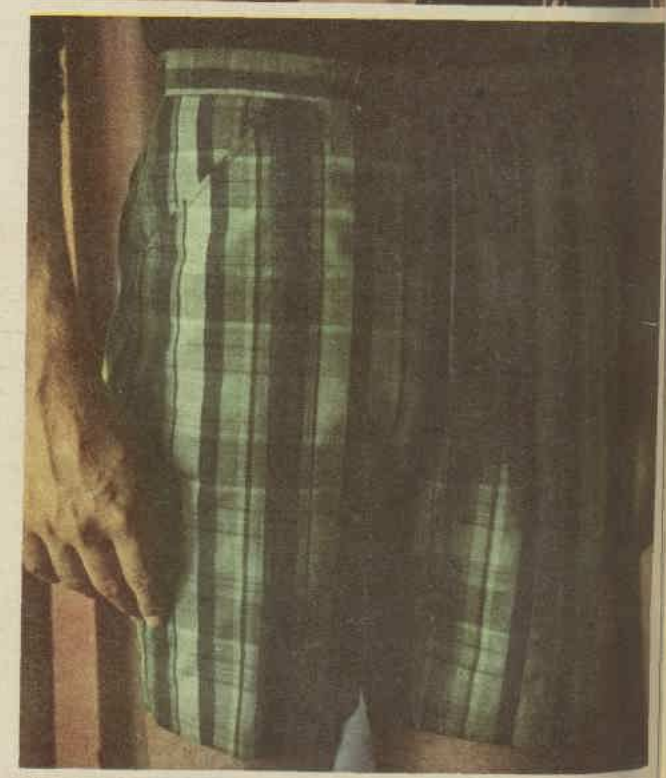
"Mount Clontarf," Everglaze minicare Glen cotton, brown, grey, blue, 30"-36", 79/11.

"Tyrol," Shorty, mosaic cotton, belted, sand, sherry, loden green and blue, 30"-36", 59/11.

"Mount Harvard," Shorty in tetoron/cotton, in rhone, green and grape, 30"-36", 79/11.

(Prices vary in S.A.)

Big news this season—Casben's open mesh Club Shirts in lustrous mercerised cotton.



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Wherever you go, you can't outsmart a Casben

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A white lie works

MY husband, a businessman, was often lax in settling accounts. This worried me until I adopted the following method: after a reasonable time had elapsed I tactfully dropped a hint that such-and-such a firm had asked for him on the telephone. When asked what they wanted, I'd say: "They wouldn't leave a message." This has never failed in years to send my husband to his desk to write out a cheque. I hope I'm forgiven for the white lie, but it gives me peace of mind and I trust our creditors are made happy.

£1/1/- to "White Lie" (name supplied), Pittsworth, Qld.

Her peculiar charm

MY husband had an unusual reason for being attracted to me. It wasn't my good looks, my disposition, or even my cooking. He says that I'm the only girl he's ever met who folded the newspapers tidily after use.

£1/1/- to "Paper Doll" (name supplied), North Epping, N.S.W.

He's a good listener

MY years in business as a pharmacist have taught me to be a good listener. Every day I listen to a variety of comments, complaints, and opinions from customers young and old. Many simply want to "tell someone about it"; others feel a lack of a sympathetic ear in their lonely lives; while a few simply like to talk. I am always touched by the pathetic attempts of the lonely person of advancing years who wants to gain a sympathetic ear by "not feeling too good today." It is then I feel that being a good listener is an essential part of daily life. I wouldn't trade occupations with anyone.

£1/1/- to "Family Chemist" (name supplied), Glenelg, S.A.

Hypnotic salesmen

I WONDER how many others find themselves unable to say a firm "no" to door-to-door salesmen. All my neighbors, young marrieds with families and no spare cash for unplanned-for items, have found themselves signed up to buy pounds' worth of linen, books, make-up, etc., which they do not require and cannot afford. Yet these same women can shop in the city for necessities without giving a second glance to other items, however temptingly displayed. Have these salesmen hypnotic powers or are we housewives too soft-hearted to refuse a direct approach?

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Harris, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Young helpers

MRS. M. J. BROOKS (Sefton Park, S.A.) says her two-year-old daughter is a willing helper around the house. My little boy, also just two, has, for six weeks now, been helping to wipe the cutlery and dishes. He also helps shell the peas, make the beds, and hands up the pegs when I'm hanging up the clothes. A little praise makes him a willing helper and with another baby due I know I will appreciate this more as he learns to anticipate my needs. I love to see the pleasure on his little face when allowed to help.

£1/1/- to D. Henderson, Lismore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MRS. BROOKS in due for a rude awakening. At two, her small daughter's world centres entirely on her home and family. Helping mummy with the dishes is a very satisfying game. It will not be long before she is so engrossed in school and her little friends that such pleasures are forgotten. And when she and her brother are teenagers, Mrs. Brooks will be lucky indeed to even see them at washing-up time.

£1/1/- to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Canberra, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

I ALSO have a daughter — two last week — who offers to wipe the dishes, although not very well, I admit. It looks very cute watching her stack the dishes. My other four children were just the same when they were smaller, but the novelty soon wore off. Now they have to be called constantly to wipe up for me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Masolini, Mount Helena, W.A.

★ ★ ★

I, TOO, have a most willing helper in my little girl. At two she used to dry the dishes; now, at three-and-a-half, she sets and clears the table at meal-times, dries the dishes for five of us, and I appreciate another pair of hands the other side of the beds in the mornings. On washing day, she helps strip the beds, washing all the socks of her two older brothers and father, rinsing and pegging them on to a small clothesline without help from me. She irons the hankies and small things. I will be lost without my little maid-of-all-work when she goes to kindergarten, but it's lovely while it lasts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Gladys Wilkinson, Melbourne.

Ross Campbell writes...

ON THE TURPS

"ON your holidays, are you? I suppose you're getting some painting done," said Mr. Simpson at the corner shop.

It was true — I was on holidays and I was getting some painting done. Yet his remark irritated me a little.

People today take it for granted that man should spend his holidays painting. If he doesn't, they think him lazy and lacking in character.

Bernie Doolittle, of our district, went on a fishing holiday, although the paint is peeling off his house. Now the neighbors hardly speak to him; neither does Mrs. Doolittle.

There are different ways of going at holiday painting. Some men adopt the steady method used on the Sydney Harbor Bridge. The painters on the bridge just keep at it, and by the time they have done the last bit the first bit needs doing again.

Cec Tomkins is going over his house like that. But he has been 13 years on the first time around.

Two years ago they stopped making Capri Dawn, the color Cec was using, and he has had to do the verandah in a shade called Sleepy Lagoon. It doesn't quite match.

I don't go in for this methodical painting, but simply slap paint on where it is needed.

On my recent holidays I didn't

start painting at once. Instead, my wife and I sneaked away for a few days at motels. It was an irresponsible thing to do, but it made me feel fitter for the hard painting ahead.

My first step was to lay in a big stock of turpentine. As a rule, the less skilled the painter the more need for turpentine. I like having plenty of it to clean the paint off my shoes, trousers, hands, face, and hair.

I need a lot of tins, too. My wife was very good in supplying these. She would open tins of soup and spaghetti and take the contents out. The only disadvantage was we had to eat an unusual amount of soup and spaghetti.

My two-year-old daughter, Pip, was not so helpful. After I had put a coat of Amazon Green on the terrace, and gone inside for another plate of spaghetti, a panicky scream was heard: "I stuck! I stuck!" And indeed Pip was stuck by her sandals.

Now the job is done, I have a good deal of paint left over. There is a quart of Amazon Green and more than a pint of Blushing Rose. It is very hard to judge how much you need. My wife is thinking of things that could be painted with the left-over paint.

As I did a fair bit of painting, it was a successful holiday.

I wonder if painters paint their houses in their holidays. That would *really* make your face turn Post Office Red.

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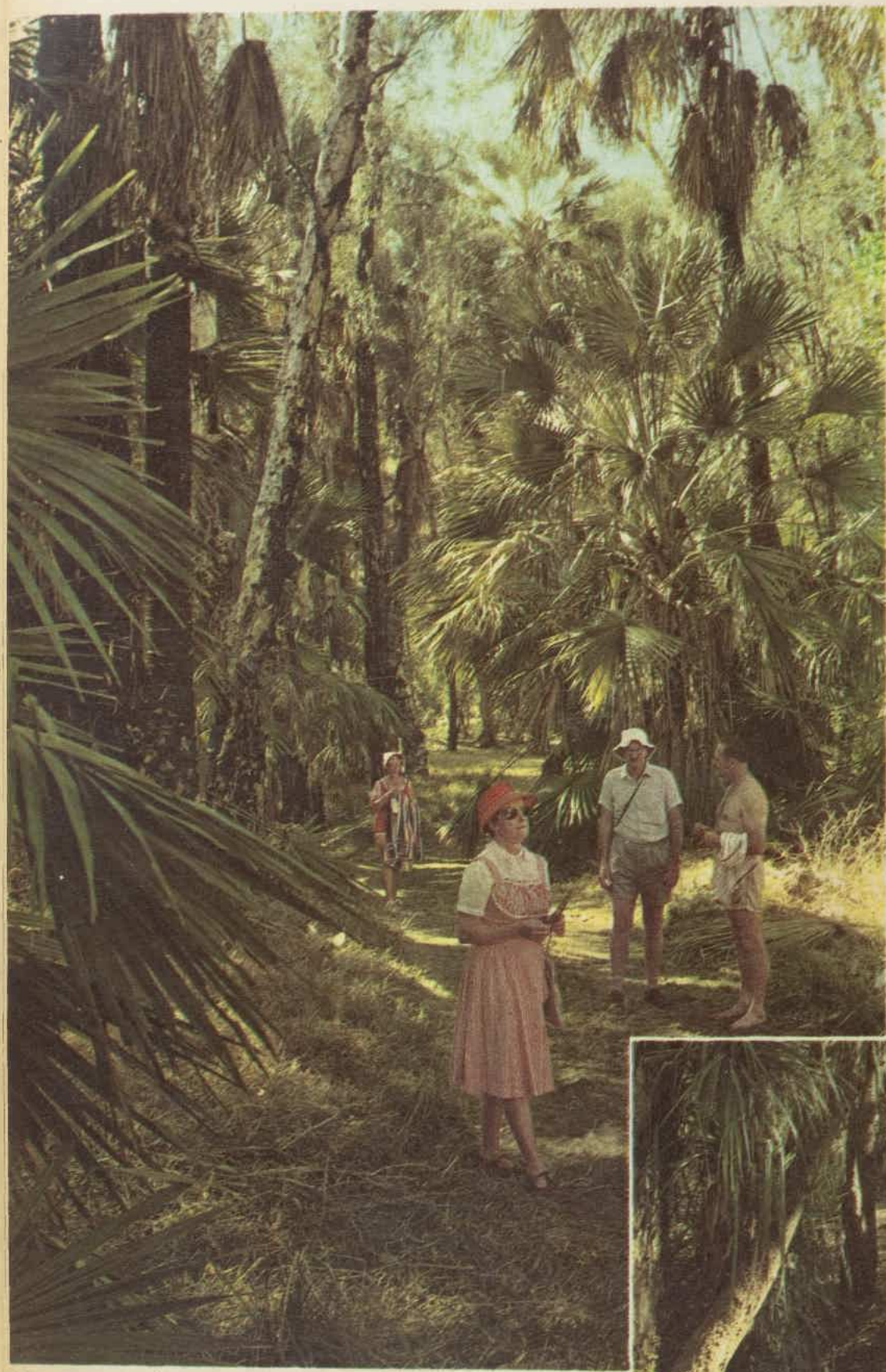
OASIS in the OUTBACK

By BILL DALEY

● A retired businessman and his wife have turned an abandoned station homestead in the Northern Territory into a thriving holiday resort.



IT is 17 years since Vic Smith, on holiday from Melbourne, first saw Mataranka homestead—deserted, roofless, with a rakish lean to one side.

He also saw the potential of the land on which the ramshackle old building stood.

Mataranka, aboriginal for "a proper good place," is in an oasis of lush tropical growth in the great desert of the Northern Territory.

This, Vic decided, would make a perfect holiday resort—300 miles from Darwin, 3000 miles from care.

A thermal mineral spring near the homestead is fed from an underground stream. The water, crystal clear, maintains a constant body temperature. An estimated 3,250,000 gallons of water flow through the pool every day.

Mataranka is close to the source of the Roper River, which flows through the five-square-mile property into Elsey Station (of "We of the Never Never" fame) on its way to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

There is good fishing in the river, where aborigines often spear barramundi—"the tastiest fish in Australia," they say.

All over the surrounding

country are giant anthills up to 30ft. tall. Wild turkey are also found.

With the help of a few aboriginal boys, Vic Smith rebuilt the house, started large vegetable gardens and a dairy herd (one of the few in the Territory) to supply fresh food and milk. Meat is killed as required.

Six aboriginal families live and work on the property.

The lubras bake crisp fresh bread each day, do the laundry and other household duties, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith do all the cooking themselves.

Vic Smith drives the 60 miles to Katharine to meet guests arriving by plane for a holiday at peaceful Mataranka.

Visitors won't find fancy bathrooms, gold doorknobs, or overstuffed lounges at the homestead.

"A goldfish bowl is no place to relax," says Vic.

TALL PALMS shade the path down to the spring, a short walk from Mataranka homestead (above). Picture shows Mrs. Gwen Clark, Mrs. Bridges Webb, Dr. Bridges Webb, all of Melbourne, with Bill Daley.

MRS. CLARK takes a pre-dinner dip in the thermal pool (right). The water is crystal clear; more than 3,250,000 gallons flow through the pool each day. On the bank are Dr. and Mrs. Bridges Webb.

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NATIVE BOYS tend the station dairy herd and vegetable gardens. Off duty (above) they use stone-age weapons to spear barramundi in the Roper River. Right: Busiest workers in the Territory are the ants. Mrs. Clark and Dr. Bridges Webb examine the huge hills the ants built to store food for the dry months.

Pictures by staff photographer ADELIE HURLEY

THE OLD Mataranka homestead was a derelict building when Vic Smith first saw it 17 years ago and decided to restore and modernise it. In the back garden (from left) are Dr. Bridges Webb, Bill Daley, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Rhonda Smith (in the foreground), Mrs. Bridges Webb, and Vic Smith.

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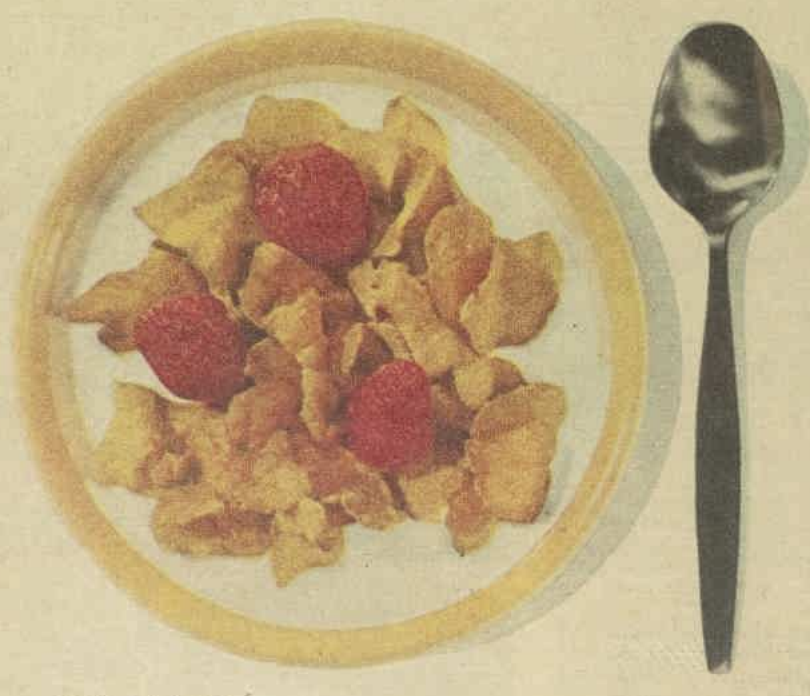
Kellogg's

Good morning! Good morning!

"The best to you

Best flavour; crispness that welcomes the milk; more nourishment in every friendly flake. Spoon into summer with . . . Kellogg's* Corn Flakes 'n' fruit!



*Registered Trade Mark

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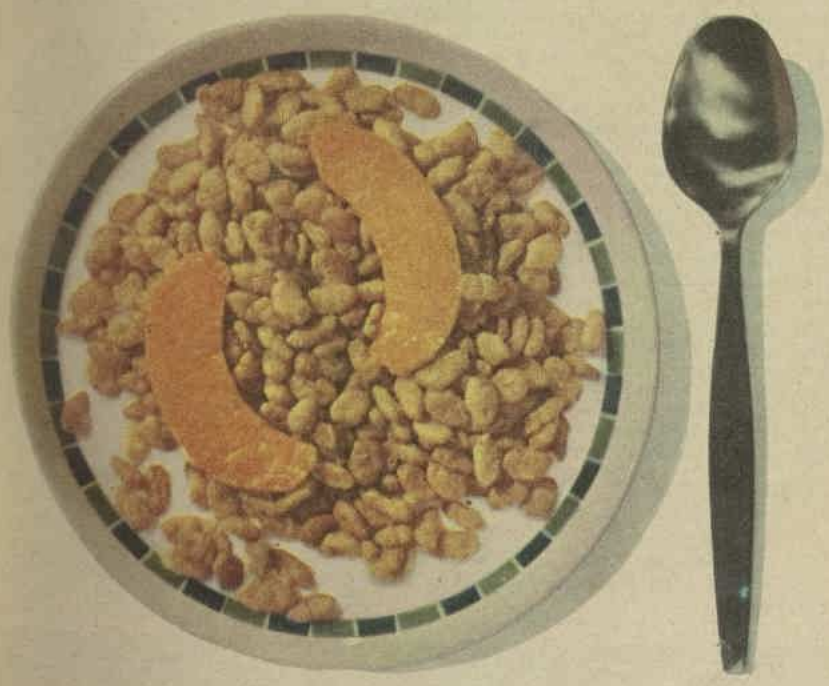
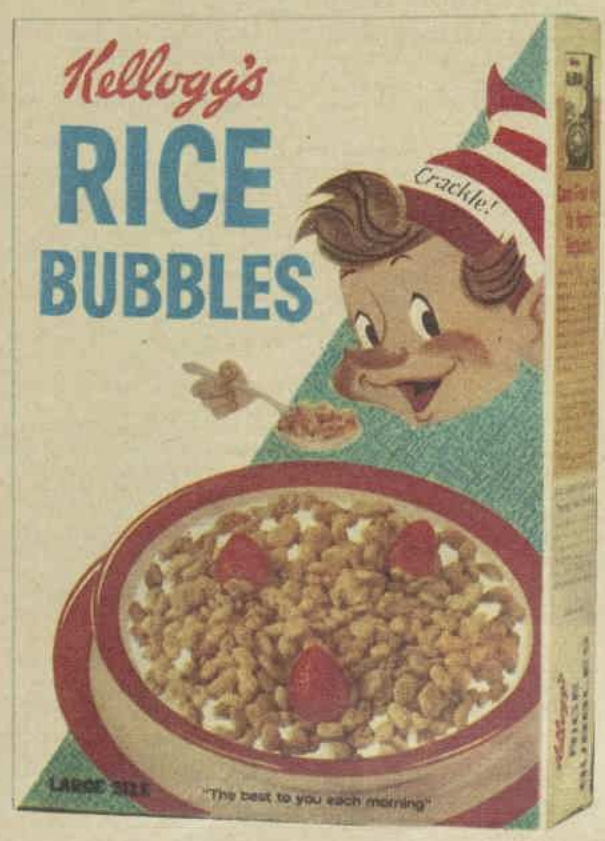
Eggs

each morning"

Nature gave them their nourishing goodness. Kellogg's popped in a crisp Snap! Crackle! Pop!—just for good eatin' fun. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles†. Even *nicer* with fruit!





†Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

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MADAME SCANDAL

A charming short story by ROBERT STANDISH

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN the heart of St. James', which is London's exclusive club-land, within pistol shot of the mad roar of Piccadilly, there exists and has existed for over a century—as the centre of a typhoon—a small area of silence which is almost palpable. This is the reading-room of the Ancient Warriors, as it is called by the irreverent, a ponderously exclusive club whose membership is confined to senior army officers, active and retired.

Until very recently there were only two known occasions on which the strict rule of silence had been broken. The first was on May 17, 1900, when a somewhat exuberant member burst into the room to announce the Relief of Mafeking. The second was November 11, 1918, when a member, hearing the peal of bells from Westminster Abbey, the honking of 10,000 motor horns, and the frenzied cheering of the populace without, asked irritably, "What's all that damned noise about?"

On each occasion the Committee took severe disciplinary action.

The third violation of the silence rule occurred only a few months ago, and the appropriate action by the Committee is still under discussion, because the offender was not only one of the most popular older members but a man with such a splendid record of gallantry.

There were on this occasion nine members present in the reading-room. It was after lunch on a warm spring day. With only one of these need we concern ourselves; a fine old soldier with pink cheeks, silver hair and moustache, and dauntless bright eyes, none other than General Sir Humphrey Gallstone, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., known affectionately by a dwindling band of old friends and comrades-in-arms as "Daddles."

The two eyewitnesses to this grand old soldier's fall from grace—the six other members present were asleep—agree upon the main facts. Daddles, they say, took a copy of that day's "Times" from the table, crossing to his usual seat in the bay window. For a few moments he glanced down the "Hatched, Matched, and Despatched" columns on the left side of the front page and thence to the "Personal" column.

Halfway down the latter he was observed to hurl the newspaper to the floor. Leaping to his feet in what appeared to be a frenzy of rage, he danced upon it. His usually deep baritone voice shrill with emotion, he was heard to shout, "Somebody must stop her! Kittapore! She can't do that to me! Milly, of all people!"

Then, evidently realising how shockingly he had behaved, Daddles strode out of the room, muttering. He had awakened the sleepers.

Colonel Mulliner, who had been looking over the other's shoulder, retrieved the trampled newspaper and began a systematic examination of the announcements in the "Personal" column in order to ascertain which particular one had caused this scandalous conduct upon the part of a highly respected member.

Having identified it by certain points of similarity to the General's outburst, Colonel Mulliner—using only sign language, of course—beckoned the seven other members to follow him into the bar, where the ban of silence did not exist.

"What do you make of this?" he asked rhetorically, reading the following announcement aloud:

"Lady Millicent Pelham-Langley, now engaged in writing her memoirs—to be titled 'Murder Will Out'—would appreciate the loan of letters, documents, and photos (all of which will be returned) to refresh her memories of incidents and people in India between 1898 and 1907 (especially Kittapore 1900-02), also permission to quote from and reproduce many already in her possession. Please write: Primrose Cottage, Bellingdon Green, Surrey."

"This," observed Major-General Rumbold, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., better though quite unfairly known as "Rumpot," "will put the cat among the pigeons! Poor old Daddles! No wonder he hit the roof! All the same," he added, "it's naughty of Milly to do this, because some of her reminiscences might—well—create the wrong impression, if you know what I mean."

"I say, Rumpot," interposed another member, "she isn't by any chance old Jumbo Pelham-Langley's widow, is she? It was a bit before my time, but I remember some odd stories about her."

"That's who she is," replied Major-General Rumbold, dipping his muzzle into a whisky and soda and wearing a worried expression as he did so, "and unfortunately it wasn't before my time. Just between ourselves, I hope nobody refreshes Milly's memories of some of the things that happened in Kittapore at the turn of the century. Also between ourselves, I'm not the only one who'll wish that.

"Milly, you know, used to kick the gong around in those days—that was long before she knew Jumbo, of course—and, I may say, Daddles wasn't past kicking it back to her. Dear, oh, dear! I hope for his sake that his missus never reads 'Murder Will Out.' Julia's a holy terror."

"But surely," said a callow young brigadier about fifty years of age, "holy terror or not, she can't be such an ass as to care what Daddles got up to sixty years ago?"

"That's what you may think, my lad," said Rumpot, "but you've evidently not had the pleasure of meeting Julia Gallstone, or you wouldn't say that. I've heard Julia sound off about things Daddles is alleged to have done when he sang alto in the choir, and, when she's really roused, her voice has many of the soothing qualities of a buzz saw. I've been under fire with Daddles many a time and he didn't turn a hair, but Julia has the power to reduce him to a mere lump of quivering jelly."

"I seem to remember," said another voice, "that Jumbo Pelham-Langley got his promotions rather quickly. Wasn't there some talk about it at the time? My memory isn't what it was."

"The way I heard it," said Rumpot, "was that Milly knew where something was buried and that when she told one or two senior officers that it was time Jumbo was promoted, they—well, they thought it best to agree with her. But I'm bound to say in Milly's defence that she didn't strike me as being like that.

"She was wild—yes, even for an earl's daughter—but the other, no. That would have been downright nasty. And Milly, with all her faults, was never that. Mark you, some of those senior officers may well have had guilty consciences and, just to be on the safe side, saw to it that Jumbo was promoted."

"Was she good-looking?" asked Colonel Mulliner, who had found the announcement and was now feeling somewhat out of it all.

"She was lovely, my dear chap—lovely and charming. She had what's rare in a woman, a sense of humor and a sense of fun. She was the only green-eyed woman I've ever known—anyway, known at all well. Hers were bright emerald-green, and they seemed to look right through a chap. Ginger hair, too. Bless my soul, I can see her now as though it were yesterday. It was at a ball in Simla.

"Milly arrived a little late—she liked to make an entrance, if you know what I mean. She wore a gown of royal-purple velvet—wonderful color with those eyes and the ginger hair. As she came down the stairs followed by Daddles, as I remember it, there was a hush. She was almost too lovely to be true. Damned if the band didn't miss a bar or two. Never saw anything like it. Daddles looked as if he could eat her."

"Evidently he didn't," said Colonel Mulliner. "Otherwise, one supposes, she wouldn't be writing her memoirs. Ought to be very interesting. Have to get a copy."

"If she's going to tell the truth—and please God she won't stoop to that—" said Rumpot thoughtfully," "she'd better write on asbestos paper. There are some things," he added, "that not even time can dim and, you may believe me, Milly did all of them. Meanwhile, I've got to find Daddles, poor chap. This must have been a great shock to him after all these years. Wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that he's booking a passage for Australia."

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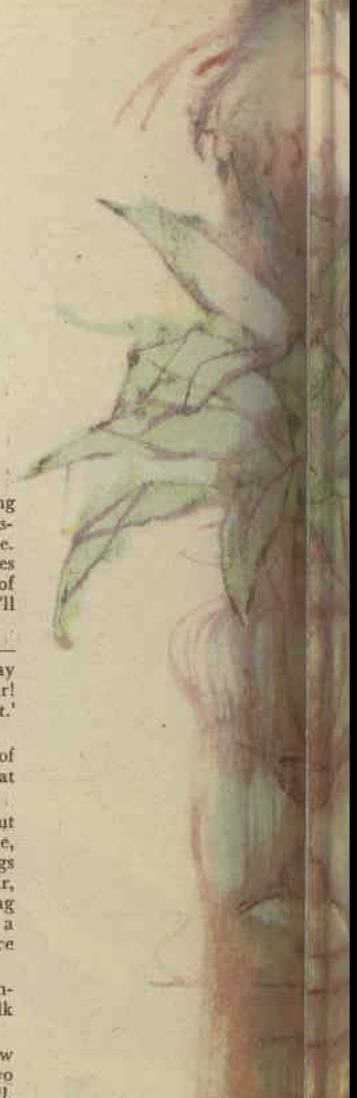

Making her usual grand entrance, Milly came down the stairs followed by Daddles.

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Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits

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Time to leave the beach

By MARY JANE ROLFS

Ann knew so well that everything her daughter did was only to make her happy, but no one can live another person's life

ANN BRANSTON had never learned to lie. Since she had met and married her first love when she was still young and tender, the need for deception or trickery had never arisen. Everything in her happy life had been as smooth and clear and sparkling as crystal.

Then, suddenly and cruelly, Ann was a widow at thirty-eight, and her future was a murky path that led nowhere at all. Although she was fairly young and still lovely, it didn't occur to her that she wanted to go on living at all except for her daughter, Caroline. It was Carrie who led her into falsehood and, after that, to hope.

Carrie was seventeen when Tom Branston died. She was a strong and athletic girl and she met her first real unhappiness the only way that she knew how. Thrusting her own grief aside like a cumbersome burden, she decided to take care of her mother, approaching the task with a vigor and determination that she threw into all her decisions and projects.

Ann was grateful for it. After years of indulgence and protection, she was confronted with numerous decisions, all unpleasant. Any that Carrie assumed, she was glad to pass on to her.

"It's this house," Carrie said. "Daddy is in every corner, and besides, we can't afford it. You should make a complete change—let's take a new flat, make new friends."

"I suppose you're right," Ann said, indifferent to where she lived if Tom was not there.

They sold the house and moved to a flat. After the shattering wrench was over, Ann knew that Carrie had been right. It was astonishing how often she was. A dozen times a day Ann said: "I don't know what I'd do without you, Carrie, dear."

"Yes, I know," Carrie answered. "But you ought to be busy. You can't make a career of watering those two ivy plants and living with your memories. You need something to do."

That was a good enough argument, but they also needed the money. Ann took a three-months' brush-up secretarial course and found a job. Carrie cheerfully abandoned her plan to go up to Cambridge and enrolled at a secretarial college so that she could live at home with her mother.

They developed a routine that was pleasant and companionable, if somewhat monotonous. Although Carrie's cooking was limited to chops, stew, and spaghetti, she had dinner ready when Ann came home from work. Ann would draw the curtains, light candles, and drop a little sprig of parsley on the potatoes.

"How food looks is important," she would explain gently. "Just because we're alone, we don't want to become careless about these things."

"Of course, gracious living," Carrie would answer tolerantly. "You're sweet, Mother."

She was often impatient with Ann's sporadic attempts to revive some of the small amenities and interests of her former life. She went to a Japanese flower-arrangement class with her mother, but she was irritated by such slow, painstaking work.

"It's so boring," she complained.

Ann was timid about being out alone at night, so she dropped the class. A few friends invited her to dinner, but she felt strange being the only woman without a husband and it made her miss Tom more. She went a few times and came home depressed.

"You shouldn't see old friends who remind you of Daddy," Carrie said. "You must make a new life. Don't go to any more of those dinners. It's morbid. Come swimming with me. The exercise will do you good. The gang love to see you."

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"Carrie," said Ann to her daughter, "I'm not mad on the beach, you enjoy yourself with your friends."

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Continuing . . . TIME TO LEAVE THE BEACH

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Carrie had plenty of friends and the flat became a gathering place for groups of young people who held solemn discussions on world peace, the atom bomb, and the decline of practically everything. The youngsters were warm and kind to Ann, including her in their talk, but, try as she would, she felt awkward and out of touch with them.

The weeks slid by, and one was like another. In the evenings Carrie had her friends. Ann read or sewed or wrote letters to her relatives.

On Fridays they met when Ann finished work, shopped or went to a cinema, had a late dinner, and went home. Saturdays they cleaned the flat, set each other's hair, went to the laundrette. Sometimes Carrie had a date on Saturday night, but more often she had friends come to the flat. They always insisted that Ann join them, and never seemed to notice that she was bored.

Sunday, the day for family dinners and picnics, was the longest day in the week. It was then that they most missed Tom Branston. Carrie did everything she could think of to make Sundays less dreary. Ann endured and submitted to Carrie's efforts because it was easier than resisting.

On one of the first spring mornings, a year after Tom's death, the telephone awoke Ann. Carrie ran to answer. "Hello. Oh, Dave."

Ann listened to the eagerness in Carrie's voice, the joyful lilt that always crept into it when she talked to David Hanson.

"Just a sec, Dave," Carrie said, and closed the door.

Ann lay very still in bed, dreading the moment when Carrie would burst in and announce her plans for the day. These plans were always strenuous, exhausting, and included Ann.

She dragged herself from bed and went to the window. The sun stroked her face like a warm hand. The air was crisp and had an exhilarating tang. It was the kind of day for a leisurely stroll through the park, a light lunch with a book propped before you. But that would bore Carrie.

Ann pulled on her dressing-gown and went into the kitchen to start coffee. She squeezed oranges and started toward the hall with a glass of juice for Carrie. Her back was turned and Carrie was speaking softly, but not softly enough.

"Listen, Dave, I'd love to go. The thing is, I just can't leave Mother alone on Sunday. Well, of course she has friends of her own. But I wouldn't enjoy myself knowing she was alone all day. Well, I'll ask her, but she burns so easily and she hates beaches. I'll ring you back."

Ann tiptoed back to the kitchen. She set the orange juice on the table and went into the bedroom. She made the twin beds, noting that Carrie's was rumpled, and there was a damp place on her pillow that might have been from tears.

Ann stood over the bed for a moment thinking that her daughter was too young to carry the burden of grief for so long, her own or her mother's. Ann had clung to Carrie's strength too long. She must be set free.

"What a day!" Carrie said, bursting into the room. "It's heavenly! That was David Hanson. Some of the gang are going to the beach for the day; they want us to go, too." She hesitated, seeing the expression on her mother's face. "It will be fun. And we love you to be with us."

Ann looked at Carrie's radiant, lovely face; her eyes bright with eagerness and a shadow of worry. Ann felt a sorrow because she had put that worry there.

"Look, darling," she said, "I have masses of little things to do today and you know I'm not mad on beaches. You go along and enjoy yourself."

"And leave you alone on a Sunday? I wouldn't think of it. It doesn't matter to me in the least about the beach. We can pack some lunch and sit in the park." Her voice had a funny break in it as she marched into the bathroom.

Ann followed her, feeling a queer little stinging of anger. "Now, look here, Carrie," she said, "I'm not an invalid. I'm thirty-nine years old and perfectly able to amuse myself on a Sunday. I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that I might like to see some of my friends . . ."

"Who?" she asked. "You haven't any friends of your own! You just followed Daddy around . . ."

It was like being slapped with truth and wanting to slap back. "After all," Ann said, hating the words but not able to stop them. "I've been pretty busy earning a living for both of us these past months. Perhaps if I had been less concerned about your future . . ."

"I didn't realise I was such a burden," said Carrie savagely.

It was like a violent wind blowing the blossoms off a tree, scattering them ruthlessly.

"How can I go anywhere alone when I worry about you all the time?" Carrie said. "Ever since Daddy died you haven't been a real person. You just wander round."

"You treat me as if I were an idiot or a child," Ann said. "How do you suppose I managed before you appointed yourself my guardian . . ." Ann felt a sense of horror that they, who loved each other so much, should be saying these things to each other. "Carrie," she said, "Oh, Carrie, what are we saying?"

IT was Ann's tears that ended the quarrel and made Carrie cry, too, angrily, noisily, as if the tears burned her cheeks. It was over in a few minutes and they were in each other's arms, apologising.

"All right, now," Ann said. "We'll just forget all this. Phone David and tell him you'll be ready." She saw the stubborn look on Carrie's face, and knew that nothing was changed at all.

"I will not set foot out of this flat today unless you come with me," Carrie said. "We'll make a bargain. You come to the beach today and next Sunday we'll do whatever you want."

It shocked Ann to realise that what she really wanted was to be alone, away from Carrie and her worrying and hovering and planning. She must find a way to release Carrie, to make this the last Sunday of her bondage.

Ann got into her beach-frock and went to the mirror to comb her hair. She was not a vain woman and during this last year she hadn't looked at herself much.

The reflection she saw startled her. It seemed such a long time since she had thought of herself as young and attractive. Her legs were long and slim. Her face was pretty, still youthful. She tied on a scarf, thinking to herself that thirty-nine was, after all, not really so terribly old.

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Continuing . . . TIME TO LEAVE THE BEACH

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David Hanson called for them at eleven o'clock and the struggle to squeeze three of them into his tiny car made them laugh out of all proportion to the humor of the situation. They decided that Ann, being smaller, should sit in the middle. She felt in the way with them talking across her.

They drove toward the quieter end of the beach, took the picnic basket, umbrella, and towels down to the beach. David and Carrie raced along the beach, but then they remembered about poor old Ann and stopped to wait.

"Can you manage?" Dave asked her anxiously.

"Here," Carrie offered kindly, "I'll take your hand."

The anger that had stirred earlier this morning fluttered again and Ann brushed aside Carrie's hand and hurried after them.

Eight other friends of Carrie's waited on the beach with transistor sets and an assortment of indigestible food. They greeted Ann warmly and she tried to accept their compliments in the spirit they were offered.

"I hope when I'm your age I look so fabulous in a swimming-suit!"

Some of them began a game with a large ball which resulted in sand being kicked into the food and on those sitting on the beach. Ann had forgotten to bring suntan oil and almost immediately felt her skin burning. Within an hour she was uncomfortable, bored, and lonely. And still she had not thought of a way to set Carrie free.

Shortly after two o'clock one of those unpredictable winds swept in over the beach, making the day chill. But the youngsters didn't seem to notice; they continued to chase the ball around and fling themselves into the icy water.

"You'd better put a sweater on, Mother," Carrie said.

Although she was shivering, Ann refused. It seemed almost senile to need a sweater when all the others were half naked.

At four o'clock Ann's spirits lifted. She thought longingly of a nice warm bath and supper in bed. But the youngsters decided to buy hot dogs and stay until dark.

"You're sure you aren't too tired?" Carrie asked.

"Good heavens, no," Ann retorted.

THIS time the tiny thread of anger rolled itself into a hard ball in Ann's stomach, where it lay burning next to the heavy potato salad and the gritty ham sandwich she had eaten earlier. She was tired . . . tired of shivering and burning on beaches, listening to pop records, maintaining a bright, interested look.

It was after nine when they got home. Ann hurried to bathe and ease her burning skin.

"Now, aren't you glad you came?" Carrie asked, getting ready for bed. "Next Sunday we'll do whatever you choose. I'll even go to the Art Gallery with you."

Ann mumbled goodnight. Going to the Gallery with Carrie would be like locking yourself into a small room with a restless lion.

The week went by uneventfully, with only two things happening that had not happened the week before. Carrie passed her accuracy test for typing. A new administrative assistant, named Bruce Madison, appeared in Ann's department. He asked for Ann to take his dictation every day.

It rained on Thursday, cleared on Friday. Saturday David came to dinner. Ann stayed in the bedroom. Then it was Sunday again.

Ann hadn't slept well. She had dreamed of herself and Carrie chained together, forever lying on hot beaches, sailing in tipsy boats over rough waters. She lay thinking of old friends she and Tom used to see. They had all drifted away because she had let them drift away.

She was left in a sort of never-never land where she was half-child, half-woman, and Carrie was half-parent, half-gaoler. There must be some way to set Carrie free. There must be things single women of her age did, clubs to join, groups that included grown men. For instance, Bruce Madison; he was a widower and . . .

Carrie bounded out of bed and rushed to the window to let the sun flood in. "Another gorgeous morning!" she announced. "We mustn't waste a minute of it. What do you say to a picnic?"

Ann sat up, feeling desperate, her mind scurrying for an excuse Carrie would accept. If she said she had a headache or a cold, Carrie would insist on staying home. If she said she wanted to be alone, Carrie would think that she was brooding.

"Carrie dear," Ann said, "I hope you won't feel I'm abandoning you, but I have a date for today."

"You have a what?" Carrie asked incredulously.

"The new man in the office," Ann said. "You remember, Bruce Madison? We're going for a drive and then he is taking me to dinner."

She was so unaccustomed to lying, she had to turn her face away to hide its warm flush.

"What's he like?" Carrie asked, looking at Ann critically. "You know, you're still quite attractive."

"He's very reserved," Ann said. "Actually he is rather shy. He's about forty-five, and has a wonderful smile."

"But do you like him?"

"Yes," Ann said, remembering the talks they had had during the week, especially the one when he mentioned he would probably go to the gallery on Sunday afternoon. "I like him very much," she said, remembering the flicker of interest in his eyes.

"Well, terrific," Carrie said.

"You go along with David and I'll see you later," Ann said.

"You're sure you know this man well enough? I mean you're awfully simple about some things."

Ann smiled loftily. "You worry about your affairs and I'll worry about my own."

An hour later Ann stood at the window and watched Carrie climb into the car beside David. She began to hum as she cleared away the breakfast dishes. There was a long, lovely day ahead and she knew what she would do with it.

In a little while she would put on her lavender suit and her new spring hat. She would go to the gallery and then she would stroll through the Botanical Gardens.

This evening she would phone some of the special friends she and Tom had shared, perhaps plan a party to which she would invite Bruce Madison. Unless, of course, she ran into him at the gallery today, in which case the phone calls might be postponed.

Ann went into the bathroom and ran a luxurious hot bath and dumped in a handful of perfumed crystals. She thought about the outrageous lie she had told Carrie and smiled. It was just possible that having set Carrie free she had set herself free as well and that the lie could be turned into truth.

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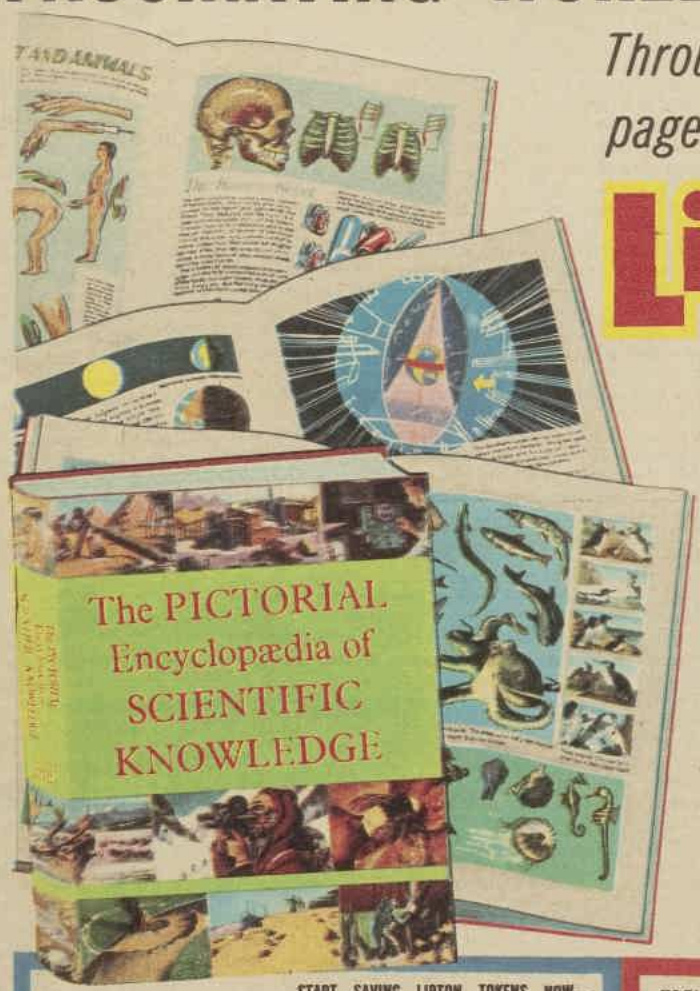

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The Bulletin

INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES

The Magazine for Interesting People

ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

The light in the night

Good deeds cost nothing, but rich rewards can ensue . . . a short short story

By OLGA ROSMANITH

"Should I know you?" Moira asked after Miss Drew introduced Roy.

MOIRA noticed the light the moment it was turned on because it made a dancing pattern of leaves on her bedroom ceiling. She got up and went to the screen door and looked out. The night was balmy and still and aglitter with stars. Moira put on her sandals and opened the screen door.

From the next room her sister called peevishly:

"Moira, can't you be quieter about your insomnia?"

"Sorry, Nancy. But a light went on down the hill, and it's half-past three in the morning."

"So what? The place is overrun with studio people. One of those everlasting late parties."

"You guessed wrong. It's the front-room light in Miss Drew's house."

"Well, get back to bed. If it keeps you awake you can draw the sundrapes over your screen door."

Moira came into her sister's room via the balcony. "I'm not worried about my sleep. I'm worried about her."

"You sound like somebody out of her mind. Why should you be worried about her?"

"Because she's old and semi-crippled and alone and if there wasn't something wrong she wouldn't be up at this hour."

"Heavens, Moira! She isn't too helpless to use her telephone."

"To whom? This is a funny place. Not like back home. You have to be dying or getting murdered before you're eligible for any of the help you can get on a night telephone. The doctor's offices are closed and I'm hanged if I know how you'd go about getting help from a hospital."

"Really, Moira, you get madder by the minute. She probably knows all the ropes. She's lived here since hers was the only house in the canyon."

Moira was paying no attention. She looked out again.

"Her light's still on. Think I'll go down."

"At this time of night? Why, we don't even know her."

"She waves to me from her balcony when I slow down to turn the car in. She knows we're neighbors."

"But neighbors don't act here like home. And do you want the whole neighborhood to know we're from the country?"

"Everyone's from somewhere, and I don't give a darn, anyway."

Moira reached for her dressing-gown.

Nancy was the younger, but she knew she was the beauty and she was always trying to exert some authority.

"Moira, before you go I'd like to remind you—"

"I remember," Moira interrupted. "We came here because I could earn just as much money being a tip-top private secretary here as anywhere, but you could study dancing and dramatics with your share of Grandpa's legacy and be seen in plays and meet people and finally some way, somehow get a screen test."

"I wasn't about to bring that up. I was about to remind you, Moira, that tomorrow is an important day, and we can't afford to lose our sleep over an old woman down the road who will probably be scared into fits, anyhow, if anyone calls on her at this hour of the morning."

"You sleep and be beautiful. I don't have to be." Moira slipped out of the room, closing the door after her. She looked out from her own room. Miss Drew's front room was still lit up, and now her kitchen was, too.

Maybe it would scare the old lady to hear a knock on the door. Moira leafed through the phone book and dialled her on the telephone.

"Hello," answered a scared old voice. "Is that you, Roy? Who is it?"

"It's your neighbor, Moira Trevor, Miss Drew. I saw your light on. I wonder if something has happened to you, if I could help or something."

"How kind of you, Miss Trevor. Thank you, but there's nothing you can do." The old voice trembled. "I just have a rather terrible toothache, that's all."

"Oh! Well, can't I come over and phone and get emergency help? There must be something."

"It's already been done, dear. Two teeth came out today. But it aches so and it's all swollen up. The tablets the dentist gave me for pain make me sick, so I was just putting a hot-water bag—"

Moira said, "That's all wrong. Hold everything. I'll be with you in a minute."

She looked into Nancy's room.

"She needs me, Nancy. I'll be back soon. Go to sleep. I'll come in quietly."

"Always worrying over the wrong people," Nancy grumbled. "Not a brain in the head. Of course I can't sleep. What's wrong, anyhow? Why don't you make this kind of fuss over people who can do some good for us?"

But Moira was already closing the front door with the key so the neighbors wouldn't be disturbed.

For the first time she went into the Drew house. It was furnished like a set for Victoria, the Queen, but it was elegant, orderly, and polished.

Miss Drew's face was badly swollen on the right side, drawing her mouth into a strange expression.

"You poor darling, the hot-water bag would make it worse. An icebag is what we should put on it. Where is your refrigerator?"

"This way."

The doorbell chimed while Moira was busy fixing the icebag in the kitchen. Miss Drew sat at the kitchen table, looking more cheerful and murmuring her gratitude.

"That'll be my nephew. I always call him when I'm in trouble. Please will you open the door for him?"

Moira didn't hurry. She laid the well-insulated icebag to Miss Drew's face, wrapped a towel round her shoulders, and took her time to get to the door even when it chimed again impatiently.

Then she opened it for an anxious young man who was not in the habit of being kept waiting.

He went past her like a tornado, glancing first in the living-room and then going on to the kitchen.

"That's good," Moira heard him say. "Just what I was going to do for you. Also I brought you some brandy. I wonder—"

Moira, who was just about to slip quietly out, changed her mind. She returned to the kitchen.

"Definitely not brandy," she said, "while your aunt's face is so swollen, particularly if she isn't used to it."

He looked at her and Miss Drew introduced him with considerable pride. "This is my nephew, Roy Shepherd, Miss Trevor. You must have heard of him."

"I'm sorry," Moira said honestly, "but I never have. Should I have?"

"No," he said, "that makes it unusual, but very agreeable."

He took her to the front gate, thanking her for her kindness to his aunt. "I owe her everything," he said. "She took me in as an orphan. She isn't really my aunt. Educated me and did everything for me."

Moira opened her gate. "It was only what a neighbor would do."

"A very special neighbor. May I have the pleasure of seeing more of you?"

. . . . . .

Moira crept in, but Nancy was asleep.

It was over her morning coffee she asked Nancy casually, "Ever heard of a young man called Roy Shepherd?"

"Have I?" squealed Nancy. "He's only the biggest producer at the Marvel Corporation, that's all. Sort of boy genius, like Irving Thalberg was said to be. Why?"

"Nothing." Moira stirred her coffee. "Just heard his name somewhere."

Time enough to tell Nancy when the time came, and she had a hunch anyway it would make no difference to him, the relationship; Nancy would have to make the grade on her own. Just as she had one of those inexplicable hunches women have that there would be a relationship. The closest one.

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PEAR SURPRISE

INGREDIENTS: 1 can pear halves, rounds of sponge cake, sherry, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar. (Loaf sugar, lemon essence.)

METHOD: Drain pears. Cut sponge cake for the number of persons to serve, sprinkle with sherry. Place 1 pear half on each round of sponge. Make meringue by beating egg-white until stiff and gradually add the sugar and beat until smooth. Pipe meringue round base of pears. Place under griller until lightly brown. Place in individual dishes. Top with loaf sugar soaked in lemon essence and set this alight and serve immediately.

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The first of four articles

How NOT to Kill

The doctor warns wives that:

● **Civilised men are ten times better than uncivilised men—at dying of coronary thrombosis.**

● **When it comes to looking after their health many men are complete imbeciles. The lucky ones are those who have wives who will do it for them.**

● **If you do put your husband on a diet, don't tell him; the knowledge makes him feel ill. He can go on just the same diet without knowing. NEVER SAY DIET.**

● *Overnutrition is just as serious as malnutrition. People in the prosperous, overfed group lose all drive to exercise. They gain weight. They are candidates for heart trouble. Many of them don't survive.*

● **There is no more valuable commodity your husband's money can buy than relaxation. If you can persuade him that by earning less money he can earn more rest and peace of mind, you have done a good deal.**

● *The man who has survived his risky bachelor days and moved into the quiet waters of marriage has a right to expect that his life will be more peaceful, comfortable, and prolonged.*

● **Time is on our side. Medical science is advancing so rapidly in so many directions that a fresh killer disease is likely to be brought under control every year or two. The longer you can postpone getting a disease which is incurable today, the more chance you have of getting it cured tomorrow.**

● ***It has been said that married men do not live longer than bachelors—it only seems longer. Some wisecracks are true, but I doubt the truth of this. There is no reason why life should only SEEM longer for a married man. There is every reason why it should BE longer.***

By A FAMILY DOCTOR

● "The number of women who deliberately set out to kill their husbands is surprisingly small," writes the author, a famous physician. "On the other hand a great many wives could not polish them off better if they tried."

● The doctor urges wives to revise their whole attitude toward their husbands' health, taking a modern viewpoint on diet and other habits.

Men—the weaker sex

THE trouble with men is that they are not nearly as tough as their wives think they are.

Take a look around your own set and try pairing the widows off with the widowers. I am afraid you will soon run out of widowers.

In marriages in the Western world the bride is twice as likely to be a widow by the time she is forty-five as the bridegroom is to be a widower—regardless of her class, income, or way of life. The chances of the girl who marries a business or professional man becoming a widow are much higher.

Evidently the scientific advances of the past century have helped women far more than men. The number of men who now die in middle age is double the number of women, but 100 years ago the figures were roughly equal.

Taking the world as a whole, more boys are born than girls, but by the time they reach forty there are only four men for every five women.

So statistics show quite clearly that men are fragile creatures.

- A man in his forties is seven times more likely to have coronary artery disease than his wife.
- He is more than twice as likely to die of some form of lung disease or digestive trouble.
- We can also assume he is much more likely to have high blood pressure.

Important as it is that wives should realise which is the weaker sex, it is even more so that men should know the truth.

The urgent lesson for wives to teach their husbands (tactfully) is that although it is manly to act tough, it is deadly to act tougher than you are.

Try TWO meals a day

YOU can be a good cook without being able to tell a protein from a vitamin, and you can be an expert on nutrition without being able to boil an egg.

Of the two, I know which one most men would prefer to have for a wife.

When all is said and done, what a man wants is meals—not calories. If you do count the calories, don't tell your husband.

You can produce an appetising meal just as well with the right food as you can with the wrong, and he'll never know you're keeping an eye on him.

One of the most important points about feeding husbands is to see that they get the right number of meals. Dogs do best on one meal a day, husbands on two.

In my view most people, especially those in sedentary jobs, have too many meals.

Take business executives. "Oh, yes," they say plumply when asked about their eating habits, "I always eat very well.

"I have a cereal followed by bacon and eggs for breakfast—with toast and marmalade and coffee, of course. Then in the middle of the morning I have coffee and biscuits.

"At lunch, of course, it depends who I am lunching with.

"But you don't need to worry about what I eat, doctor, I have no difficulty with eating."

Actually, they are quite right. I have no need to worry!

Three square meals a day is one too many for any businessman in his middle years unless he is suffering from malnutrition.

Every healthy businessman should have two (not three) meals a day in which the main course is principally protein (meat, fish, poultry, or egg).

Which meals is a matter of individual taste.

If a man has had a light breakfast and has resisted the temptation to have a coffee break at eleven, he will be able to have a good lunch with a clear conscience.

On the other hand, if he has had a hearty breakfast, he should make do with a snack lunch and save his appetite for the evening meal.

For many men, lunch is just a continuation of business stress.

If this is so with your husband, however important it is to entertain his clients lavishly, he should keep his own meal, both food and drink, down to the minimum compatible with hospitality.

"Office" tea

Don't despise morning and afternoon tea. However revolting office tea may be, it represents for many businessmen a restorative just when it is most needed.

Quite apart from any stimulant action, it replenishes the body's fluid store. This is important because dehydration is the cause of much of the feeling of fatigue toward the end of the day's work.

It is best for those who have a substantial lunch to take nothing but one or two cups of tea or coffee.

But the man who will not be able to have dinner until late because of pressure of work or a long journey home may need a couple of biscuits. Rich cakes or pastries should be avoided.

The main meal for a man under stress all day should be dinner at home in the evening.

It need not be an elaborate repast, and it certainly should not be a heavy meal for the man who has lunched well. No man should overburden his stomach twice in the same day. Even the most long-suffering stomach will turn in time.

Never greet your husband with that "You're late—dinner's spoiled" expression.

A man should be given a chance to get into a relaxed frame of mind over a drink in his own favorite chair before dinner.

It should be fairly easy to make dinner into a gracious meal without a lot

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Your Husband

• *The first article tells what kind of diet makes your husband live longest and keep in good general health.*

• *Inside every fat man is a thin man fighting to get out.*

Chicken or turkey?

Fish is fine for him

of trouble — and what a world of difference it will make!

Never think that the frills do not matter. Even though your husband has had lunch in an expensive restaurant, he probably still regards dinner at home as the highlight of his day.

It makes a world of difference to open a perfectly simple meal with an iced consomme, grapefruit, or a simple hors-d'oeuvre.

This should be followed by a main protein course of meat, fish, or poultry served with vegetables or salad.

Fruit is probably the easiest way to end the meal. Those who have not had dessert at lunch may like to finish with ice-cream or some other light sweet.

The spirit of leisure should pervade the evening meal, and palatable food should be served with the essence of ease laced with pleasant conversation between husband and wife.

Such a meal sets the tempo for a restful evening which helps your husband to recuperate from the stress of daily life.

No hardship

Although we do not know just how the substance cholesterol gets into the walls of the arteries, we cannot ignore the fact that the countries where the blood cholesterol average is high are the very ones where the rate of coronary artery disease is high and is rising.

Recently a doctor I know had a test for blood cholesterol—not because he was worried but because of all the talk about the matter.

He was rocked by the report, which was well above normal.

For two weeks precisely he cut all the fat off his meat and ate no butter, cream, margarine, or lard. He had his fried foods fried in corn oil (also called maize oil), which was also used for making sauces and stews and dressing salads.

The blood cholesterol test was then repeated and it was found to be quite average. A fall of sixty milligrammes had been achieved without any great hardship in a bare two weeks.

Admittedly, all men do not have raised blood cholesterol figures, but if a few can be saved by many cutting down on animal fats, the result will be a worthwhile gain to the community.

Even if your husband's blood cholesterol is not raised, it will do him no harm to substitute safe vegetable oils for animal fats.

You should persuade him to eat bread and butter instead of butter and bread.

He can drink milk, but cream is only for him on holidays.

When stewing meat, cut the fat off and brown the meat in the usual way using corn oil, sunflower oil, or soy oil instead of any other form of fat. One of these oils should always be used for frying or making sauces.

All fish, even those with a high fat content like salmon and herring, are fit foods for husbands, and so is lean meat.

Boiled or roast meat requires no special treatment, but your husband must have the lean portions.

He should eat only one whole egg daily, but can have any amount of egg white in any form.

If he eats roast potatoes or chips, they must be cooked in one of the vegetable oils.

These oils go very well on vegetables and salads. Corn oil makes perfectly normal French dressing and sauces, but pastry made with oils of this type is not very satisfactory.

Your husband's intake of cakes, pastries, and puddings made with other fats should be curbed, but if he is quite healthy he does not need to cut them out completely. Serve him small portions and do not offer second helpings.

In the poultry world, chicken is safer than turkey, goose, or duck. Solid cheeses, alas, are rich in fat, but cream and cottage cheese contain only small amounts. Yoghurt, buttermilk, and skimmed milk all have very low percentages of fat.

If you can get away with producing animal-fat-free meals which are apparently normal, you will achieve far more than if you ask your husband to give up everything he likes.

It would be absurd, for instance, to ask him never to eat cheese, apart from cottage cheese, and I doubt whether it would be justified.

You can, however, ban butter and cheese at the same time. You can also never let cream arrive on your doorstep — a lot can be achieved with egg-white and sugar.

Obesity is harmful because extra weight constantly hauled around produces fatigue and places an extra burden on all the vital systems of the body.

But this it not the end of the story, because people who are 20 per cent. overweight are more likely to suffer from high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, and many other diseases than people of normal weight.

Moreover, although it may be true that men of certain races are attracted by fat women, I think that the vast majority of women find fat men unattractive. Also fat people are often embarrassed by their own appearance.

One would expect, then, that they would want to reduce, and many of them do.

However, a great many go about it topsy-turvy and become compulsive eaters — that is, they escape from their own unhappiness by eating more and more.

Nevertheless, I think most of these people would go in for weight reduction if they knew how.

You cannot reduce on easy terms. Anyone who tells you that by taking these pills or those pills, or by following this diet or that diet, you can reduce and still eat as much as you like is selling you building lots on the moon.

It does not matter what kind of food you eat; if it is in excess of your requirements, you still store it as fat.

If you eat more fat than you use up, you will still store it as fat.

If you eat more starch or sugars than you need, you will also store these as fat.

Moreover, it is true, up to a point, that if you eat more protein than you require you still store it as fat, but protein has the advantage that it acts as a stimulant and persuades the body to burn up more of its stored fat.

If you drink more alcohol than you burn up as energy, you will store it as fat.

How much and what items of diet your husband needs to cut out in order to reduce depends on how much overweight he is and how active he is.

It may be he can solve the problem by increasing his activity, but a man who is obviously grossly overweight could not increase his activity sufficiently to reduce his weight without doing himself some harm.

On the other hand, if he is overweight and takes no exercise, obviously the first step is to take the exercise he should be taking anyway.

That might be enough to do the trick.

If he has to reduce by dieting plus increasing his exercise, what he actually cuts out should be arranged on a system of priorities.

The first thing to be cut out altogether is sugar. Sugar provides what nutritionists call "empty calories." It is like a parasite. It provides nothing but calories. If these calories are in excess of requirements, they cause the body to put on weight. It provides no vitamins of any sort and provides no minerals.

Many people are told to give up bread and potatoes completely. Whether it is safe to give up potatoes depends on whether fruit and green vegetables are being eaten in abundance, because in wintertime the body's main source of Vitamin C may be in the form of potatoes, which in some areas provide a very valuable part of the diet.

Probably more fruit is eaten in Australia than in, say, Britain.

The advantage of eating fruit instead of potatoes is that you get your Vitamin C and all the necessary food factors without getting a lot of fattening starch, for the proportion of fattening material in fruit is extremely low compared with the bulk.

Fruit forms bulk which prevents people from feeling too hungry and it provides vitamins and roughage.

If the principal element of the diet is composed of protein, the body burns up fat and carbohydrate more rapidly. In any case, protein must form part of everyone's diet because you cannot live without it.

Protein, of course, is all the meaty foods, such as egg, meats, fish, poultry, and cheese; it is also present in peas, beans, and nuts.

These foods should form the bulk of the diet of any person who is attempting to reduce.

They can be taken in abundance without putting on additional weight, and they will persuade the body to burn up the deposits of fat which have been laid down already — which is absolutely necessary if weight is to be steadily reduced.

Your husband must be made to "live off his hump," and this can be achieved only by giving him less weight-making food.

Whatever you do, do not allow your husband to go in for one of those health-fad, crank diets.

It is true that they focus attention on one important point, namely that you have to eat less in order to reduce.

In this respect they are good, but they usually lower the calorie intake so much that no one could possibly work on it; so they are ideal for the idle.

As for the "cures" at health resorts, starvation is the basis of most, plus taking spa waters containing minerals which act as laxatives.

Probably your husband does not need all this laxative, and his bowel habit will go haywire. Medical science has long ceased to think reducing can be achieved by repeated saline purges.

Sick-making

Then there is the idea, an old one brushed up, that you can eat fat and grow slim.

This may be true if you eat no carbohydrate at all, but anyone who did that would be quickly nauseated. Besides, so much animal fat could be definitely harmful to your husband.

You can get just as good results by cutting out starch without increasing the fat intake, but never, never let your husband cut out or cut down on protein.

The trouble with trying to reduce by increasing energy output is that it has to be so very much energy.

If a man consumes 1000 calories more than he needs he will have to walk more than 10 miles a day extra to use it up. This might increase his appetite and make him eat even more.

If your husband wants to get rid of 10 pounds of stored fat he would have to walk 360 miles to do it. In other words, if he walks an extra mile a day he will have used up only ten pounds in a year.

However, exercise is useful, so long as it does not lead your husband into eating more food because of his increased appetite.

It tones up the muscles and makes a man feel and look better.

To achieve elimination of stored fat, excercise must be combined with an overall reduction of calories.

If the diet of an average businessman is reduced by a thousand calories a day and at the same time he gradually steps up his exercise, he should be able to lose three or even four pounds a week at first.

If he keeps up that rate of loss for the first month he will do quite well, but after that it will be more difficult, and an average loss of two pounds a week is all that can be expected.

He should weigh himself weekly and if he is not losing that amount he must be more strict with his diet.

If he is averaging a loss of more than two pounds weekly after the first month, he can allow himself a little more food.

Continued on page 35

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How NOT to Kill Your Husband

Continued from page 33

The vast majority of people will find it very much easier to reduce if they place themselves in the hands of a doctor.

Many men find it helps them to be strong-willed in the company of over-pressing acquaintances if they can blame the doctor for their refusal of lavish hospitality.

The over-hospitable host is a menace to be avoided at all times, whether you are trying to reduce or not. You see, it does not take so very much extra, of either food or drink, to undo what has been achieved by weeks of self-denial.

FOODS TO AVOID

Bread and everything made with flour; cereals (including breakfast cereals and milk puddings); root vegetables; foods containing sugar; sweets, puddings, pastries, and cakes; sauces; salt; fluids (limited to 2 pints daily); milk (limited to ½ pint daily).

A "weighty" problem

It is no good your supplying a strict reducing diet at home if all your efforts are to be cancelled out every time he has a meal away from home. But it is no good arguing with him, because food for thought will never satisfy him. It is far more useful to supply appetising and palatable meals within the framework of his diet and say nothing.

Also to treat an obese person by diet, and then to leave him to his own devices when he is down to the desired weight, is to ignore the cause of his obesity.

Overeating is not the only cause, for obesity is a symptom of a man's way of life. He overeats, but he also overdrinks, oversits, and, above all, overdrives.

While reducing he must also turn over a completely new leaf in life.

Adequate exercise must become a habit, and cars and taxis must be scorned for all short journeys, because not only must he learn to walk, he must keep on walking for the rest of his days.

EAT AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE

Clear soups; meat extracts; meat, fish, poultry; most hors-d'oeuvre; green vegetables, peas, beans, and lentils; salads, tomatoes, celery, chicory, and asparagus; eggs; cheese; nuts, fruit.

He must also take other suitable exercise, such as swimming and golf. In future he must keep a constant and regular check on his weight. As soon as he finds that he has gained a few pounds he must take immediate action by cutting out fattening foods and drinks. He will then get his weight under control before matters get out of hand.

Some formal "exercises" which your husband can do daily will be described in a later article, but here are some points about "exercise," as opposed to "exercises."

Some men take exercise to keep themselves fit for work. Others take exercise to keep themselves fit to take exercise. A few take exercise because they like it.

Ex-President Eisenhower's heart specialist, Dr. Paul White, is among those who advocate regular exercise as a means of warding off coronary thrombosis in middle-aged men.

That regular exercise can ward off coronary thrombosis is clearly shown by the fact that between the ages of 45 and 64 the death rate is twice as high in men who lead inactive lives as it is in manual workers.

The wife of the businessman who wants her husband to keep fit will encourage him to take regular exercise of a type suitable to his age and health.

She should start sending him out to some kind of outdoor sport soon after they are married.

If she waits until he is approaching the dangerous age it is often too late — the lotus years have already left their mark on his arteries, and it just needs panic-produced violent exercise to do him in completely.

But the exercise a man takes in his twenties and thirties may save his life in his forties.

Men are far more sensitive to atmosphere than women think. Although a wife may say, "Of course you you must go and play golf on Saturday. It will do you good, darling," her husband may sense the fact that she secretly resents him wanting to do something without her.

The result often is that he does **not** enjoy himself.

He may go out of a sense of duty to himself or stay at home out of a sense of duty to her.

Whichever it is, he has not done his health as much good as she would wish.

Exercise does more good when the mind is at ease. Relaxation is not obtained either by high-pressure exercise or by playing games with a nagging worry in the back of the mind.

And some businessmen are born worriers.

The trouble with successful men is that they are successful.

Now, you don't succeed by being the sort of person who does things gently.

The result is that the very men who need moderate exercise in a relaxed frame of mind are only capable of playing too hard at some game which is quite unsuitable to their age.

But it is obviously dangerous for middle-aged men to play the violent games of youth.

A wife can play a very useful role here by insisting on playing some gentle game with her husband at first, but she must remember that he will need to progress beyond what she can do.

But she mustn't let him try to keep up with the youngsters (even if she has to tease him a bit).

Swimming is an excellent general exercise.

It is particularly beneficial for those suffering from arthritis of the hip joints, as this makes it difficult for them to take any form of exercise which involves weight-bearing on the hips.

When a man who has not taken regular exercise for many years takes up swimming he should content himself with merely doing one breadth of the pool at first, and gradually work up to doing several breadths.

He should achieve this without getting puffed before he attempts to swim a length in a full-sized pool. He can then work up gradually to six or eight lengths.

Team games, like football, are too much for the average man after he is thirty because the pace is set by younger men.

For those over forty, walking is the ideal form of exercise and it does not matter what you do while you are walking.

Some people chase a golf ball, others shoot, and others just talk. The important thing is to do it frequently and regularly.

The advantages of walking as a coronary-preventing exercise for the middle-aged man are that it is always available, it requires no special equipment, and it can be performed alone.

Also, the repetitive muscular activity of walking soothes mental turmoil — many people find that tricky problems solve themselves as they stroll along.

It must be clearly understood that exercise is not bad for a person. It is overdoing it that is dangerous.

There is a world of difference between keeping active — to keep the heart muscle toned up—and having bursts of violent physical exercise when the heart muscle is not used to it.

Figures have been published showing that men 20 per cent. or more overweight are considerably more than twice as likely to die of diabetes as normally weighted men. Three men in this category die of heart or artery disease for every two normal men.

More than eight overweight men die of digestive disease for every five men of average weight. Pneumonia and influenza claim 30 per cent. more victims among the obese, and nephritis more than double this percentage.

High blood pressure and coronary artery disease are well known to be much more common among those who are too heavy.

Also, neither surgeons nor anaesthetists like to have fat patients, because obesity increases the risks attached to both surgery and anaesthesia.

These are dismal figures, but with your help there is no reason why your husband should remain in the 20 per-cent.-overweight group.

Six or eight weeks should see him down to 10 per cent. It may take longer to lose the last few pounds, but his will-power and your friendly discipline can achieve it.

Below is a chart to show you whether your husband is 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. over average weight — or whether he's just right.

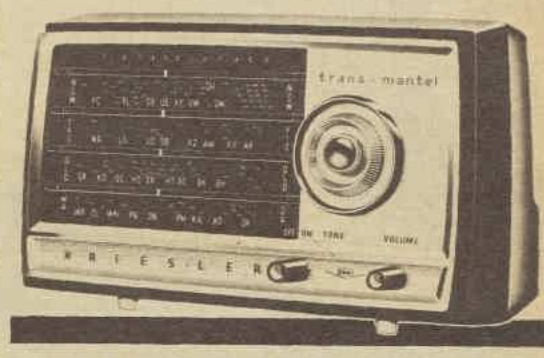
MEN IN THEIR EARLY FORTIES				MEN IN THEIR LATE FORTIES			
Height	*Average weight*	*10% over*	*20% over*	*Height*	*Average weight*	*10% over*	*20% over*
5' 6"	10st. 6lb.	11st. 7lb.	12st. 8lb.	5' 6"	10st. 11lb.	11st. 12lb.	12st. 13lb.
5' 7"	10st. 11lb.	11st. 12lb.	12st. 13lb.	5' 7"	11st. 1lb.	12st. 2lb.	13st. 3lb.
5' 8"	11st. 1lb.	12st. 2lb.	13st. 3lb.	5' 8"	11st. 6lb.	12st. 8lb.	13st. 10lb.
5' 9"	11st. 5lb.	12st. 7lb.	13st. 9lb.	5' 9"	11st. 11lb.	12st. 13lb.	14st. 1lb.
5' 10"	11st. 9lb.	12st. 11lb.	13st. 13lb.	5' 10"	12st. 1lb.	13st. 4lb.	14st. 7lb.
5' 11"	11st. 13lb.	13st. 2lb.	14st. 5lb.	5' 11"	12st. 6lb.	13st. 9lb.	14st. 12lb.
6' 0"	12st. 4lb.	13st. 7lb.	14st. 10lb.	6' 0"	12st. 11lb.	14st. 1lb.	15st. 5lb.
6' 1"	12st. 9lb.	13st. 13lb.	15st. 3lb.	6' 1"	13st. 2lb.	14st. 6lb.	15st. 10lb.

● **Condensed from the book "How Not to Kill Your Husband," by A Family Doctor, to be published by George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London.**

NEXT WEEK: "Side-stepping a coronary"

SUDDENLY!

an entirely NEW KIND of CORDLESS Transistor RADIO



KRIESLER 'TransMantel'

with multi-vented ACOUSTIC DIAL and *"INSTANT SOUND"*

Just turn on "TransMantel," and *instantly* there's music or speech of glorious purity and power for your enjoyment—anywhere, everywhere—it's transportable! The first all-family transistor radio!

HEAR the multi-vented Acoustic Dial project entirely new sound quality from the "Music-shell" cabinet and 6" speaker —the very instant you switch on! Hear how "TransMantel" brings in interstate stations—increases your radio entertainment.

SEE the king-size dial—90% of the frontal area—with every Australian station clearly listed . . . just tune to your favourite station, and the sound actually comes from the multi-vented dial itself. Plus press-button dial light and battery-check indicator. See this 1962 fashion styling, with 2-tone colours and genuine gold trim.

FEEL how easily the "Flip-top" handle pops up for easy transportation—clicks back "invisibly" when not in use. Feel how light, compact and easy it is to carry anywhere—created from "A.B.S." material and indestructible under normal use!

ONLY 30 GNS. *with choice of four fashion colours. All good retailers have it!*

Transportable, with instant FLIP-TOP HANDLE! "Invisible" when not in use.

ECONOMY — Plays over 1,000 hours (probably a full year's entertainment) from one compact in-built battery—costing only shillings to replace. As cheap to run as a power-point radio, but many times more useful.

. . . THE NEW ALL-PURPOSE RADIO

Here's real room-to-room or outdoor portability—the most useful radio ever. No power cord, no aerial—it's completely self-contained . . . frees power points for lamps, appliances, TV. Plays anywhere with complete electrical safety—even in bathrooms and laundries. It's the one radio that all the family can enjoy—anywhere, anytime!

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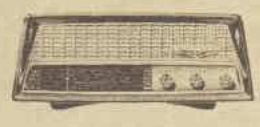

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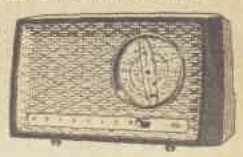
Neatest, smartest, most versatile A/C mantel ever. "Music-shell" cabinet design. Flip-top handle makes carrying so easy—"invisible" when not in use. Value at only **21 Gns.**



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No sealers or undercoats. Amazingly scrubbable.
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Wash up brush or roller under the tap.
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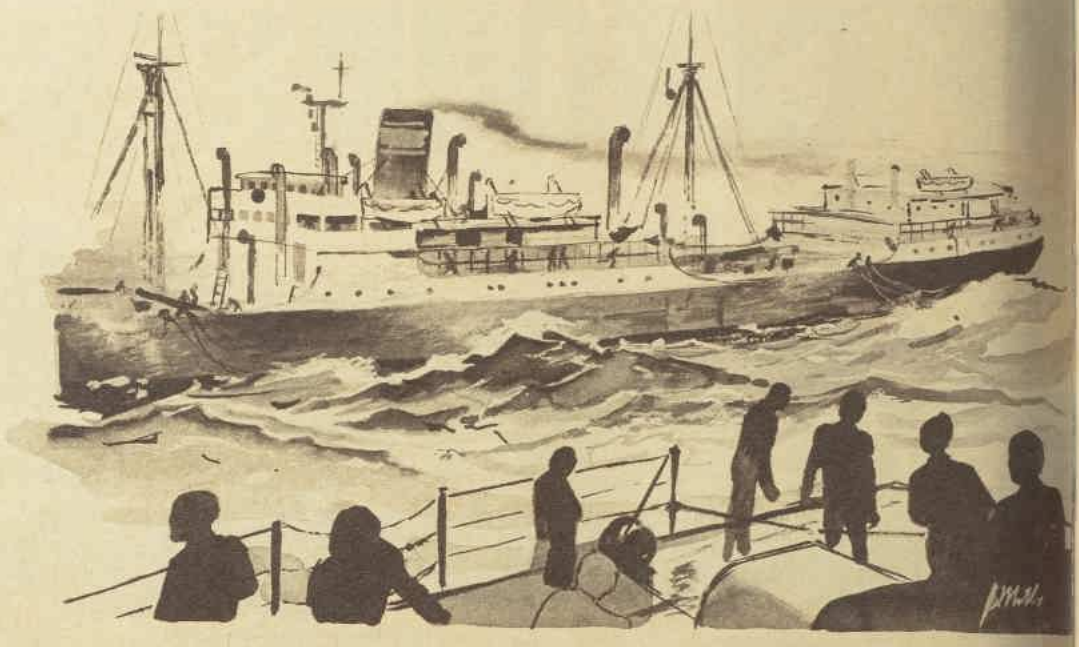
The two ships reach their fateful destination . . . conclusion of our serial

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN



HOW long I lay there, trembling violently in every weary muscle in my body, whooping hoarsely for breath my tortured lungs were craving, gritting my teeth against the fire in my shoulders and arms, and trying not to let the red mist before my eyes envelop me completely, I do not know. It may have been two minutes, it may have been ten.

And then slowly, ever so slowly, the pain eased a litttle, my breathing slowed and the mists before my eyes cleared away: but I still couldn't stop trembling.

I untied the ropes from my waist with numbed hands, tied them both to the stanchion, just above the manila, pushed the lifeline till it was almost taut, then gave three sharp deliberate tugs. A couple of seconds passed, then came three clearly defined answering tugs. They knew now I had made it.

I sat there for at least another five minutes till some measure of strength came back to me, rose shakily to my feet, and padded across the deck to number four hold. The tarpaulin on the starboard for'ard corner was still secured. That meant there was no one down below.

I straightened, looked all around me, then stood very still, the driving rain streaming down my sodden mask and soaking clothes. Not fifteen yards away from me, right aft, I had seen a red glow come and vanish in the darkness. Someone was smoking a cigarette.

I drifted down in the direction of the glow and finally stopped less than ten feet away from it.

The red glow came again, and I could just make out that the smoker was standing in the entrance of a tarpaulin, a big tarpaulin draped over some big object. The gun, of course, the gun that Carreras had mounted on the after-deck, with the tarpaulin serving the dual purpose of protecting the mechanism from the rain and concealing it from any other vessel they might have passed during the day.

I heard the murmur of voices. Not the smoker, but another two crouched somewhere inside the shelter of the tarpaulin. That meant three people there. Three people guarding the gun.

I left, skirted the hatch, and made my way to the bosun's store. I fumbled round in the darkness, found what I wanted, a heavy marline-spike, and then was on my way, marline-spike in one hand, MacDonald's knife in the other.

Dr. Caroline's cabin was in darkness. I was pretty sure that the windows were uncurtained, but I left my torch where it was. Susan had said that Carreras' men were prowling round the decks that night: the chance wasn't worth it. And if Dr. Caroline wasn't already in number four hold, then the chances were high indeed that he would be in his bed, and bound to it hand and foot.

I climbed up to the next deck and padded along to the wireless office. It was in darkness. I leaned my ear against the door, straining to hear the slightest sound from inside, and was just reaching out for the doorknob when I just about had a heart attack. A telephone bell had gone off with a shattering metallic loudness not six inches from the ear I had so hard-pressed against the door. I pussy-footed silently across the deck into the shelter of one of the life-boats.

I heard the vague murmur of someone talking on the telephone, saw the light come on in the wireless office, the door open, and a man come out. Before he switched off the light I saw him bring a key from his right-hand trousers' pocket.

He closed the door, locked it, and went down the ladder to "A" deck below. I followed him to the top of the ladder and stayed there. There was another man at the foot of the ladder, lit torch in hand, just outside Dr. Caroline's cabin, and in the backwash of light from the cabin bulkhead I could see who it was. Carreras himself. There were two other men close by, and I could distinguish neither of them, but I was certain that one of them would be Dr. Caroline. They were joined by the radio operator and the four men moved off aft. I never even thought of going after them. I knew where they were going.

Ten minutes. That was the detail the news broadcast about the disappearance of the Twister had mentioned. There were only one or two men who could arm the Twister, and it couldn't be done in less than ten minutes. I wondered vaguely if Caroline knew he had only ten minutes to live. And that was all the time I had to do what I had to do. It wasn't long.

Seconds later I was inside the central passageway of "A" accommodation. The first door on the right, the one opposite Caroline's, was the entrance to Carreras' suite. I tried the door. Locked. I walked down the passageway to where Benson, the dead chief steward, had had his cubicle. The master-key to the passengers' suites was in its secret little cubby-hole. I removed it, went back to Carreras' cabin, unlocked the door, and went inside, locking it behind me.

The lights were on throughout the suite. Carreras probably hadn't bothered to switch them off when he'd left, he wasn't paying for the electricity. I went through the cabins, sending each door in turn flying open with the sole of my stockinged foot.

Carreras had boasted that he had a complete loading plan of the Fort Ticonderoga in his cabin. Nine minutes now, maybe even less. Where in the name of heaven would he keep the plan? I went through dressing-tables, wardrobes, lockers, cupboards, bedside tables. Nothing. Nothing. Seven minutes.

Where, where would he keep it? Think, Carter, for heaven's sake think. Maybe Caroline was getting on with the arming of the Twister faster than anyone had thought possible. How did anyone know, as the broadcast had said, that it took all of ten minutes to arm it? Maybe all it required was a twist here, a turn there. Maybe—maybe he was finished already. Maybe—

I put those thoughts out of my mind. That way lay panic and defeat. I stood stock-still and forced myself to think, calmly, dispassionately. I had been looking in all the obvious places. But should I have been looking in the obvious places? After all, I'd gone through this cabin once before, looking for a radio. I'd gone through it pretty thoroughly, and I hadn't seen any signs. He would have it hidden, of course, he would have it hidden.

He wouldn't have taken a chance on anyone finding it, such as the steward whose daily duty it was to clean out

To page 77

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CADBURY'S GREAT SPECIAL OFFER

8-cup 'Jason' Multi-Jug—at amazing low price!

IT'S THE ONE JUG FOR MANY JOBS!

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It pours cleanly . . . won't spill a drop.

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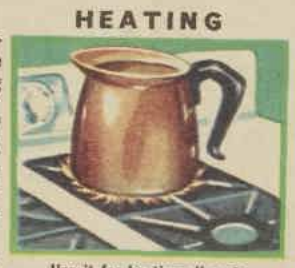

Use it for heating all sorts of drinks, soups, sauces, etc., on flame or hotplate.

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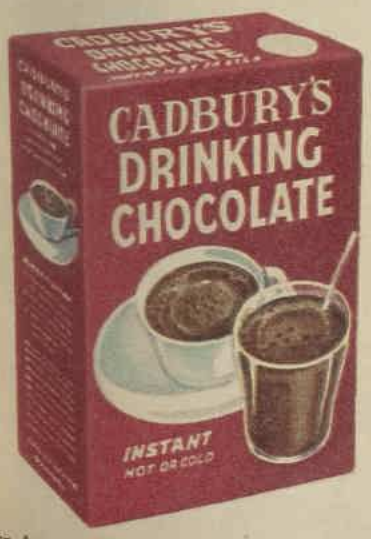
ORDER NOW! Send only 14/- with this coupon, plus *two tops from Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate ½ lb. packs (or one top from the 1 lb. pack) for each jug required.



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Hoover presents – the automatic washing

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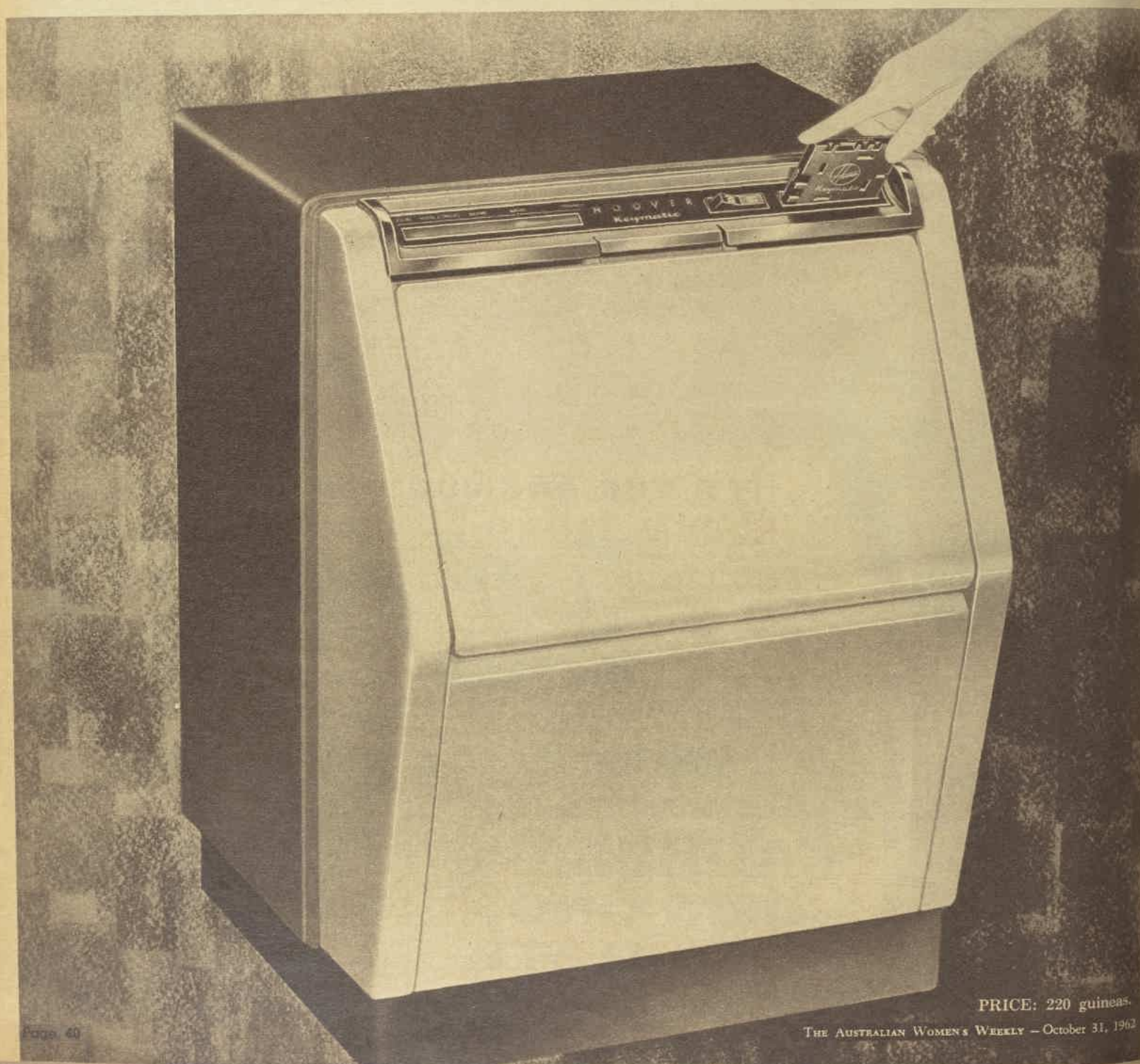

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simplest, most advanced machine ever...

Keymatic

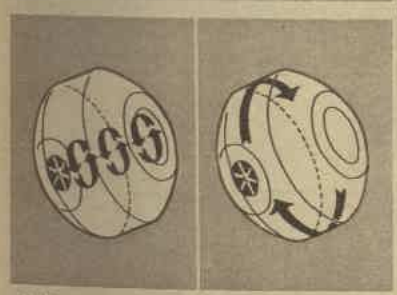
AUTOMATIC WASHER

Easy as posting a letter - just click in the Key

The Keyplate is clearly marked with 8 separate washing programmes. Select the programme you want—click in the Keyplate—and the whole washing process is automatically controlled. Temperature at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes—just click in the Keyplate and your washday is over.

There's a perfect wash for any fabric among the eight Keymatic programmes

Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed and then specially rinsed and spin-dried. Delicate woollens are gently tumbled in lukewarm water and given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has 8 separate washing programmes—there's a perfect wash for every fabric! Just match the Keyplate to the fabric and Keymatic does the rest.



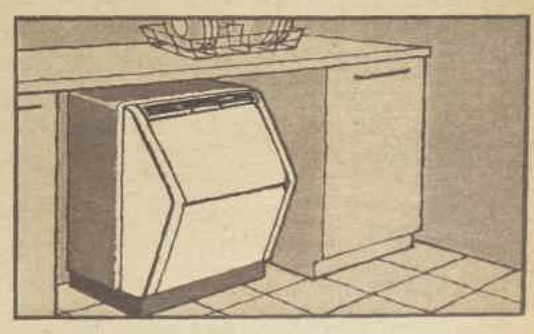
1. Vigorous Action. Boiling Action Pulsator. 2. Gentle Action. Tilted tumble action.

Keymatic has two completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust everyday washing Keymatic uses the famous Hoover "boiling-action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. For gentler washing Keymatic has a new tilted tumble action. The special tilt of the washbowl keeps the clothes constantly immersed in the water—gently flexing as the tub slowly turns. This gentlest of all actions washes even the most delicate garments safely, thoroughly. Both actions are automatically controlled to suit the fabric!

Keymatic has everything!

Keymatic has every feature you've always wanted in an automatic washer—simple to use, perfect washing results and . . . **Compact design.** Fits anywhere—kitchen, bathroom, under a bench. No special plumbing in or installation. Easily moved on its castors. **Big capacity**—up to 10 lb. of clothes. **Easy to load**—wash bowl is tilted up towards you. Open door makes handy shelf. **Automatic heater control** ensures exact washing temperature for each fabric. **Suds saving.** Keymatic saves the suds for the next washload and re-heats them to the correct temperature. **See the wonderful new Hoover Keymatic demonstrated at your retailer's now.**



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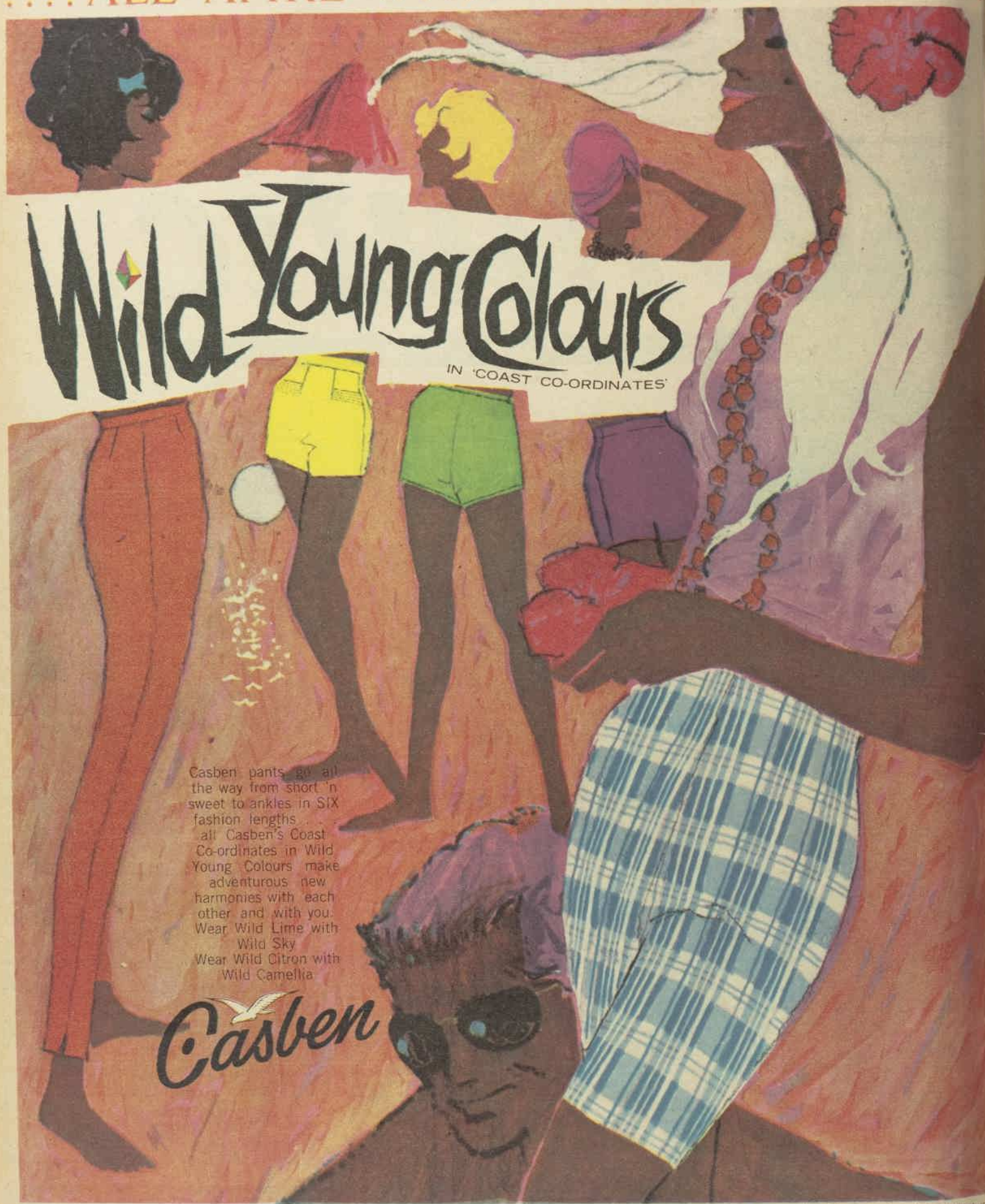

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

A special four-page pattern section

● **Here, and on the next three pages, are some of the newest fashions for the very young set. An easy-to-follow pattern is available for each design. Order patterns early, as summer holidays are just around the corner. Panel overleaf tells how to order.**

7740. — Prettily waisted dress (left): Sizes: lengths 24, 27, 30, 33, and 36in. Requires 1⅞ to 2⅞yds. 36in. material, 1¾yds. eyelet embroidery edging, and 3yds. velvet ribbon. Price 3/-.

7745. — Romper suit for a small girl or boy (right). Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1 to 1¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

7741. — Lace-trimmed party dress (right). Sizes: lengths 24, 27, 30, 33, and 36in. Requires 2½ to 3¾yds. 36in. material, 2¼ to 3⅜yds. 36in. lining, 2¼yds. scalloped edging, and 6yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.

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7742. — Small boy's bracer shorts (far left). Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires ⅞yd. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

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● **Continued overleaf**

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Continuing . . .
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

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HOW TO ORDER

● Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Print name and address in block letters and state clearly size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

7739. — Captivating reminiscent of Vict and velvet edgings a charm. Sizes: length and 36in. Requires material, 3½yds. and 4yds. velvet ri

7738. — Picture-book charm (above) in a double-skirted one-piece combining plain and flowery fabric. Sizes: lengths 24, 27, 30, 33, and 36in. Requires 2⅛ to 3⅛yds. 36in. floral and 1⅝ to 2⅜yds. plain material. Price 3/-. Bonnet pattern not included.

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BROTHER AND SISTER BEACHWEAR
7700.—Cute three-piece swim- and play-suit for sister (right). Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.
7701. — Tailored shirt and matching shorts for brother (far right). Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

Rich Quiz

"COLES £3000 Question," the quiz programme seen weekly in all States, has a steadfast viewing public.

It's quite an exciting business when a contestant is getting up into the big money on the way to the £3000 prize.

Brightest spot in the quiz is compere Malcolm Searle, the tall and handsome Queenslander, who came direct from radio 4BK Brisbane to HSV7 Melbourne two-and-a-bit years ago for his first TV assignment—compering the then new quiz programme.

What time he has from the job Malcolm spends with his wife, Marie, and their small son, Michael.

A bit of glamor is added to the programme by pretty hostess Beverley Robbins, of Doncaster, Vic.

Beverley, who has been married for five years, lists her family as follows: husband Reg, four-year-old daughter Tracey-Anne, two alsatians, four cats, a lamb, and a canary.

AT RIGHT: Malcolm Searle, compere of "Coles £3000 Question," and his pretty blond hostess, Beverley Robbins.

bodice and bow, and

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She made her TV debut as a corpse

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Melbourne has acquired, through an English-Australian marriage, a very decorative and experienced addition to the ranks of television actresses locally available.

SHE is pretty, fair-haired Londoner Felicity Young, whose face inveterate A.B.C.-TV viewers are bound to know.

Felicity, who married in March this year young Melbourne surgeon and former Test cricketer George Thoms, has been a "regular" in such British TV series as "Emergency Ward 10," "Probation Officer," and "Deadline Midnight."

She has also appeared in episodes of "On Trial," "Interpol," "The Pursuers," as well as many TV plays we have not seen here. Followers of the serial "The Splendid Spur" might remember her as the witch girl — in a black wig.

For three years she appeared constantly in British television and in films, too. Before she left England early this year she completed two film roles, one in the Helen Shapiro film, "Play It Cool," and as Sarah Miles' sister in "Term of Trial," the official British entry in the Venice Film Festival.

"I had to try to get off with Sir Laurence" (Olivier) "in this," she said. "I was a not very pleasant North Country girl."

At the moment Felicity is appearing in an ABV2 Melbourne production of Michael Noonan's "The Music Upstairs" which is doing the A.B.C.-TV national circuit. She is one of the three leads in this play about medical graduates and it's her first big TV part in Australia.

In the last few years cricket and television were mixed together quite a lot for Felicity, even before she met her husband.

"I'm a great cricket watcher," she said.

After rehearsals at various St. John's Wood halls it was the television people's habit —and Felicity's — to slip down to Lord's to watch whenever there was something going on.

Both the Middlesex cricketers and the TV folk had common ground at the Star pub nearby, so Felicity is looking forward to coming reunions with the Middlesex men in the English Test team.

She met her husband at a benefit match for Australian Jack Manning at Stoke Poges in September last year.

"I was there as one of the quote stars unquote of 'Emergency Ward 10' and I arrived a bit late," she said. "George was batting and I had to walk across the field, holding up the play. It was very embarrassing."

They were introduced and were soon seeing a lot of one another. George returned to Melbourne in January and Felicity arrived here for a March wedding at which the only other person she had known before coming here was cricketer Colin McDonald, the best man.

Melbourne housewife now, her regular TV days behind her, Felicity Young (Mrs. George Thoms in private life) in her Footscray home.

Breaking in

Now living the quiet life of a Melbourne housewife, Felicity gives a pretty good idea of what it was like breaking into and making the grade in British commercial television.

After training at the Royal Academy of Music as a teacher of speech and drama, Felicity gave away the idea of teaching and went on the stage for three years before making up her mind to try television.

"I spent several months knocking on agents' doors," she said. "There's lots of work, but lots of people wanting work."

At last she got a bit-part.

"It was in 'Mystery Bag,' the original half-hour series that led to 'No Hiding Place,' and I played a dead body that had been in the sea for months," she said.

"I was covered with green paint and my hair was stuck down with glycerine. You can imagine how thrilled I was going home in the Tube at 10 o'clock at night with my hair like that.

"The producer must have felt a bit upset on my behalf and the next time he gave me a few lines."

Then Felicity got the second lead in a commercial television play, "Love and Money," in which she was a very nice level-headed young girl who gets her man.

"While we were rehearsing I wrote 120 letters by hand to producers everywhere saying that I was in 'Love and Money' and please watch," Felicity said.

And after that she never stopped working. Thirty per cent. of the people she wrote to inquired about her or wanted her for jobs — and from TV she moved into film-making.

Felicity looks so much the nice, young, fresh, honest-as-the-day English lass, it was no surprise when she said she mostly got "nice" parts on television and "even if I got mixed up with a bad lot I usually had a heart of gold."

Felicity, being nice by nature, found it much easier to be nice on camera, although, on stage, she says "It's much more fun to be nasty."

The cast of "Emergency Ward 10," the long-running British TV series, were a wonderful team to work with, Felicity said.

As Nurse Gregg, Felicity was the girl-friend of Australian actor Ray Barrett, who played Dr. Don Nolan.

As an indication on the way the British viewing public got so caught up in "Emergency Ward 10" (until their allegiance was diverted somewhat by its rival "Coronation Street") that they couldn't separate actors from the characters they were playing, Felicity gave this personal example.

Part of the story line involving Felicity and Ray called for Ray to carry on a flirtation with another doctor's wife, whereupon Felicity received an enormous mail of tell-tale letters informing her of what was going on behind her back.

Australian "Bud" Tingwell, Felicity remembers, also got on the wrong end of a flood of letters when viewers felt he and the woman doctor he later married in the series were making their love scenes a little too "hot."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," the letters said.

Felicity's debut as a "Emergency Ward 10" nurse was received with critical attention at home, where her father is a doctor, Dr. William Young, at Wimbledon, and her mother a former nurse.

"My mother was furious," she said. "I had to be a new nurse, very flustered and jittery, and she said a nurse should never behave like that. All I could say was 'I'm sorry. It's in the script.'"

So now the former Nurse Gregg of "Emergency Ward 10" is a Melbourne doctor's wife buying furniture for a new home at Footscray, practising her cooking ("I'm a diabolical cook, but I'm learning"), and hoping for more occasional TV dramatic roles.

Television actress Felicity Young as Nurse Gregg in the British commercial television series "Emergency Ward 10." Felicity also played in other popular British TV series.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: They say women are vain. But how about that loud shriek of anguish when your husband or brother or boy-friend finds out he's losing his hair? They seem to try any cure, no matter how crazy it may sound. Standing on their head (brings blood to the scalp); rubbing their scalp with anything from snake oil to castor oil (nourishes the roots). I know a fellow who used to rub salt and pepper in his scalp (irritates the scalp, thus bringing blood to the hair follicles). I hate to bring you down, but science says if you're going to be bald you're going to be bald.

Momma's moral: A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.

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DALE ROBERTSON, as Jim Hardie, and producer Earle Lyon discuss a script for one of the new hour-long "Wells Fargo" shows.

Romance comes to Wells Fargo

• Big changes are planned for the "Tales of Wells Fargo" for the sixth year of its showing.

THE stolid qualities of the character of Jim Hardie (as played by Dale Robertson) will remain—but little else.

For a start, "Wells Fargo" will be extended from 30 minutes to a full hour.

According to producer Earle Lyon, the reason for this basic change is a strange one.

Robertson, after five years in the saddle, decided that he'd had enough of Jim Hardie.

This bombshell sent a wave of panic through the National Broadcasting Company.

After its disastrous schedule of last season, the network felt it could not afford to sacrifice a single one of its more popular shows.

Robertson was appealed to emotionally, financially, and every other way. But Dale refused to consider returning to his half-hour format.

So the compromise reached was that, instead of the same half-hour series, Robertson would continue in the same character, but in a different framework.

"Jim Hardie used to be a homeless wanderer," Earle Lyon said. "This year, we've given him roots.

"He now owns a horse ranch. And, in line with the new policy of cutting down on violence, there will be fewer punches in the eye and more dramatic content.

"In fact, I think we're even going to be able to do some shows without outlaws.

"Hardie will continue to be an agent for Wells Fargo, but this year we'll examine his personal life.

"About 50 per cent. of the show will take place in and around his ranch.

"Also, some time during the year, Jim is going to meet someone and fall in love. That particular switch we owe to a lot of mail from feminine viewers.

"We don't yet know the occupation of Jim's girl, but, rest assured, it will not permit a hasty marriage.

"We have also added five new characters to the series.

"Jim is going to have a sidekick this year.

"Hardie is in the classic mould—he hardly ever makes a mistake. His assistant, as played by Jack Ging, will be quick-tempered and, since we'll be throwing him into situations we'd never dream of placing Hardie in, we should get some humor out of the character.

"In general, there will be much more humor in the show this year.

"We've added William Demarest as Hardie's foreman for that very reason. He'll have an implied romance with Hardie's neighbor, a widow with two teenage daughters, which should be good for humor.

"The cast changes should strengthen the show's audience appeal.

"Hardie fans are intensely loyal and I don't think we'll lose any of them. In addition, Bill Demarest and Virginia Christine, who plays the widow, should appeal to the older folks, and Jack Ging and the teenagers should appeal to the young people."

Earle Lyon said that, despite the changes, all the shows would have a Wells Fargo tie-in. However, in looking for scripts, the show was not interested in Western stories.

"We're looking for strong stories which we can then set in the West," said Lyon.

DID YOU KNOW?

SIXTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD Buster Keaton went through 11 consecutive takes hauling a 22lb. fish from a lake and doing comic tumble routines in 95-degree California heat recently. Buster still refuses a double for his stunts.

★ ★ ★

SHAPELY (38-24-36) auburn-haired Sandra Warner is complaining because she claims she has been cast in a "sexless marriage" in the new TV series "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Sandra has complained that she and co-star Fess Parker were forbidden to kiss in the series.

"Kisses on the cheek are allowed, but not on the lips," she said.

Said Parker: "Frankly, I'd like to see more emotion displayed in the series. After all, she's a beautiful girl and I'm a red-blooded man."

★ ★ ★

GLYNIS JOHNS has been signed by Desilu for a new comedy series that should reach the screens next year.

★ ★ ★

M.G.M.-TV has plans for making a one-hour TV special, "Garbo: The Face of the Century," based on the life of star Greta Garbo.

★ ★ ★

LLOYD BRIDGES' new TV show is becoming a family affair. His young daughter is due to make her debut in the show soon—exactly the same way that his son got a foothold in show business recently.

★ ★ ★

A NEW Mexican Indian chief was hired to do a rain-dance sequence for the film "Empire." Then a director decided to do some retakes, but it began to rain. When it was time to film again, star Richard Egan suggested to the director he caution the Indian beforehand. "Yeah, Dick," said the director, and turned to the Indian: "Chief. This time fake it."

★ ★ ★

FORMER "Maverick" co-star Jack Kelly is considering an offer for a new TV series, "The Losers."

★ ★ ★

PETER LAWFORD, former star of "The Thin Man" series, is to appear in a host of shaving commercials.

Peter Lawford

Loretta Young

LORETTA YOUNG, who never seems to age on the screen, is pushing the 50 mark. She will pass the half-century on January 16 next year.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER big, brash Flint McCullough, "Wagon Train's" first scout, who reconnoitred ahead before those wagons rolled? Flint (Robert Horton in real life) left the "Wagon Train" scene months ago and took to the legitimate stage and was a big success.

But his success on the stage was not very satisfying to his hundreds of millions of televiewing friends. They clamored for him, stopped him in the streets in America, and asked for him back.

As a result of all this flattering attention from fans, Mr. Horton is now one of the most-sought-after guest stars on TV — so sought-after in fact that he is signed up to be guest star on 10 different TV shows in the current American TV season.

Profit to Mr. Horton on his new TV deal after all expenses, taxes, etc., are paid is announced as around 100,000 dollars (about £A50,000). No wonder he can't stop smiling.

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VIVACIOUS June Bronhill as the maid Serpina in A.B.C.-TV's production of the 40-minute Pergolesi opera, "The Ambitious Servant Girl," is determined to improve her status by marrying her master, Uberto, played by Melbourne baritone Brian Hansford. She uses every possible stratagem until she succeeds in getting him to the altar. June Bronhill is at present starring in "The Sound of Music" in Sydney.

GAY ITALIAN PERIOD OPERA

● A boisterous opera of a type unfamiliar to Australian TV viewers will soon be shown on A.B.C.-TV.

IT is "The Ambitious Servant Girl" ("La Serva Padrona"), written in 1730 by the Italian composer Pergolesi, and produced for television in ABV2's Melbourne studios by Christopher Muir.

This little opera—it lasts only 40 minutes on TV—is broad farce, and, as Christopher Muir explained, unexpected in its era. It was first presented in Paris in the 1730s and was an immediate success.

It has a cast of three, with well-known soprano June Bronhill as the servant girl Serpina determined to marry her master, Melbourne baritone Brian Hansford as the master and, later, husband, Uberto, and Sydney Conabere in the non-singing role of the manservant Vespone.

June Bronhill, now starring in "The Sound of Music" in Sydney, telerecorded the opera in Melbourne during the musical's season there.

Brian Hansford, 1957 Sun Aria winner, is singing and teaching singing in Melbourne.

He returned home in November, 1961, after four years in Munich, Germany, where he studied with Hans Hotter and sang for two years with the Munich State Opera Company.

In his role of the elderly master being pursued relentlessly by his maidservant, Brian wears the garb of the well-to-do 18th century gentleman—velvet breeches and long frock vest, re-embroidered brocade square-cut coat lined with silk, tongue-and-buckle shoes, court wig, tricorne hat, with all the frippery extras like lace ruffles, frogging, and buttons galore.

June Bronhill wears the maid's costume of that era, made of velvets and cottons (no lace for the lower orders!), and wardrobe master at ABV2, Keith Clarke, responsible for making the costumes for the opera, searched Melbourne for a striped cotton material of just the right kind for her skirt and bodice.

The rich and ornamental sets of early 18th century Venice by Paul Cleveland are a wonderful background to this lively opera.

— Margaret Berkeley

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 31, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

MARGARET SMITH'S HINTS ON TENNIS

—page 3

bodice and bow, and

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Daughter not like mother

WHEN my mother was young she wanted to be a nurse. Circumstances prevented this, so now she wants me to take up nursing. I do not want to stay at school, and I do not want to be a nurse. My parents say they will let me leave school only if I take up nursing. I want to leave school and take a job until I decide what I want to do. What do other teenagers suggest I do? — *"Undevoted Nurse," Qld.*

Honesty best

WHY are teenage girls expected to be interested only in boys, the latest in clothes, hair styles, and make-up, the Top 40, the twist, and everything else that happens to be fashionable?

People seem surprised when they find that we are often not interested in these things.

We consider it stupid to pretend to like current fashions in order to gain popularity, and prefer instead to do things we are interested in, whether they are fashionable or not.

If we lose friends by doing this, at least we are being honest with ourselves. — *Diana Clements and Dianne Pritchard, Melbourne.*

Decimals

WITH the coming introduction of the decimal system into Australia, we should start thinking seriously about it.

We teenagers will have a confusing time when the changeover comes, but after the system is established maths will be so much simpler. Just imagine! Instead of multiplying by 12 to bring to pence, you just add a 0.

What a pity we still spend our time learning tables which won't be used in the future. — *J. Bird, Parramatta, N.S.W.*

Next week

AUSTRALIAN teenage summer fashions are really blooming as the hot days get nearer, and next week we have a stunning collection of clothes which make an all-occasion wardrobe. There are also full how - to - make directions for two colorful beach ponchos, one square and one circular, which are featured on our cover.

Aussie words

WHILE we were studying some of Henry Lawson's poems at school we came across several words we did not clearly understand, like "jackeroo." As some of these words are not in ordinary dictionaries, we suggest that someone should publish an "Australian" dictionary, explaining the meanings of such words.—*T. Polias, Mt. Gambier, S.A.*

Tongue-tied

I AM an 18-year-old university student studying science. I find it easy to converse with fellow students, but very difficult to talk with other teenagers.

They cannot understand my work, and I feel embarrassed if I try to talk about myself.

In my position it is impossible to act as if I don't understand what they are talking about, because I usually do — yet I have little or no interest in the topics discussed.

I often go to parties and dances — so, please, what can I discuss with them?—*"Chatter," Oakleigh, Vic.*

Lonely father

I AM 17 years old and my father is a widower. When I am invited on dates or to attend a dance or party, I feel a sense of guilt, as my father is left alone with no company at all.

He encourages me to accept these invitations, although I think he is just being considerate and does not want me to worry about him.

Am I right in assuming that my father needs company? — *G. Grant, Leichhardt, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"And who shall I tell the princess is calling—her knight in shining amour?"

Drama classes

I HAVE been attending drama classes for some months and can recommend them. These classes are wonderful for shy people, because they have to learn to project their personalities by moving and speaking in front of others.

I also go to repertory theatre performances, which I find very interesting — and they're certainly a pleasant change from the pictures. — *L. G. Old, Netherby, S.A.*

Pointed toes

MY stepfather and I have been having small tiffs about the shoes I wear — the pointed-toe ones. He says they are ridiculous and that men don't like them. Could I have some opinions about this from boys? — *"Anticipation," Townsville, Qld.*

Nazi's freedom of speech opposed

● R. Jellows (T.W., 19/9/62) disagreed with the recent British ban on public meetings held by the Nazi party. The writer felt that the right to free speech was essential in a democracy. Readers do not agree with him.

WHILE I fully agree with R. Jellows regarding freedom of speech, I do not think that a public display of voicing the ideas of Nazi supporters is true freedom.

If the freedom of Hitler and Stalin had been curbed in the beginning, the world would have been spared much misery, and thousands would not have had their freedom curtailed for ever.

Give a small child "freedom of speech" and you have an aggressive youngster whom nobody likes or wants around; give an angry man his "freedom" and he destroys the freedom of the masses. — *Mary Coulstock, Ashfield, N.S.W.*

MUCH as I admire and support the principles of liberty and democracy, I wonder that R. Jellows can sincerely support the freedom of speech of the British Nazis when this entails gross violations of the natural freedom and rights of Jewish and colored people living in England. — *G. Calcutt, Cottesloe, W.A.*

THE Nazis in England can still air their views by means of private meetings — and by publishing newspapers.

In the last war we fought "to preserve the basic liberties of man" against Nazis, whose aim was to deprive so many of the community of those basic liberties.

The British public is now fighting against a new uprising of these notorious neo-Nazi parties, and the British Government, in true democratic spirit, has seen to it that the majority have what they want, as well as trying to avoid more clashes like the ones that have recently occurred.

We must remember that the British Government has not, to my knowledge, suppressed the Nazis by banning private meetings or Press publications. —*"Kris," Narrabeen North, N.S.W.*

THE British Government took the right action in banning the public meetings of Nazi parties in that country.

If the Nazis ever became powerful enough they would crush a democracy and turn to dictatorship to achieve their ambitions by force and cruelty.

The last war was fought to preserve the basic liberties of man, so why should such a vile system of government, which indoctrinates racial prejudice, ever be allowed to grow and voice its opinion?

The British Government, by quelling this movement, is protecting the British people and is ensuring that democracy is retained. — *P. Dunstan, Lathlain Park, W.A.*

SURELY R. Jellows must know of the atrocities the Nazis committed under the rule of Hitler, yet he dares to write that he thinks that it is not "democratic" for the Government to act as it did.

There was a world war fought for the freedom of man, and the Nazis were the people who opposed that freedom, yet he has the effrontery to suggest that these people be allowed to spread their poison across England.

Doesn't he realise that the Nazis are laughably undemocratic?

If he really believes in what he wrote he is to be pitied.—*C. Homan, Bentleigh, Vic.*

THE aim of the Nazi and Communist parties appears to be to set up systems of government which are entirely opposed to democratic government.

In this case freedom of speech must be abandoned in the interests of democracy and freedom, which would be things of the past were the Communists or Nazis to gain power.

Freedom of speech, in my opinion, refers to the liberty to speak out in the interests of the people. If Nazis and Communists are given the right to speak openly against the people, as they do, then democracy is endangered, because they may gain support which would be fatal to a democratic government.

The main desire of men is freedom — freedom from tyranny — and that is what democracy is —*"Democracy," Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.*

IF the Nazis are allowed to spread untruthful propaganda throughout Britain, the millions of people killed in the last war died for nothing. The Communists are even a worse menace.

Why doesn't R. Jellows go to a Communist country, where the people are controlled by terror and haven't any of the liberties we have. Then he won't complain about our democracy. — *V. Unkin, Prospect, S.A.*

HOW can a country be democratic if it allows supporters of such a ruthless and terrifying regime as Fascism to hold public meetings to win more supporters?

If we are to live in a truly democratic country, all forms of such dictatorial government which threaten our own should be suppressed. — *L. Bragg, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

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Margaret Smith's

TEN WAYS TO BETTER TENNIS

● For 11 years our Cover Girl, Australia's No. 1 woman tennis player, Margaret Smith, has thought, dreamed, exercised, trained, and planned for just one thing—the top spot in world tennis.

By FREDA IRVING

AND last season she nearly reached it at the age of 20 with her championship wins in Australia, America, France, Italy, and Switzerland. The only thing which stopped her taking the World Grand Slam was her surprise defeat at Wimbledon.

Margaret's powerful build — she's 5ft. 9½in. tall with a "fighting" weight just over 10st. — has no doubt helped, but the real key to her success, she says, is this: "I've always been keen, very keen, about tennis since I was nine."

Ever since that ninth birthday she has practised on the courts two to three hours a day, except during tournament play and a few brief holidays, done a lot of physical training and running with a women's athletic club, gone to bed early regularly, and watched her weight.

"Not that I diet as a rule," she said. "It's only when I'm in France and Italy that I have to do that, but I never eat rubbish and always keep myself round about the 10st. 5lb. I am now.

"Overweight slows you down and makes you sluggish, both mentally and physically."

During her teens Margaret had the opposite problem — being underweight.

"I was pretty thin and wiry then," she said, "so I thought I'd better do something about gaining added strength and filling myself out."

To achieve this she took on the tough circuit training at a Melbourne gym and did it solidly for two years.

Last year she gave herself a few months' refresher course of the same training before going overseas.

Hard training

Circuit training, one of the most strenuous forms of exercise, is the basic training used by many of Melbourne's star footballers.

The exercises, which have to be done within a set time, include double knee jumps, jack-knives, hop-drops, treadmills, legs half-circling, press-ups, wrist-curls, weightlifting, and dumb-bell work.

In addition to this purely physical training, Margaret is forever working on improving her tennis strokes.

Nothing she does on the court is ever good enough for her. She is always aiming for the action which makes her strokes a little bit better, her service a bit more powerful.

"At the moment I'm giving special attention to my backhand. I've got more of a slice on my backhand than most players, and I'm working on getting the stroke flatter.

"By taking my racquet back flatter and following through farther I think I'm improving."

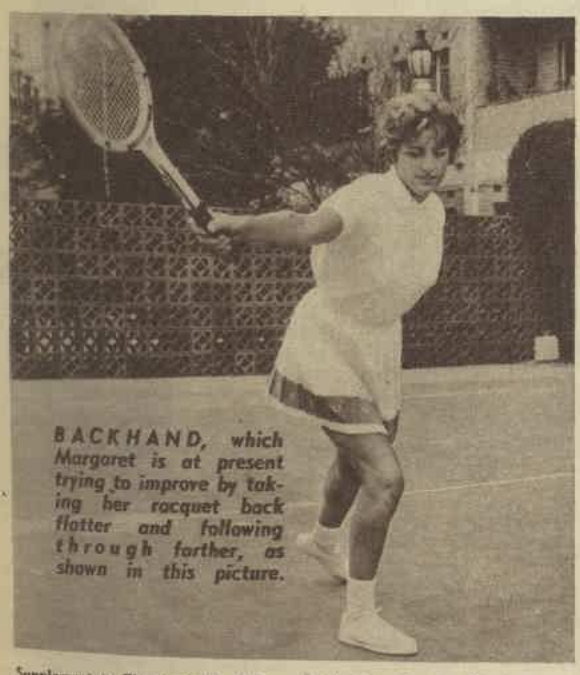
For players who are keen to become champions, Margaret gave these ten tips:

1. **Never take things easily, and remember that it takes years of concentrated practice to achieve real accuracy.**
2. **Keep your eye on the ball. Watch it all the time, and whenever you mishit the ball say to yourself, "Watch the ball more closely."**
3. **Bend your knees and get right down to the ball. Your footwork is one of the most important points to watch, and you'll never have the right footwork if you don't get down to the ball.**
4. **Always keep yourself relaxed. Worry will cause your muscles to tighten and tend to push your strokes, causing inaccuracy.**
5. **Concentrate — and for every single stroke decide quickly how you're going to play the stroke and where you're going to put the ball.**
6. **When serving, remember that the throw of the ball is most important and watch it closely. Work to get a slice or a kick on your serve.**
7. **Try to get a top spin on your forehand drive by hitting over the ball, and always remember that your backswing and follow-through are most important.**
8. **Sharpen your reflexes till they're almost instantaneous. This is particularly important for volleying.**
9. **Train yourself to top physical fitness, and keep to your training strictly.**
10. **Keep on your toes all the time, mentally as well as physically.**

Following all these rules, Margaret is all set for another round of successes in the coming season, which opened this week in Brisbane.

And this time she's determined that her successes will include the Wimbledon crown.

SERVING, Margaret Smith concentrates on the throw of the ball and watches it closely. She gives her serve a slice, which makes it difficult to return.



BACKHAND, which Margaret is at present trying to improve by taking her racquet back flatter and following through farther, as shown in this picture.

FOREHAND drive is improved by top spin, says Margaret. Note how she keeps her eye on the ball as she makes this backswing for a powerful drive.

bodice and bow, and

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NOW THAT IT'S SUMMER—think of y

By C

● *There's no fun*
if you're afraid to
are in and out of
learn how to handl
tive and carefree a
in the evening

SOMETIMES you can ma to keep your hair fairly d you're lucky enough to find pendable sort of bathing-cap, if you limit your diving underwater swimming—but hardly in keeping with the be atmosphere.

If your crowning glory DOES pen to get saturated with sal don't flip; it will dry quickly great outdoors.

After sea swimming, trot off showers and rinse your hair im ately to take out the salt, then poo it thoroughly. For dry, bleac or tinted hair, use a cream sham

The same treatment is re mended for chlorinated pool wa rinse hair at once in clear then shampoo.

If your hair is permed and kinky-frizzy while wet and dr save your allure by wrappin medium-sized bath-towel to fashion around your hair until

Disappear into privacy to se hair and return to the sun fun your head hidden under a sunba scarf.

Do you need to be warned the bad results of hot sun on t hair? Probably not if you're a y teenager; but older girls freque tint their locks, and their repair to get the hair back to one color will seem a steep price for those free moments of neglect.

Natural-colored hair, too, can come scorched by overexpo Unlike the visible effects of too sun on your skin, your hair dam

TOP TRICK FOR BEACH GIRLS—THE SWI-A

● *Here's a cute and clever idea for the youthful bathing belle who likes to go thoroughly beachy in summer and play up the effect for all it's worth by swimming without a cap or covering over her curls.*

LEFT: Hair soaked and dripping after swimming without a bathing-cap.

RIGHT: Surplus moisture is dried off hair.

It's the short and carefree swim-as-you-go hairdo pictured here in four stages, from the left.

The swim-as-you-go hairdo is good for almost all hair types — medium texture to thick. The line is simple, requires minimum setting, and is consequently easy to handle.

This is most essential for the success of such a hairdo, and you should make a point of avoiding complicated dos that require such special handling as teasing or back-combing to achieve an effect.

Professional shaping is needed for proper alignment

velvet ribbon. Price 3/-. *36in. material. Price 3/-.*

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r hair

N EARLE

*y in the sun and water
hair wet. But if you
all the time you can
air so that it is attrac-
y to go out on a date
er you have one.*

n't be felt and may not show up
til later.

For maximum protection equip
urself with a container of con-
ioner—preferably one that you can
ray on—and spray your hair with
once every hour or so while you're
the sun.

A combination of wind and salt air
bound to undo and straighten all
cept naturally curly hair. A straw
t with a built-in scarf tied at the
pe of your neck can solve this.

In the evening a girl can often
ep her hair in line—provided it
short and shapely—with a banded
w like the perky one pictured at
t. If out of doors or driving in an
en car, one of those nylon-net tie-
os (or a scarf) is a good choice.

Wash your hair more frequently
en you are living an outdoor life.
iving just for a few hours in an
en car seems to gather as much dust
d grime as you could collect in a
ek and a half without a shampoo.

Give yourself a shampoo that con-
ns a special conditioner to protect
ainst drying. Follow this with a
eam rinse, unless your hair is baby-
e and soft.

When it comes to brushing, be a
eature of habit enough to stick to
e old brush, brush (and comb)
utine. It's a big help when hair is
posed to the elements, if only to
stribute the natural hair oils.

As a general rule for nice hair,
at it with as much care and
tience as you devote to your com-
exion. Have it cut by a good hair-
list. Follow directions to the T
enever you use do-it-yourself home
atments. Look after it and, above
keep it spanking-clean and fresh.

HAIR worn almost straight and shiny like the long bob above or the pudding-basin cut at right is a boon to healthy, athletic girls who love swimming and outdoor living. Let it fall loosely for romping on the beach, brush it to ribbon-smoothness, and maybe turn hairends under at other times.

AS-YOU-GO HAIRDO

and to encourage the hair's natural curve. Also it has been softly permed to give it enough "body" not to go limp and straggly under frequent dousings.

Frequent washing to remove salt water from the hair is always a "must."

LEFT: Hair is brushed well, a wave is moulded here and there with the fingers, ends are flipped up as it dries in the sun.

RIGHT: When dry, hair falls in place in soft natural-looking curves.

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Louise Hunter, Here's your answer

Hard to choose

"I MET a nice boy at a party a few months ago and I have heard from friends that he likes me. There is another nice boy who attends the same church as I do, but I don't know whether he likes me or not, although he often sits next to me at the church functions. I see the first boy about once every three months, and the second every week. My class is having a form party soon and I would like to ask one, but I don't know which."

"Mixed-up," Qld.

Ask the boy you see every week at church. He sounds a nice boy and would probably be delighted to accompany you. As you see each other so often you will obviously be much more relaxed together and able to have a good time without worrying frantically what to talk about next.

He won't wed

"I AM a lad of 17. Last Christmas I met a girl and we started going out just as friends, but now she's getting a bit too serious for my liking. For instance, she pulls me up in front of a jeweller's window and says, 'That's the ring I like and with our two bank accounts we could afford to buy it.' She also raves on about her mother's spare house which is fully furnished and says things like, 'Mother says we can have the house when we're married.' This might sound real good to some, but I'm only 17 and have no intention of getting married for some time. I like this girl, but how can I get it clear that I don't want to get married?"

"Worried," Vic.

Say so.

Sharp corners

"I AM a 17-year-old boy and recently obtained my driving licence. Not long afterwards I was fined for a traffic offence and my girl-friend will no longer speak to me. However, her sister is trying to get me to date her. How can I get my girl-friend back and tell her sister that I do not like her without hurting her feelings? I am really sorry about my traffic offence."

L.S., Qld.

Tell your girl-friend how sorry you are and that you're going to be a good, safe driver from now on. Ask her to go out with you so that you can prove it. Don't dream of telling the other sister that you're not interested. Just don't even ask her out.

Reception line

"I'LL be going to a wedding soon and as I don't know the groom's parents I was wondering what to do when they welcome me at the reception. Should I shake hands with them or not?"

W.K., N.S.W.

Shake hands and say "How do you do." There isn't much time in the receiving line for a chat, but you may be able to have a longer conversation during the reception.

Girls don't pay

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for ten months. I go to business college and he goes to the University. He receives only a small allowance and sometimes he finds it difficult to stretch it as far as he'd like. Next year I will be working and I am wondering if it would be all right for me to help out by paying for some outings or give him the money for petrol?"

M.T., N.S.W.

Money and male pride do not mix well, so you'll have to be very careful. I wouldn't dream of offering to pay for any outings or for the petrol — anything you pay for must be heavily disguised.

He must never have to notice that you're footing the bill. For instance, you could ask him to accompany you to a ball and say that the tickets have been given to you.

But, best of all, let him know that you're not expensive, that back stalls will do instead of the lounge. Even cheaper is the movie on television at home. Picnics are fun for the weekend, especially at the beach, and naturally the girl provides the lunch.

It could be fatal to mention that you'd like to save him money. This is usually a sure sign that you're hearing wedding bells and nothing will frighten off a boy faster.

Holiday romance

"I AM 16 and about a year ago I met a wonderful boy at a holiday resort. We were unfortunately unable to continue our friendship, as he lives there and I live in the city. We wrote to each other and saw each other about once a month, but gradually we stopped writing and I thought I would never see him again. However, I went back to the resort this year and I saw him make several attempts to come up and talk to me, but I kept looking away. I know this was most unreasonable of me and I would really like to write to him and apologise. I know the date of his birthday. Do you think I would be too eager if I sent him a card or should I just forget about him?"

"Topsy," N.S.W.

Send him a birthday card with some very casual little message inside and let him take it from there. If he wants to continue the friendship he will write back. If he doesn't, forget him.

Fickle Fred

"FOR nearly a year I have liked a boy. The first few months of our friendship were wonderful and we were 'the twosome.' Then suddenly he just stopped coming around. I knew that once before he had been deeply hurt by another girl and perhaps he didn't want it to happen again. Then it started all over again and we were as friendly as before. But after two months he (it seemed almost against his will) started to ignore me. Do you think I have any chance with him or is he just fickle?"

D.P., N.S.W.

I think he sounds just plain fickle. If he was hurt before he should be over it now. Anyway, you can't be expected to play psychiatrist every time he feels a pain coming on. I would still go out with him if he asked, but I would go out with other boys, too.

Two's not company

"I HAVE been engaged for three months and both my fiance and myself prefer to go out alone. Our parents say we should mix more with others, that we can't build a world of our own. But when we follow their advice we always end up arguing, usually over something said or done by the people we went out with. We feel perfectly happy and contented by ourselves, so why should we risk an unpleasant evening just to be with company we don't particularly want? Do you agree or do you think we are being disloyal to our parents?"

M.L., S.A.

I don't think you're being disloyal to your parents, but I do think you're being unrealistic. When you're just engaged nobody else in the world seems to exist. But your parents are quite right in saying that you can't make a little world of your own. You must keep on seeing other people. After you're married you will need these friends.

"Girl's job"

"I OFTEN ask my boy-friend in for supper after coming home from a date. I ask him to dry the dishes for me as I wash, but he flatly refuses, saying that it is a girl's job. Is he right?"

"Kathy," Vic.

I don't know if he's right or wrong, but he's lazy and impolite. I'd stop serving supper and let him go home hungry.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A word from Debbie

WANT to make fashion history on the seashore? Right. Make a sun-shift in terry towelling, chopped off to show a tanned leg. It's easy.

Buy two matching bright beach towels, sew up the sides, leaving six inches open at the top for the armholes. Join the outer edges of the top together (leave space for your head) and add a pocket.

If you're shift-happy this summer — and who isn't — make another in mattress ticking edged with a bright red bobble fringe and wear it over hipster or liquorice-stick pants.

Cowgirls among the beach belles can use hessian for their shifts — it's cheap and like wow for shifts. Just sew two bits together, like the towels, but fringe the edge at your fetching length.

Above the knee? Only if your knees are dimpled and pretty. Few knees are, so check before deciding.

Beauty in brief — LOOK AFTER GROOMING

• It's no good trying to draw a pretty mouth with a lipbrush with half the bristles missing or "do" your eyes nicely with a blunt bit of eyebrow pencil.

NEITHER will make the sharp, clearcut outlines that you need, so the first step always is to look after your make-up gear and replace it as soon as it starts to show any signs of wear and tear.

An occasional bath in tepid, soapy water will cleanse bristles of old color and keep your lipbrush useable longer. Make sure the brush is bone dry before using it again.

Once a make-up sponge loses its sponginess and becomes lifeless or hard, it's "had" it as a worthwhile applicator and must be thrown away.

However, you can always make the ordinary sponge last longer by (a) wetting it in water before use, then squeezing it dry so that it is full of spring to the touch, and (b) cleansing it thoroughly after each use and putting it to dry in a clean, dustless spot.

When it comes to eye glamor you've got to be extra fussy about everything — mascara, liner, eyeshadow, the lot.

Especially, keep eyebrow pencils well sharpened to ensure that the strokes are quite natural. To achieve a fine point (or a chisel edge, if you prefer it), use a single-edge razor blade.

Support the end of the pencil with your finger and thumb (see picture) and carefully cut away the protective wood around the lead. Next whittle the end to a point without breaking. — CAROLYN EARLE.

velvet ribbon. Price 3/-. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Touring becomes big business for singers

● From slap-happy beginnings a few years ago, country tours have boomed into a highly organised branch of teenage show business in Australia.

AND big business it is, too. For a big show—say five name artists and a band—it costs up to £3000 a week to keep them on the road.

But growing support from country people makes it worth while.

For example, on a recent visit to Wagga, N.S.W., during a tour promoting his song "June In Junee," **Lucky Starr's** percentage of the takings for a half-hour appearance was £861/4/6.

When arranging such a tour promoters work from a list of 291 Australian towns, all with a population of more than 7000 people — so it seems that touring is here to stay.

But despite the new big business look of touring there's still a carry-over from the old days of mateship, miscalculation, and mishap.

With so much experience in touring, things usually go smoothly for the **Col Joye** outfit. However, during their big sweep through Queensland they spent an unscheduled couple of hours drifting and tossing in a hired boat between Cairns and Green Island when they ran out of fuel.

Noeleen Batley was recently with a touring group of nine which became bogged on a road somewhere between Bourke and Walgett. They were there all night, wet and hungry, because local residents avoid that road like the plague when it rains.

Worst experience claimed by **Barry Stanton** was after getting home from a trip to Perth. He discovered that his suitcases held only pillows and telephone books belonging to the hotel where he'd been staying.

The boys of the band he'd been working with had "helped" him pack so he could catch the plane.

Trying to get back to Sydney for a TV booking, **Rob E.G.** spent one Saturday morning sitting fogbound at Canberra airport. Still hoping to make it, he slapped on some make-up in the car that took him to the studio on his arrival, but the show had begun without him.

Not all the mishaps occur in Australia. One of the Philippine papers recently carried a story about **Tony Brady's** adventures in getting from Manila to the Subic Naval Base to entertain American troops.

Typhoon rains had washed away two bridges, and Tony and his party had to cross the swirling floodwaters over temporary bamboo structures slung from one side of the river to the other.

Local talent: Veteran bush entertainer **Tex Morton** brings some of Australia's best-loved bush ballads to life on the Festival two-L.P. album "Tex Morton Reads Banjo Paterson."

Poems like "Clancy Of The Overflow," "A Bush Christening," and "The Man From Snowy River" are part of the Aussie heritage, and Tex treats them with respect.

COMPOSER and guitarist **Rob E.G.** enters the space age with a whooshy, out-of-this-world instrumental single called "5-4-3-2-1-Zero," a follow-up to his number one hit, "Si Senor." There's a good "Jamaican Farewell" (Belafonte's number) on the flipside. (Festival.)

Pops: Having already made it in Hollywood films, Swedish-born **Ann-Margret** is now out with her first L.P., "The Vivacious One" (R.C.A.). Her last single, "I Was Only Kidding," which I liked a lot, is on it. Also such diverse numbers as "Begin The Beguine" and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," so there's plenty of variety.

FOR an earful of classical swing, led by the clarinet of the old King of Swing himself, try **Benny Goodman's** "Jersey Bounce" (Festival E.P.). Along with the "Bounce," there's "Shine," "Don't Be That Way," "King Porter Stomp."

PEOPLE who like a good, sound commercial beat to dance to, and no wild stuff, should make a note of "Party Dance Time" No. 2, an H.M.V. L.P. featuring the **Joe Loss** band. It's a medley, mainly in quickstep time, of 36 standards and stage musical hits.

TV's "Roaring 20's" girl, **Dorothy Provine,** joins forces with "upright Steinway" pianist **Joe "Fingers" Carr** to provide a peppy round-up of old favorites under the title of "Oh, You Kid" (Warner Bros. L.P.). Two dozen vintage numbers are crammed on to the disc, among them "Cuddle Up A Little Closer," "My Gal Sal," "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland."

I KNOW I mention just about every record that **Chet Atkins** makes, but the darned things are so good that they all seem worth writing about. His latest, "Caribbean Guitar" (R.C.A. L.P.), is another beauty, including "Wild Orchids," "The Enchanted Sea," and "Banana Boat Song."

Classical pops: First in Capitol's new Melodies of the Masters L.P. series is "Music Of Romance," a collection of works ranging from Tchaikovsky's "Romeo And Juliet" theme (Royal Philharmonia Orchestra), Schubert's "Serenade" (Roger Wagner Chorale), Barcarolle from "Tales Of Hoffmann" (Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestral) to Gershwin's "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," with Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl.

WORTH HEARING

SCHUBERT: Piano Sonata in D

SCHUBERT wrote 21 piano sonatas, if you include half a dozen works which, in the onrush of his creative fervor, he never finished. They are undeservedly neglected by most recital-giving and recording pianists who, when they look for piano music of this period, usually turn either to the Beethoven sonatas or to Schubert's smaller lyrical works.

No one would pretend that Schubert's sonatas challenge the greatest of Beethoven's, but they have, at their best, a quality of their own, a youthful, melodious, Schubertian quality that makes them well worth a hearing.

One of the finest is the Sonata in D (Opus 53), written when Schubert was 28 (he had only three years to live). There is a splendid performance of this work by the Russian pianist Emil Gilels on a new R.C.A. recording.

It is a long work, but it is sustained by a flow of melody and invention, especially in its warmly lyrical slow movement. The cheerful last movement will be familiar to many listeners from the popular arrangement for violin and piano.

—Martin Long

JUDY CANNON and LUCKY STARR show that touring can be fun as well as hard work and big money. They borrowed these horses on a recent visit to Junee.

(BARLEY) SUGAR AND SPICE . . .

● I see that, according to an American survey, airline hostesses make the best wives.

THE survey says that only one in 47 hostess marriages breaks up — compared with the average U.S. divorce rate of one in four.

Airline officials said the success of hostess marriages was caused by their training, which fitted them perfectly for looking after people.

Now this is all very fine. Maybe they do make great wives.

But, it seems to me, they'd be problems as dates.

For one thing, they're hard to meet — without reservation.

And they wouldn't want to go out with modest fellows (like I am) — don't they always meet men with tickets on themselves?

If a boy became too happily amorous a hostess would put him in his place by turning on the sign: "No Smirking"—and telling him to prepare to take-off!

And I suppose a down-to-earth male would have to dully offer: "Let me take you to all this from Hawaii."

Anyway, where **do** you fall in love with a hostess?

The survey to which I referred earlier says often blokes in planes lose their heads there.

For me, I'm darned if I'd fall in those circumstances. You could get more than your heart broken!

I ALSO see, in another airy-fairy story, that a British woman entertainer believes that lasses would find space travel a pushover.

The entertainer, Tessie O'Shea, said women could easily cope with all the mechanism in a space capsule.

To women used to watching a cake in the oven, toast in a toaster, clothes in a washing machine — all while ironing a shirt — looking after a capsule would be like having the afternoon off, she said.

Wouldn't it be darned hard, however, to send the children outside to play?

Unless, of course, you let them play with the vacuum!

—Robin Adair

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman No. 16. French Renaissance

Houses become havens of peace

IN 1516 Gilles Berthelot decided to build himself a house at Azay-le-Rideau, on the banks of the Indre River in western France.

It is historical fact that the character and condition of a nation can be told from its buildings. For instance, in medieval times houses were strongholds and castles were forts, so we know that people then felt insecure.

With this house, however, the whole design shows that troubled times were passing and dwellers in the country could follow peaceful pursuits and enjoy quiet ease.

The plan of the house has no defensive inner courtyard, and the windows all look outwards from the walls to enjoy wide views over lovely countryside.

The towers at the corners are copied from bastions of earlier castle-forts, but here they serve no warlike purpose.

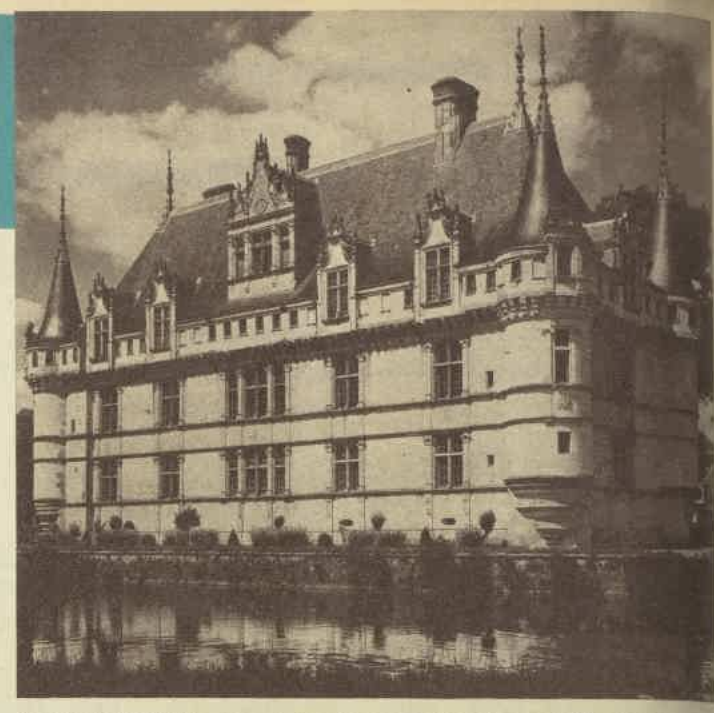
They are not even planted firmly on the ground but are carried on gracefully moulded brackets on the walls so as to be decorative only.

The pinnacles of the towers and the steeply pitched main roof are in the old French tradition of centuries before. The decorations around the windows, on the other hand, were considered very modern in their day and are, indeed, little Renaissance columns copied from Italy.

But Italy had used this form of decoration 100 years before, and in the meantime had passed to the period of High Renaissance, which was creating such buildings as the great church of St. Peter in Rome.

Architectural ideas spread much more slowly in those days than they do now. It had taken a whole century for the early Renaissance architecture of Italy to travel the few miles into France.

This same slow pace was followed in the spread of the Renaissance from Italy through the whole of Europe, so that nearly all neighboring countries differed by up to a century in architectural development.



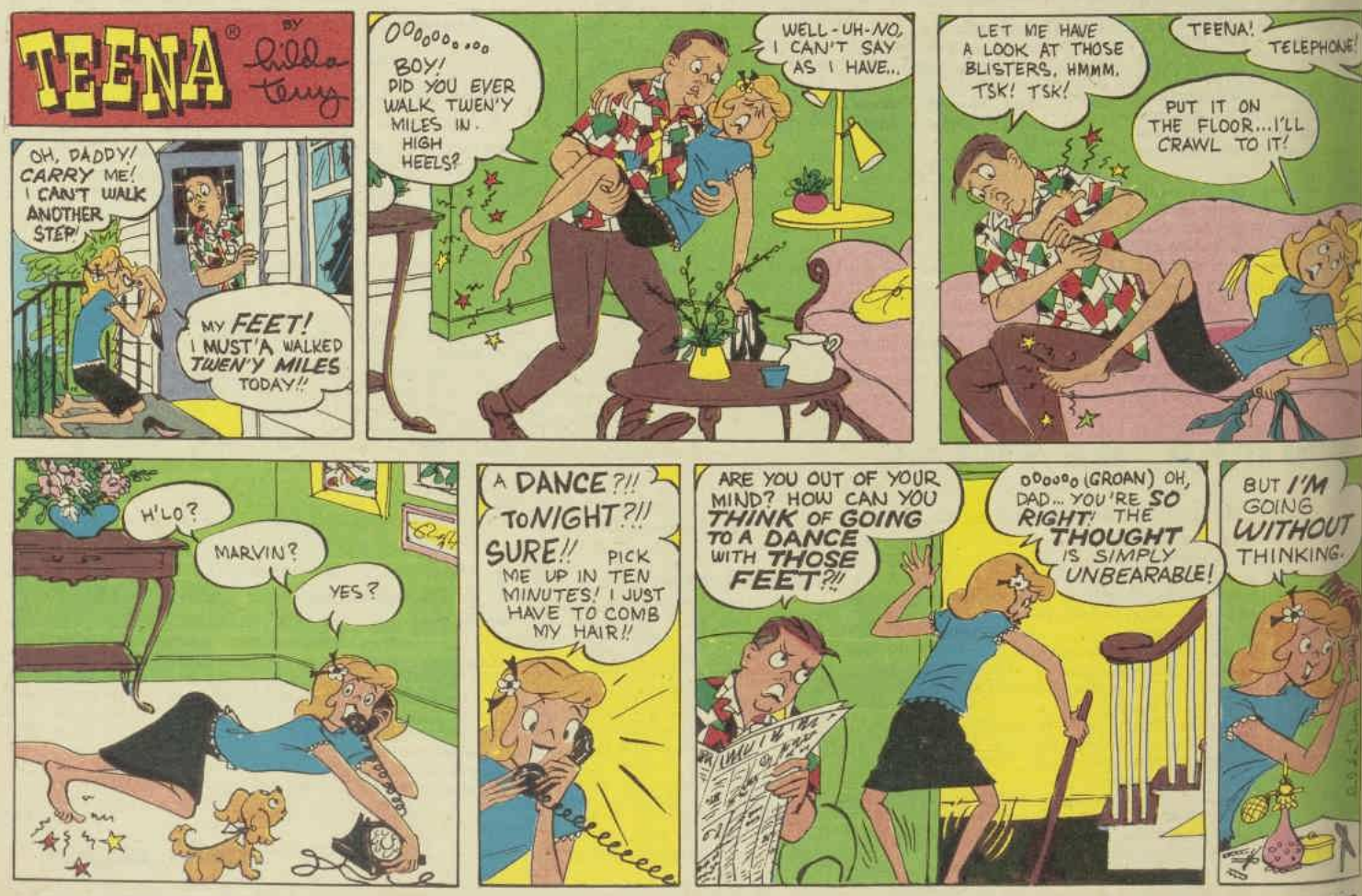
AZAY-LE-RIDEAU, a French Renaissance house, is one of the most famous in Europe. Photograph by Schmidt-Glassner, in "Renaissance Europe" (Batsford, London).

Thus, although Azay-le-Rideau was quite near Italy and had a little fashionable Renaissance ornament, it was still a Gothic house.

It even had a moat. This, however, was not for defence but for appearance. The Indre River was diverted to flow all round the walls, and no matter from what angle the house is viewed its reflection can be seen in placid water.

This succeeds in adding a most picturesque setting to one of the most famous houses in Europe.

NEXT WEEK: A French royal palace.



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—SO EASY TO SEW

7736. — Pretty twosome (left). The dress is in plain fabric, the pinafore in a print. Sizes: lengths 24, 27, 30, 33, and 36in. Requires 2⅜ to 3⅜yds. 36in. material for dress and 1¾ to 2¾yds. 36in. material for pinafore. Price 3/-.

7734. — New summer look in big- and little-sister dresses (right). The frill-trimmed sleeves are a popular junior fashion. Sizes: lengths 22, 24, 27, 33, and 36in. Requires 2 to 3⅜yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. white material, and 1½yds. eyelet edging. Price 3/-.

(right), ...s. Eyelets ...-fashioned ..., 30, 33, ...yds. 36in. ...nbroidery, ...rice 3/-.

7697. — New for junior beach belles (right) is a one-piece swimsuit. It's permanently pleated and has a ribbon trim. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2⅛ to 2⅝yds. 36in. material and 1yd. ribbon. Price 3/-.

7699. — Playwear separates (above) designed for the 4 to 10 age group. The sleeveless top has a square-cut neckline. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1¾ to 2¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

7698. — Three-piece beach ensemble for a smart young lady (above). Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 3¾yds. 36in. material and 1 to 1¾yds. 36in. terry-towelling. Price 3/-.

7735. — New look for little girls (left). One-piece dress featuring a trio of colors. Sizes: lengths 22, 24, 27, and 30in. Requires 1¾ to 2½yds. 36in. material for skirt, 1½ to 1¾yds. 36in. material for bodice and bow, and ½ to ¾yd. 36in. material for collar. Price 3/-.

● Continued overleaf

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TALCUM POWDER
keeps you
fresher...
smoother..
daintier...

You'll love the feel of Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder —so soothing, so fresh and romantic. It drifts on to your skin, wraps you in a cloud of flower-scented fragrance that lasts day long. Cashmere Bouquet talc—the talc you will love to use every single day.

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7746. — Infant's carrying coat (above) designed with a lace-and-ribbon trim. Size: infants. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, 4yds. ½in. lace edging, 1½yds. beading, and 2yds. ribbon. Price 3/-.

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The color range includes navy with a white spot (illustrated), hot pink with a white spot, and olive with a white spot.

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● By letting her little girl choose her own guests, the mother had a fascinating glimpse into her daughter's world. (A READER'S STORY.)

MARY aged 5 GIVES A PARTY

● A party! A party! When I told my daughter she could have a party for her fifth birthday her joyous mind was filled with ideas of gay balloons, party caps, delicious cake, pretty clothes.

MINE, alas, was filled with the difficulties of keeping occupied the four- to six-year-olds, helping the shy child to join in, and most of all determining to make the party a success.

First we must get out the invitations. Who to ask?

My husband and I thought that our daughter, Mary, should be allowed to invite the friends she wanted, and in several cases we had seen neither the child nor her parents.

This would be interesting, we thought; and very interesting it proved to be!

We wrote explanatory letters to the mothers of the children with whom we were not acquainted and undertook to return the children in our old jalopy of a car (1931 vintage) if the parents could get the child to the party.

We thought the parents would be happier if they could see the people they were entrusting their young offspring to.

We had a lovely letter from four-year-old Jane's mother, saying that Jane was very, very excited and was endeavoring each night when she was tucked into her bed to force her mother to say the party must be the next day.

New sash

She went on to say she would buy a new sash for Jane's party frock.

I looked forward to meeting the little girl whose mother wrote such a pleasant, happy letter.

The other children, including those of our neighbors, whom we already knew, simply wrote short formal replies, so we had no idea what to expect until the great day arrived.

But to Mary's joy every child had accepted her invitation—they could all come.

Shopping, cooking, and the planning and preparations for games made the next week pass rapidly, and it was soon the Saturday of the party.

It turned out a cold, wintry day.

A big log fire protected by a guard burned cheerily, and Mary and her young brother, Marcus, dressed in their best, pressed their eager faces to the window to catch a glimpse of our first small guest.

Soon our little neighbors came rushing up the path, and after the ceremony of handing their gifts to Mary they settled down happily to a game of Hunt the Slipper, which was interrupted from time to time as the sounds of car doors closing meant another arrival.

More flushed faces flattened themselves against the cold window-panes to see who was the next to come, and suddenly there were cries of "There's Jane!"

A very quiet, well-spoken daddy delivered the diminutive Jane, whose dark eyes in her animated little face shone like bright stars on a fine frosty night.

We were all asked to look at her new sash and the ribbon to match, tied as a bracelet on one wrist.

Her frock was clumsily home-made and poorly fitting, but it was wonderful in Jane's eyes—she was at a party (her first) dressed in her very best; and she was there to enjoy herself, which she did admirably.

Several other little girls were delivered to our front door, including a shy, trembling Rachel, who, after some hesitation, decided to stay after all—when she saw her classmates enjoying themselves.

Just as I was about to remark that I thought we were all here at last, a taxi drew up with a flourish and an obviously under-nourished little girl in an expensive topcoat alighted in the company of her mother, a woman whose clothes were the ultimate in fashion and whose make-up, I must say, was excessive.

She spoke in a loud, brittle voice as she passed Sandra over to me, and then hurried off again to the waiting taxi.

The announcement that Sandra had arrived acted like magic on the assembled company. She was mobbed!

Excitedly, she removed her coat, and a pale pink flush crept over the thin plain face, giving it an attractiveness that had not been at all obvious at first sight.

She stood in the middle of the room and announced:

"Everything I've got on is new! Dress, cardigan, shoes, socks, petticoat, and two pieces of jewellery!"

No loving care had gone into making Sandra's garments at home. They had all been bought hurriedly from the shops.

But Sandra was in raptures about their newness, and so were all our other guests.

"Eating party"

Party games proceeded happily for a while, until one very fat child (who later on made short work of a plateful of cream-filled meringues) came up to me.

"When does the real party begin?" she asked.

"The eating party," she added by way of explanation.

One more game, and I announced that tea was ready.

All the little girls sat down shyly.

My husband passed a tray of sandwiches to Sandra. "No, thanks, I never eat 'samidges'," she said, reaching for an iced cake.

"I haven't had any breakfast or lunch so as I'd be ready for all this."

She waved her hand vaguely at the full table.

The little girls chattered and ate alternately. Bedtime was under discussion at one time, and it soon became apparent that Sandra's bedtime was a full two hours later than that of her friends.

"I don't sleep if I go to bed early," announced Sandra.

"And there are such beaut shows on TV on the week nights, but, oh! on Saturday night . . ."

Here Sandra stopped dramatically, leaving her entranced listeners to imagine what she did on Saturday night, and just what her time for bed was.

We had some more fun with balloons and then gave each little guest a wrapped inexpensive gift to take home.

"Charmers"

Each child came up to me and rattled off her formal "Thank you for having me."

Then, on a sudden impulse, endearing her to me for always, Sandra rushed at me, grabbed my hand in hers and said, "Gee! that's the real best party I've ever been to!"

That genuine remark was sufficient praise for all my endeavors to make a success of the party.

If, as we met each child at our front door, we were ever in doubt as to why each particular child had been invited by our small daughter, we had no doubts as we waved them gaily good-bye.

Each child, with her own individual charm, had filled a special need in Mary's heart, and we loved them all, as she did.

When you give a party for a small child, do let him or her decide who to invite.

It is extremely interesting to see a child's friends, and it also means he or she will never mind bringing friends home in more difficult adolescent years, for they will have learned they are sure of a genuine welcome.

By SARAH WARWICK

"The mother of the bridegroom"

O Lord, help me
To be a good mother-in-law—
Thou knowest, Lord, that my only son
Is about to marry (A chit of a girl
That I scarcely know)
Let him (let **them***) be happy.*
Let me recall how it was
In the early days of my marriage,
The misgivings, the tears, and the little despairs—
*And when, sometimes, I find my son's house (***their** *house)*
In hopeless confusion
I will remember that it has taken fifty years
To make me an efficient housewife.
Let me look on her foolish purchases with indulgence,
And, if my son comes whinging to me, let me lay this blame
At my own door, rather than to the inadequacies
Of my daughter-in-law.
Let me suffer the missing buttons, the heelless socks
Without comment.
Cast my mind back, Lord, to those miserable mornings
Of early pregnancy, and teach me how to help her
As I would my own daughter.
*And, above all, Lord, when my son's first-born (***their** *first-born)*
Is laid in my arms,
Let me remember that his mother's eyes also are blue,
And his are not attributable in any way
To the blue eyes of his Great Uncle John
On his father's side of the family.

—*Helen Stuart*

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Once upon a time the most boring people you could meet at parties were the ones who insisted on telling you about their own illnesses and the illnesses of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

BUT in the past three or four years all that has changed and the most crashing bores now are the compulsive talkers about cigarette-smoking —those who make jokes about how they're giving it up, or that corny old one about how they've given up giving it up.

I've been through both stages, and I thought I'd given up talking about it altogether — until the news from England of a school which has opened a smoking-room for its over-fourteens.

The headmaster of the school believes that more than 80 per cent. of his pupils (the school is co-educational) smoke on the sly. "I don't consider that there is anything wrong with smoking in moderation," the headmaster says. "I realise I can't stop it, so I decided to regulate it."

Smoking on the sly will get his pupils into the sort of trouble it always has.

But over-fourteens, as long as they have their parents' consent, may use the smoking-room during the lunch hour, choosing between pipes, cigars, and cigarettes.

Which headmaster is right?

ANOTHER English headmaster, not very many miles away, strongly disapproves of this, and claims that he has at his school one of the most complete smoking bans in England.

He has asked all his staff to give it up, and tradesmen or visiting parents who approach the school with cigarettes or pipes alight are asked to put them out.

This headmaster made a dramatic appeal to parents recently to stop their children smoking at any cost.

He called a special meeting of parents, brandished a revolver in their faces, spun the chamber, and asked the parents to imagine that there were four blanks in the revolver and two live bullets.

"The risk of a hardened smoker dying of lung cancer is almost as great," he said. "Smoking in front of your children is as dangerous as playing Russian roulette in your own living-rooms."

Now which of these headmasters has the right approach? I simply don't know.

One man is saying you can stop young people from learning the smoking habit by forbidding it **and** setting an example.

The other is saying, in effect, that when it's forbidden almost all teenagers will try it, but that if it's allowed quite a high proportion will give it away because they don't really enjoy it.

One 18-year-old boy at the school with the smoking-room said: "This will sort out the people who smoke because they like it and those who do it for kicks."

Another said, "I enjoyed it more in the potting-shed. I'm going to give it up — it's not fun any more."

Girls smoke "to try to stay slim"

FROM New Zealand recently came figures which show that the smoking-at-school-age problem is just as severe there.

A combined Health and Education Department survey made among 4500 children from nine different schools showed that 89 per cent. of boys and 63 per cent. of girls smoked.

Of the boys 48 per cent. smoked a packet a week, and 31 per cent. of the girls, and the average age at which they began to smoke was 11!

A Health Department spokesman said that increased smoking among older girls was due to a desire to stay slim and that every effort should be made to discourage it and, if possible, to find a substitute for it.

Presumably what happens in England and New Zealand also happens here. I wonder, though, whether these figures for 11- and 12-year-olds have much relevance.

I learnt to smoke one summer holiday at the ripe old age of 12 on some frightful cigarettes which were called (I think) "My Darlings," and were each a different shade of pastel pink or blue or green or yellow or mauve. I'm not at all sure that they weren't scented as well.

Having made my debut at 12 I didn't, as far as I can remember, smoke again until I was 18 or 19, but once I started it very soon became a fixed habit.

But my partner in crime, a cousin who started on "My Darlings" at 12, started again at 18 or so when she went to parties, gave it up at 18½ because she didn't like it, and has never smoked since.

My own guess is that those early cigarettes smoked surreptitiously behind the potting-shed have very little bearing on what's going to happen later on.

It's natural enough for kids to try it out, but it seems to be more a matter of temperament whether it's going to become a habit.

A lot depends on the point of view

IN spite of that, I think young things who start smoking now are utter fools.

They haven't the excuse their parents had. When we started smoking it was regarded as a rather dirty but undeniably pleasant habit, and as far as anyone knew it didn't do you any physical harm.

Now that so much more is known about it (or suspected if you like, it depends on your point of view and whether you've just given it up or just gone back to it) it seems profoundly foolish for them to start something, knowing that time and habit may make it very hard to stop.

Kat, I feel certain, will never take it up.

She dislikes the taste, regards smoke-filled rooms and overflowing ashtrays with disgust, and jeers at her poor suffering parents whenever they get to the will-I-won't-I stage on giving it up or going back to it.

The other two I'm not so certain about, though heaven knows they've heard enough propaganda and had enough (wavering) example set them.

Perhaps I should pin up in some prominent place the dire warning sounded by Charles Calverley last century when he wrote in his "Ode To Tobacco":

"I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit.
How those who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards.
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards."

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CHRISTMAS TREES AND DECORATIONS

BAUBLE TREE—one of the simplest to make if you can get enough baubles. Nearly 2000 small silver baubles and 60 red ones, ranging from 3in. to ½in. diameter, were used for this tree 5ft. high. Set heavy dowel in centre of large tin, fill with blue metal, and cover with foil. Wire silver baubles made up into grape-like bunches on to dowel from bottom up, then red baubles, using the larger ones at bottom and top. — Mrs. Joel Simons.

MADONNA—based on a milk or small wine bottle, ping-pong ball for her head and gold paper and paper doilies for robe and halo. For underskirt cut gold paper to form cylinder to fit shoulder of bottle, slightly wider at the bottom. For robe cut three circles of gold paper, the largest with radius equal to distance from centre of neck of bottle to bottom, each of the others a little smaller. Cut a quarter segment from each circle. Sticky-tape underskirt and robe pieces to shoulder and neck of bottle, the smaller pieces over the larger and each a little higher than the next to give tiered effect. For collar use small circle of gold paper folded into cone shape and glue to top of bottle. Paint face on ball and glue to top of collar. For halo, glue two doilies together as in picture. Cut front panel from piece of Christmas paper and tape to collar.—Mrs. John Dunlop.

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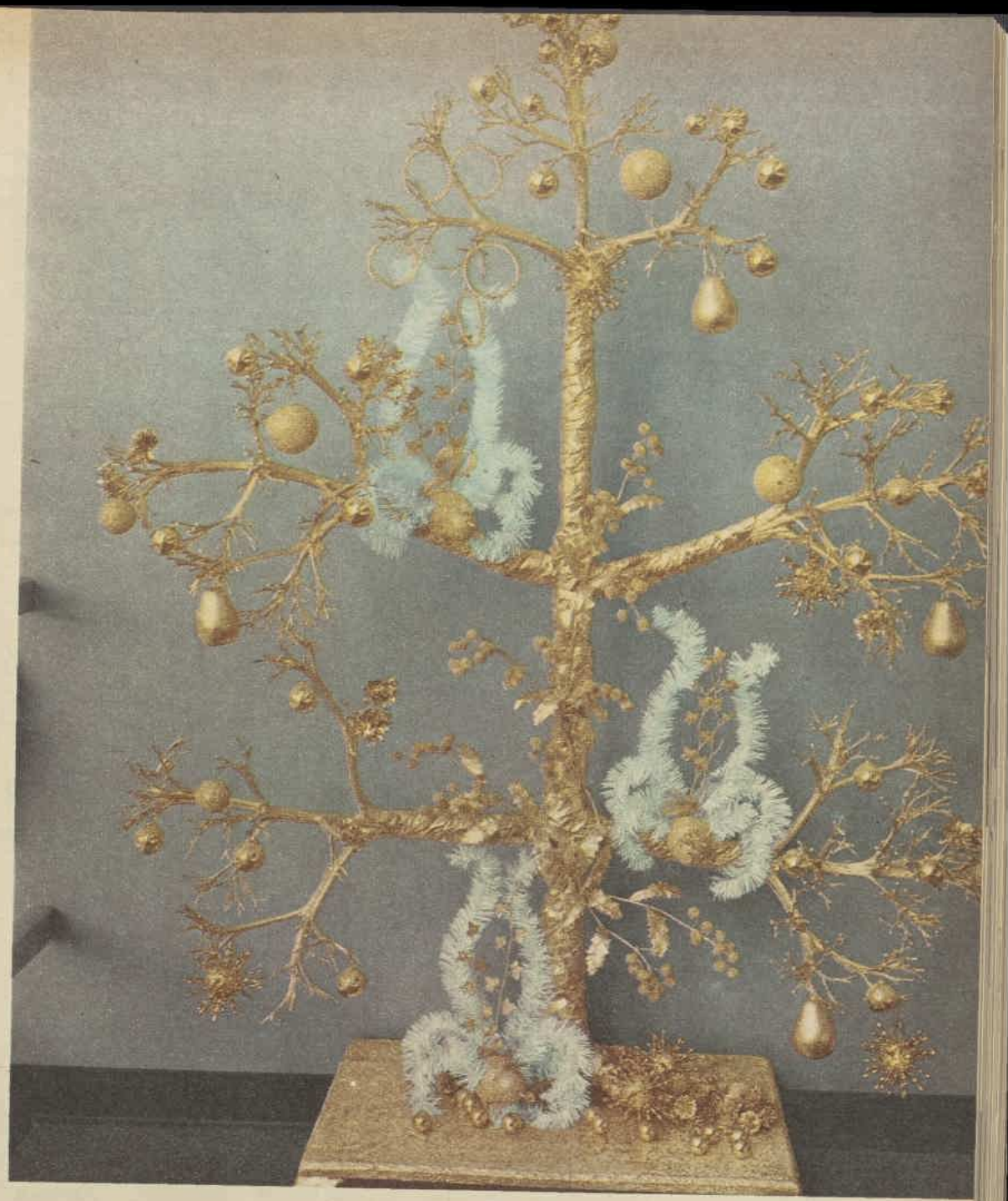
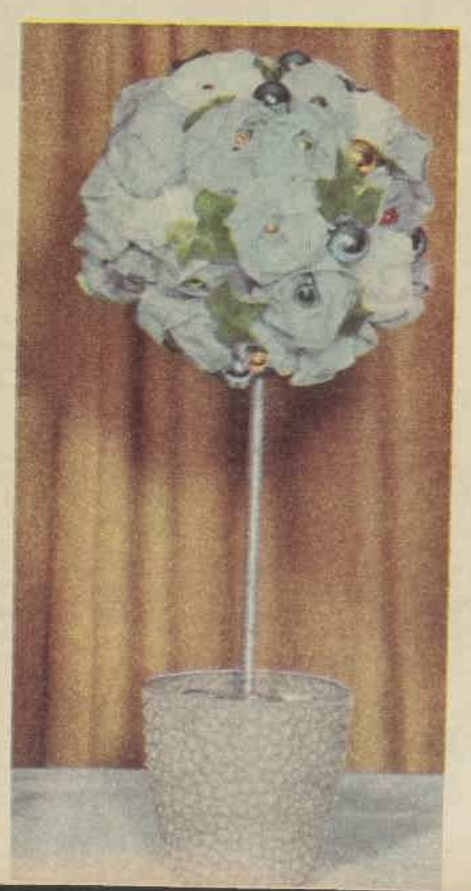
● These colorful, clever Christmas trees and decorations are all easy to make from the directions given. They were exhibited at the "Festival of Christmas" at Orange, N.S.W., last December in aid of the Cancer Patients Assistance Fund. More Christmas ideas overleaf.

MINIATURE TREE — set into white Italian china fruit lamp base. Materials needed: 12 packets of sequins (various colors), small jar of clear glue, 24 baubles (various sizes and colors) and silver leaves. Outline shapes of fruit on base with glue, using a match. After doing a small section, use match to pick up sequins and place them in position on the glue. Make tree at top with combination of wired baubles and silver leaves. Fix into top of base.—Mrs. Harold Williams.



GOLDEN TREE—Materials needed: five branches from yucca (or similar) tree about 18in. long, heavy dowel 3ft. 6in. long, tissue paper, 3 doz. gold baubles, a few rings and pears, three stylised birds, tinsel, glue, wire, gold paint in pressure pack, and base board about 2ft. square. Drill tight hole in base and stick in dowel. Join horizontal branches, using 6in. splints of wood bound with wire, and bind these and top branch to dowel. Wind tissue paper round base of branches and dowel and spray the lot with gold paint. Attach baubles, rings, pears, and birds to tree and base. Make lyrebirds' tails with tinsel glued to wire bent into lyre shape. Wind wattle up trunk of tree.—Max Connolly.



ROSE TREE—with paper blooms. Materials needed: three shades of tissue paper, 6in. pot, ⅜in. dowel 2ft. long, chicken wire, plastic ivy, 3 doz. ½in. and 1 doz. 1in. baubles, ribbon, and iridescent sprinkles. Squeeze chicken wire into ball about 6in. diameter. Push one end of dowel through ball, glue together, and set other end into pot and fill with damp sand. Wind ribbon round dowel, with bow at bottom. Cover sand with sprinkles. Cut tissue paper into 12 doz. 6in. squares. For each rose take four squares and fold each one into a triangle, with shiny side out. Place first triangle on table with right-angle at bottom left, the second on top of it with right-angle at top left, the third with right-angle at top right, the fourth with right-angle at bottom right, thus forming square. Tack outside edges together loosely with cotton, then pull edges together gently with tacking to form rose, shaping petals with fingers. Fix small bauble at centre of rose and tie to chicken wire. Add ivy and large baubles. — Mrs. Bob Stevenson.

LANTERN — Old hurricane lantern will do — just clean and paint metal parts gold and spray glass lightly with Santa snow. Decorate with any Christmasy bits and pieces on hand, but don't use anything inflammable. — Miss Annette Dalton.

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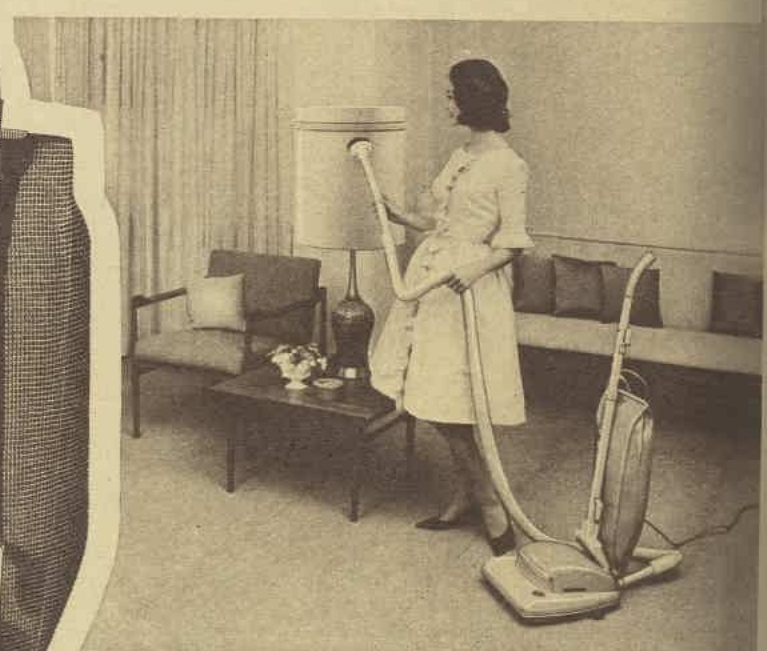

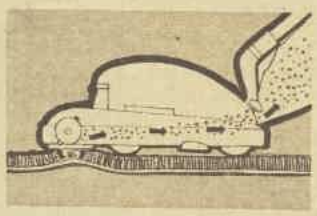

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CHRISTMAS TREES, DECORATIONS, cont.

● Here are three more ideas for your Christmas festivities — simply made from wool and paper.

THE crochet decorations are illustrated at right and below.

Materials: 1 ball Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.); beads or sequins for trimming; steel crochet-hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½). This quantity sufficient to make 28 motifs.

Measurements: 2¾in. diameter.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; sp., space; rep., repeat.

DIRECTIONS

Commence with 9 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 9th ch. from hook, (5 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last tr.) twice, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 9 ch.

2nd Row: 5 ch., * miss next 2 ch., into next ch. work 1 tr. 5 ch. and 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 2 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into next tr., 7 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into next tr., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

4th Row: 4 ch., into same place as sl-st. work 1 dbl-tr. and 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss next 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 ch., miss next 3 d.c., into next d.c. work 1 tr. 2 dbl-tr. 5 ch. 2 dbl-tr. and 1 tr., 2 ch., miss next 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 2 ch., miss next 2 d.c., into next d.c. work 1 tr. 2 dbl-tr. 5 ch. 2 dbl-tr. and 1 tr.; rep. from *, omitting 5 ch. 2 dbl-tr. and 1 tr. at end of last rep. and working last tr. and 2 dbl-tr. into same place as 1st dbl-tr. and tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into 4th of 4 ch., 20 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last tr. worked. Fasten off.

Damp and pin out to measurement.

Decorate with beads or sequins if desired.

CARD CURTAINS—made of crepe paper. Measure the length of window, door, or wall where you wish to hang the curtains, subtracting about 3in. to allow for stretch in paper. Cut length from roll of crepe paper and lay it on floor or table. Hold about 1ft. of edge of paper in both hands and gently stretch to form frill effect. Repeat this along both sides. Arrange cards and pin or glue them to paper. Carefully lift curtain, fix at top with drawing-pins.

PAPER BALLS—for tree or room decoration. Place large dinner plate over 12 sheets of tissue paper in one or different colors and cut around outline. Make sure pieces are smoothly and neatly piled, then fold in half and again into quarters. Trim any rough edges, make small hole through all sheets near apex, thread strong cotton through hole and tie sheets together firmly. Starting from outside, pull one sheet at a time out of the folds and repeat until 12 sheets form ball. Smaller balls can be made by using bread-and-butter plate or saucer.

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16 years ago, this car was nothing to brag about.

The early VW had its problems.
(New models usually do.)

It was noisy. Shifting was tough. And it wasn't exactly a powerhouse.

But it had "new idea" written all over it.

Its shape was functional. The rear engine made for outstanding traction. It was air-cooled, so it didn't boil over or freeze.

That old VW may have made a racket, but it also made a point.

Every new idea about it worked.

And so we've stayed with it.

Instead of costly retooling every year, we've invested 16 years of time and effort into perfecting the one basic model.

The noise is practically gone. The gear-shift is one of the smoothest in the world. And you can even accelerate uphill.

We've made over 3,000 changes so far (16 this year alone). All to make it work better; none to make it look different. The VW may still not be perfect.

But it's a good 16 years better than the first one.

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Dress Sense

● The design at right —for a late-afternoon dress—was chosen in answer to many requests in my mail.

By BETTY KEEP

DS500.—One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE is a typical reader's request and my reply:

"I need a neat style suitable for a silk print. The dress is for late afternoon and for any informal dinner, etc. I want the design to feature a simple skirt drape; the bodice to have a shoulder-to shoulder neckline without a collar. I am in my thirties."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen for you. The dress has neat tailored lines and a soft skirt drape. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What design would be new for a taffeta coat to wear after dark over a semi-evening frock?"

Very new is a line that arcs gently from a small shoulder yoke at back, is wide round the hip-line level, then narrow at the hemline. The front of the coat should be single-breasted and straight, and the neckline finished with a neat collar.

"Does beige suit a girl who has brunette coloring?"

A creamy beige, not a stone beige, is very flattering to dark hair and eyes.

"Is it in order to wear a bare-topped ballerina to a formal church wedding?"

For a church wedding a certain amount of coverage is correct. It might be an idea to have the dress made with a short jacket or matching stole.

"Do you consider red too vivid a color for a summer suit? I mainly wear all shades of blue, but I feel I would like a change."

If red suits your coloring there is nothing against it for a summer suit. I think it is a very good idea to wear a shade outside your usual color choice.

"Please suggest a young new style suitable for informal parties at which there is dancing. Would a shift be correct? I am almost 17."

My style suggestion is a flounced shift. Have it made sleeveless, with a low back-and-front oval neckline and a double ripple self flounce to finish the hemline.

"Could you suggest an original arrangement for bridal flowers? I am wearing white organdie and do not like the look of the usual formal bridal sheath or bouquet."

Small arrangements of flowers and ribbon can look very original. In Paris, this idea is often done with artificial flowers. For instance, one large white organdie rose tied with long white satin-ribbon streamers would look charming with an organdie dress.

An alternative idea — and just as pretty — would be a cockade of white grosgrain ribbon centred with a white rose.

"I have been invited to attend a formal public function. As I have very little social life, I am seeking your advice about the correct dressing."

The time, place, and formality of the occasion all govern the choice of dressing for a public function. From midday to 6.30 p.m. the correct fashion is a rather dressy street-length dress or suit, worn with a hat and gloves.

For dinner, when the male members of the party wear a black tie, you will be correctly dressed in a dinner frock. The frock can be long or short-skirted. Gloves are optional, but mostly worn.

For a public after-dinner function, such as a formal ball, you will need a floor-length ball gown and white gloves.

"Can a young widow wear a formal bridal gown at her second marriage?"

No, you are only a bride once.

"My husband and I have been asked to a formal afternoon wedding, and we would like to know what to wear for this occasion."

You will be correct in an afternoon dress worn with a hat and, of course, gloves. A patterned silk and small flowery hat would be a good choice. I suggest beige accessories — this means gloves, handbag, and shoes. Strictly speaking, the correct male attire for an afternoon wedding is a morning suit. However, dressing has become less formal in recent years. It is now acceptable for a wedding guest to wear a dark lounge suit, even when the men in the bridal party wear morning suits.

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ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Home Plans Service

● This attractive plan has been designed specially for a long, narrow block with a view to one side.

A UTILITY block divides the house into two separate units — the sleeping wing and a spacious living area.

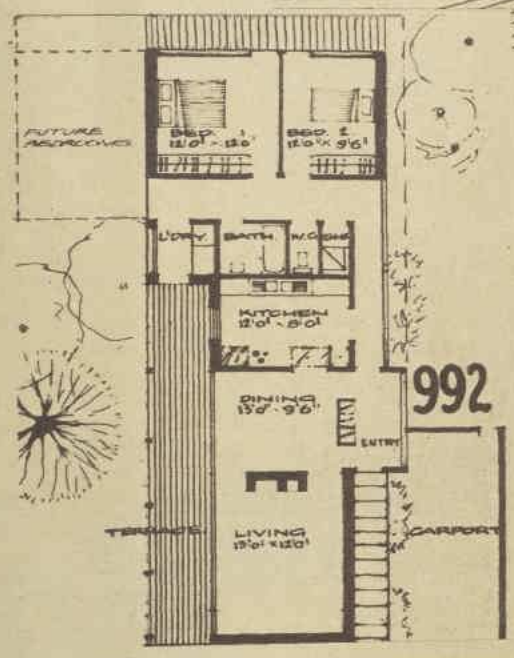
Main entrance is from a covered path by the side of the carport, which leads into a small, glassed-in lobby, screened from the dining-room by a coat-cupboard.

The dining - room is divided from the living-room by a central fireplace, which heats both rooms.

The well-designed kitchen is in the popular "corridor" shape and opens to a terrace along one side of the house. The living-room and dining-room also open on to this terrace through floor-to-ceiling glass doors.

The laundry, bathroom, and separate toilet are in a single block, lit by skylights.

The wide hallway separating the bedrooms from the bathroom (see floor plan) can be enlarged to make a children's play area and a third bedroom can be added next to the master bedroom.



FLOOR PLAN (left) shows rectangular design of Plan No. 992 with living and sleeping areas separated by utility block.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH. Note 6ft.-wide terrace, with living- and dining-rooms and kitchen opening on to it.

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- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with shredded lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with thinly sliced green pepper.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced apple sprinkled with lemon juice.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with Vegemite, and chopped walnuts.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, with scrambled egg and chopped parsley.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, with flaked Tuna, and chopped celery.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, and chopped spring onion, mixed with Kraft Mayonnaise.

FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN

KR219/R

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4931662

Cooking for one or two

● Wise planning of menus is necessary to avoid dull repetition or waste when catering for only one or two people.

GRILLS with a tomato and egg are not the only solution to the problem of cooking quick-and-easy meals for one or two. This four-page feature gives recipes for interesting and appetising meals that overcome the problem. They consist of:

- Dishes that can be easily prepared from small quantities.
- Food that can be cooked in quantity and served on several occasions with the flavor and appearance varied each time.
- Dishes made from leftovers.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.

IN SMALL QUANTITIES

BREAKFAST FRUIT

Two pears, 6 prunes, ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, thin strip of lemon rind.

Bring water and sugar to boiling point. Peel pears thinly, leave whole, place carefully into boiling syrup; add lemon rind. Cover, simmer very gently until pears are almost tender. Add soaked prunes, continue simmering until prunes are soft. (Dessert prunes will cook quickly and do not need soaking.) Carefully remove pears from syrup, cut one in halves, carefully remove core. Serve one pear half with 3 prunes in centre for breakfast, to serve 1. Reserve second half and remaining prunes for another single breakfast serve. Keep other whole cooked pear to serve with Chocolate Marshmallow (see below) or other dinner sweet.

VEGETABLE SAUTE

Half cup flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup milk, 1 cup salad oil, 1 clove garlic (slivered), 2 or 3 zucchini squash (sliced), 1 small can asparagus spears, 2 tablespoons butter, lemon wedges.

Make batter by beating flour, salt, pepper, and milk in bowl with rotary beater until smooth. Slowly heat oil in pan. Add garlic, saute until golden brown. Then remove garlic and discard. Dip zucchini in batter, coating completely. Saute in hot oil until golden (2 to 3 minutes on each side). Drain well on paper towels. Keep warm. Meanwhile, arrange asparagus in ovenproof dish, dot with butter; heat. To serve place heated asparagus round zucchini. Garnish with lemon wedges. Serves 2.

PIQUANT NOODLES

One teaspoon salt, 1 cup broad noodles, ½ cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped fresh dill, dash pepper.

In large saucepan bring 1 quart water and the salt to boiling. Gradually pour in noodles. Boil, uncovered and stirring occasionally, 10 to 12 minutes or until noodles are tender. Drain, return to hot saucepan. Add cheese, dill, and pepper, tossing lightly to combine. Reheat gently. Serves 2.

BASIC OMELET

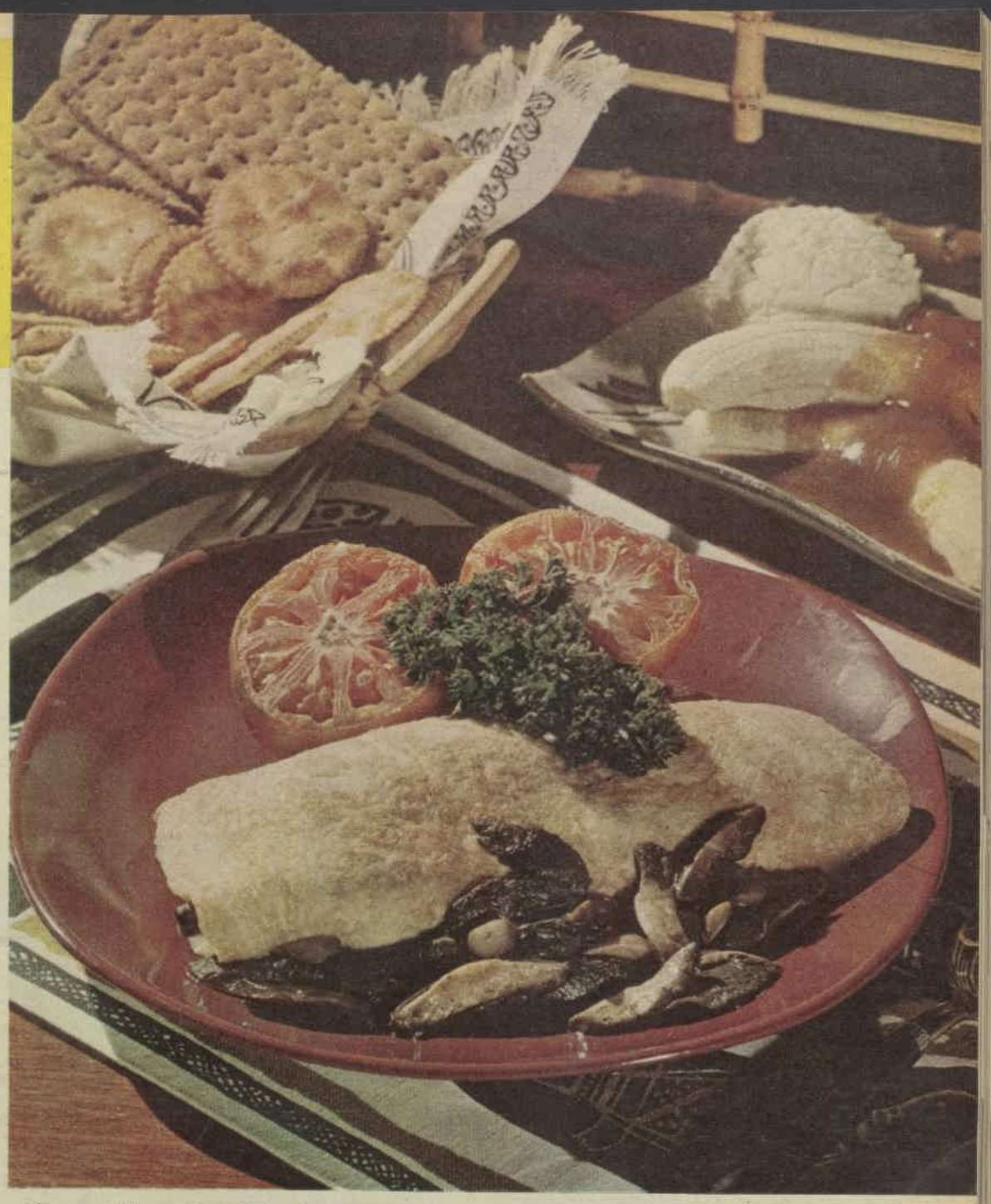
Four eggs, 4 teaspoons cold water, salt, pepper, butter.

Beat eggs and water with rotary beater until mixed but not frothy. Season with salt. Heat omelet pan slowly, add a little butter, allow to melt but not brown. Swirl round pan, add egg mixture. Stir lightly and quickly with fork until mixture begins to set, shaking pan as well. Turn off heat, loosen edges of omelet. Roll it in half. Turn out on to heated dish. Sprinkle with pepper. Serves 2.

FILLING VARIATIONS

Any one of the following fillings can be placed in the omelet before rolling.

Mushroom: Wash and slice 4oz. fresh mushrooms and saute in 1 to 2oz. butter and juice ½ lemon until soft and tender.



Tomato and Cheese: Skin and chop 2 tomatoes roughly, chop 2 shallots into small pieces. Place in small pan with ½oz. butter, simmer until softened, stirring occasionally. Season with salt, pepper, oregano, and fold in ½ cup grated cheese. Fill into omelet, top with little extra grated cheese.

Devilled Kidney: Soak 2 or 3 lamb's kidneys in salted water about 15 minutes, drain, remove skin. Chop into small pieces. Saute in little butter until browned all over. Add 2 to 3 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, good pinch mustard, and few grains chilli powder. Season with salt and pepper to taste, continue cooking until tender.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW

Half pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla (or ½ packet chocolate dessert made according to directions), 2oz. marshmallows.

Blend cornflour and cocoa with half the milk, add remainder of milk and sugar. Stir over heat until the mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 1 or 2 minutes, cool slightly, add butter, egg-yolk, vanilla. When half cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-white; when completely cold fold in chopped marshmallows. Chill, serve with halved cooked pear. Serves 2.

ORANGE SYRUP DESSERT

Two oranges, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sago, ¼ pint custard, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, nutmeg.

Peel oranges, remove pith, then slice. Sprinkle with icing-sugar, place in serving-dish. Heat milk and sugar, add sago, cook gently until sago is clear and jelly-like, stirring frequently. Pour over fruit, cool. Add golden syrup to custard, pour over dessert, leave to set. Top with sprinkle of nutmeg before serving. Serves 2.

BASIC OMELET, filled with mushrooms, is one of the simplest yet most appetising meals. Recipe and variations at left.

LIVER BACON ROLLS

One small lamb's fry, ¼lb. sausage meat, salt, pepper, 1 small chopped onion, 1 egg, seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 bacon rashers (rind removed).

Drop fry into boiling water, stand 5 minutes. Remove skin; mince or chop finely. Combine with sausage meat, onion, seasonings. Bind together with beaten egg. Shape into 4 patties with hands dusted with seasoned flour. Heat fat in pan, brown patties on both sides, remove from pan. Wrap bacon rashers round each patty, secure with cocktail sticks. Return to pan, continue cooking 10 minutes or until cooked. Remove cocktail sticks, serve hot with golden-brown potatoes. Serves 2.

RASPBERRY RULEE

Half package thawed frozen raspberries (undrained), ¼ cup sugar, 1¼ teaspoons cornflour, ½ cup rum, ice-cream.

In medium saucepan mix raspberries with cornflour and sugar until smooth. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat, simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cook, then chill 1 hour. Just before serving stir rum into sauce, spoon over ice-cream. Serves 2.

VEAL WITH CAPERS

One or 2 slices veal (cut wafer-thin), melted butter, 3 slices lemon, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon capers.

Flatten veal by pounding between sheets of paper. Quickly brown veal in pan with melted butter, add lemon slices, seasonings, capers. (All this should take about 3 minutes, no more, or veal will toughen.) Serve immediately with sliced cucumbers in sour cream, buttered spaghetti with grated cheese and parsley, and brussels sprouts. Serves 1.

Continued on page 64

FROM THE LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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USE UP COLD MEAT

CHERRY DELIGHT is a simple dessert that looks like a party sweet. Recipe at right.

CURRIED LAMB

One small onion, 1 small tart apple, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch powdered ginger, 1 cup stock, ½ cup milk, 2 cups cold cooked lamb (cut into small pieces), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, hot boiled rice, orange slices to garnish.

Melt butter in pan, saute onion and apple lightly. Sprinkle over flour, curry powder, salt, ginger. Stir in stock and milk. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes. Add lamb, lemon juice, pepper and salt to taste. Cover, simmer further 5 minutes. Serve on bed of hot rice garnished with orange slices. Serves 2.

SWEET SOUR PORK

Two cups cold cooked pork (cut into cubes), ½ red pepper (cut into strips), 1 onion (sliced), 2 tablespoons oil, 1in. green ginger, ¾ cup canned pineapple chunks (drain off syrup and reserve), 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, ½ cup cooked beans, 1 gherkin, salt, noodles.

Lightly saute pork cubes, red pepper, onion slices in pan with heated oil and bruised ginger. Remove ginger. Add to pan pineapple syrup (blended with cornflour), brown sugar, vinegar, soy sauce. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add beans, gherkin strips, pineapple. Season. Cook slowly 10 minutes. Serve on fried noodles. Serves 2.

BEEF PUFF

One and a half cups finely diced cold cooked beef, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, ½ cup milk, 1 egg (slightly beaten), ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter.

Beat together the onion, potato, horseradish, salt, pepper, milk, egg. Fold in beef. Fill into small greased casserole, top with cheese and dobs of butter. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 minutes. Serves 2.

VEAL ITALIAN

Two cups cold cooked veal (cut into dice), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ½ clove garlic (crushed), 4oz. noodles (cooked), 1 tablespoon sliced olives, 1 cup stock, ½ cup sliced mushrooms, ½ cup grated cheese.

Combine veal, lemon juice, salt, tomato sauce, pepper, oil, onion, garlic. Let stand 30 minutes. Stir over heat 10 minutes. Combine noodles, olives, stock, mushrooms. Add to veal mixture, mix thoroughly. Pour into flat casserole. Cover with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serves 2.

IN SMALL QUANTITIES

(from page 61)

SALAMI CASSEROLE

One large raw potato (thinly sliced), ½lb. wafer-thin veal slices, ½ cup salami slices, 1 small onion (minced), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 2 tomatoes (sliced), 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Arrange potatoes in greased casserole alternately with veal, salami, onion, tomato. Sprinkle with flour, dot with butter, pour milk over all. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs mixed with cheese. Bake, covered, in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Uncover, bake another 15 minutes or until brown. Serves 2.

CHERRY DELIGHT

Two fresh or canned peaches, 1 cup freshly chopped or canned pineapple, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, 2 buckets ice-cream, ¼ cup raspberry syrup, ¼ cup shredded white coconut, cherries.

Slice peaches, arrange in base of 2 sweets dishes. Top with pineapple, sprinkle over sweet sherry. Chill. Just before serving top with ice-cream, trickle on raspberry syrup, sprinkle over coconut and arrange cherries on top. Serves 2.

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In larger quantities

TOMATO SPICE SOUP

Three cups tomato juice, ½ cup tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 cloves, 1 slice onion, 1 cup stock or 1 cup water and 1 bouillon cube, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ bayleaf (crumbled), pinch mixed herbs.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain, serve half the soup (2 servings) for one meal. Remaining soup can be chilled and served with lemon slice next day.

BASIC VEAL CASSEROLE

Two pounds veal steak (or use veal cutlets, chops, or shank), ½ green pepper, 1 onion, 2 sticks celery, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 cups meat or vegetable stock, salt, pepper, ¼ cup white wine.

Cut veal into service-sized pieces, toss in seasoned flour. Prepare vegetables by slicing green pepper into strips, onion into rings, celery into small pieces. Heat oil in pan, saute vegetables lightly, remove. Add meat, allow to brown all over. Arrange veal and vegetables in layers in large greased casserole, seasoning each layer with salt and pepper. Pour over wine and stock, cover and bake in moderate oven about 50 to 60 minutes or until almost tender. Cool slightly and divide into 3 portions, each serving 2. Fill 2 portions into tins or plastic containers, cover completely with aluminium foil, and freeze to use for meals later in week. To the portion remaining add 3 mushrooms (which have been sliced and sauteed lightly in butter). Serve with vegetables.

Second Meal: Remove one portion basic casserole mixture from freezer on morning of day required; allow to thaw. Fold in 2 large tomatoes (which have been peeled and chopped into small pieces), ¼ cup stuffed sliced olives, good pinch oregano. Place in casserole, cover, bake until thoroughly heated. Serve.

Third Meal: Place last unthawed portion of casserole mixture in ovenproof dish, top with 2 rashers bacon (chopped), ¾ cup canned pineapple pieces, 1 or 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven until piping-hot.

VERSATILE MEAT LOAF

Threequarters pound minced lean beef or veal, ¼lb. sausage mince, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato puree or sauce, pinch mixed herbs, ½ teaspoon salt, little pinch pepper, dry mustard, and celery or garlic salt, 1 well-beaten egg, ¼ cup milk.

Combine all ingredients in basin and mix all thoroughly. Press into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderately slow oven about 1 to 1¼ hours. Makes 3 single servings.

For the first meal, serve sliced and piping-hot with cooked vegetables and gravy flavored with little bacon. For another meal serve cold with chilled crisp salad greens. For third meal, chop into small cubes, reheat in tomato-and-onion-flavored sauce. Serve with hot spaghetti or noodles.

THREE-IN-ONE CHICKEN

Buy 1 medium sized chicken, cut off legs for one meal, carefully remove breast of chicken in one piece and cut up neck, back and wings for the final meal. The following recipes will make 3 interesting and flavorsome meals, each to serve 2.

Stuffed Breast of Chicken: Two chicken breasts, ¼ packet prepared stuffing mix, salt, pepper, butter, 1 cup canned mushroom soup.

Make stuffing mix according to package directions, place on one side of joined chicken breast. Fold over and secure edges with cocktail sticks. Season with salt and pepper, place in buttered casserole, pour mushroom soup over all. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with baked vegetables and peas.

Grilled Chicken: Two chicken legs, salt, pepper, lemon, tarragon.

Sprinkle chicken legs with salt, pepper. Rub with lemon and tarragon (if desired) and grill 3 to 4in. from heat until brown and tender. Serve with grated carrot salad, canned corn, French-fried potatoes.

Curried Chicken: Chicken wings, back (fleshy pieces), giblets, and neck, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 to 3 tablespoons oil, 1 onion, 2 stalks celery (sliced), 1 carrot (sliced), 2 teaspoons curry powder, pinch cinnamon, 2 cups chicken stock (made from chicken bones), rice.

Dust chicken pieces lightly with flour. Fry in heated oil until browned on all sides: remove. Saute onion, celery, and carrot slices in same oil. Add curry powder, cinnamon, and remaining flour. Cook gently 5 minutes. Pour in chicken stock, stir until thickened, add chicken pieces. Cover, cook slowly until chicken is tender. Serve on bed of rice.

LEMON SUNSHINE PUDDING

Four tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Combine in bowl the flour, sugar, salt, lemon rind and juice, lightly beaten egg-yolks, and milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into 4 large custard-cups, place in pan of water. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm or cold. Serves 2. For one meal, have half the sweet warm, chill remainder until next day and serve with bucket of ice-cream or fresh whipped cream.

READER'S RECIPE WINS PRIZE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. R. Luson, 54 Sargood St., Hampton, Vic., for a tasty meat-and-vegetable dish.

GOODWIFE'S HOT-POT

Four sheep's kidneys, 1lb. chuck steak, 1 onion, 1lb. potatoes, juice of 1 lemon, 1 small white turnip, 1 carrot, ¼lb. mushrooms, 2 leeks, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup stock or 1 bouillon cube dissolved in ½ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, few drops chilli sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed thyme and marjoram, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, ½ cup claret.

Soak kidneys. Remove skin and core, mince together with steak, peeled onion. Peel potatoes, slice very thinly, leave in bowl with water to cover and lemon juice. Peel and dice turnip, scrape carrot, cut into strips. Peel mushrooms, cut into pieces, including stalks. Put minced mixture into bowl with thinly sliced leeks. Add vegetables. Blend flour with little stock or bouillon. Then add remaining stock with sugar, chilli sauce, parsley, herbs, salt, pepper, claret. Pour over meat, leave few minutes. Drain potato slices, line top and sides of casserole, overlapping thickly. Pack in meat mixture, top with any remaining potato. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove cover, cook further ½ hour.

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FR 39

Enjoy making

MRS. JOHN HEMPHILL, of Somerset Farm, Dural, N.S.W., starts mixing a quantity of potpourri in a crock. Her ingredients include scented geranium leaves, French lavender, cinnamon sticks, orris-root powder. Attractive potpourri jars are on the window-shelf.

● Potpourri — the pot of dried petals and spices that's used for freshening linen and clothes in a cupboard or drawer — has been made by women (and men, too) down through the centuries, but now is almost a lost art.

MANY people, however, are stirred by the haunting fragrance of potpourri and some are reaching back to the more leisurely days when the methods of drying and mixing were as varied as present-day recipes for a French omelet.

Here is a simple and effective recipe.

To about 40 roses allow the following spices and oils: ½oz. oil of geranium, ½oz. oil of lavender, 2 or 3 cinnamon sticks, 1oz. whole cloves, 1oz. ground allspice, 4oz. orris-root powder, about 4oz. common salt.

Gather the roses on a dry day after the dew has left them. Spread them out in a cool, airy place, turning often.

When the petals are paper-dry, put them into a crockery or glass vessel with airtight lid. To each handful of petals allow a smaller one of salt.

Cover and leave, stirring twice a day for five days. In the meantime, gather all suitable scented leaves and flowers — about a handful of each.

Scented geranium leaves, particularly the rose-scented, are excellent, and so are lavender flowers, leaves of the French lavender, rosemary flowers, carnations, bayleaves, lemon-scented verbena, balm, jasmine, eau-de-cologne mint, orange blossoms, violets, and wallflowers. Dry them for five days, then add them to the roses and salt.

Put some of the orris powder in a cup and add the oils, stirring well until the consistency is no longer moist. Now thoroughly stir all ingredients together, cover, and leave for three or four weeks.

If the potpourri becomes too dry, add more salt, and if too moist add more orris-root powder and powdered spice. As the spices retain their strength for years, dried flowers may be added.

FRESH ROSES are brought by Mr. John Hemphill from the garden for drying. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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POTPOURRI

—and revive an almost lost art

ROSES are the basis of potpourri, but remember that not all varieties have a strong scent, and some would be virtually useless for this purpose. Above is the fragrant Peace rose.

WALLFLOWER blossoms are highly fragrant. Sow seed of biennials in spring or autumn and annuals late summer or early autumn. Paris Market is a most suitable annual.

GERANIUM varieties have leaves smelling variously of peppermint, apple (fruit, not blossom), rose, lemon, coconut, even nutmeg. In the garden the plants offer their fragrance in rain.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS should be removed when most buds in a cluster have fully opened. Valencia, Paterson River, Commons, and Parramatta are fragrant varieties of orange tree.

JASMINE'S starry flowers are sweetly scented. The variety Jasminum officinale (above) is mostly grown here, also grandiflorum and the large white-flowered variety J. sambac.

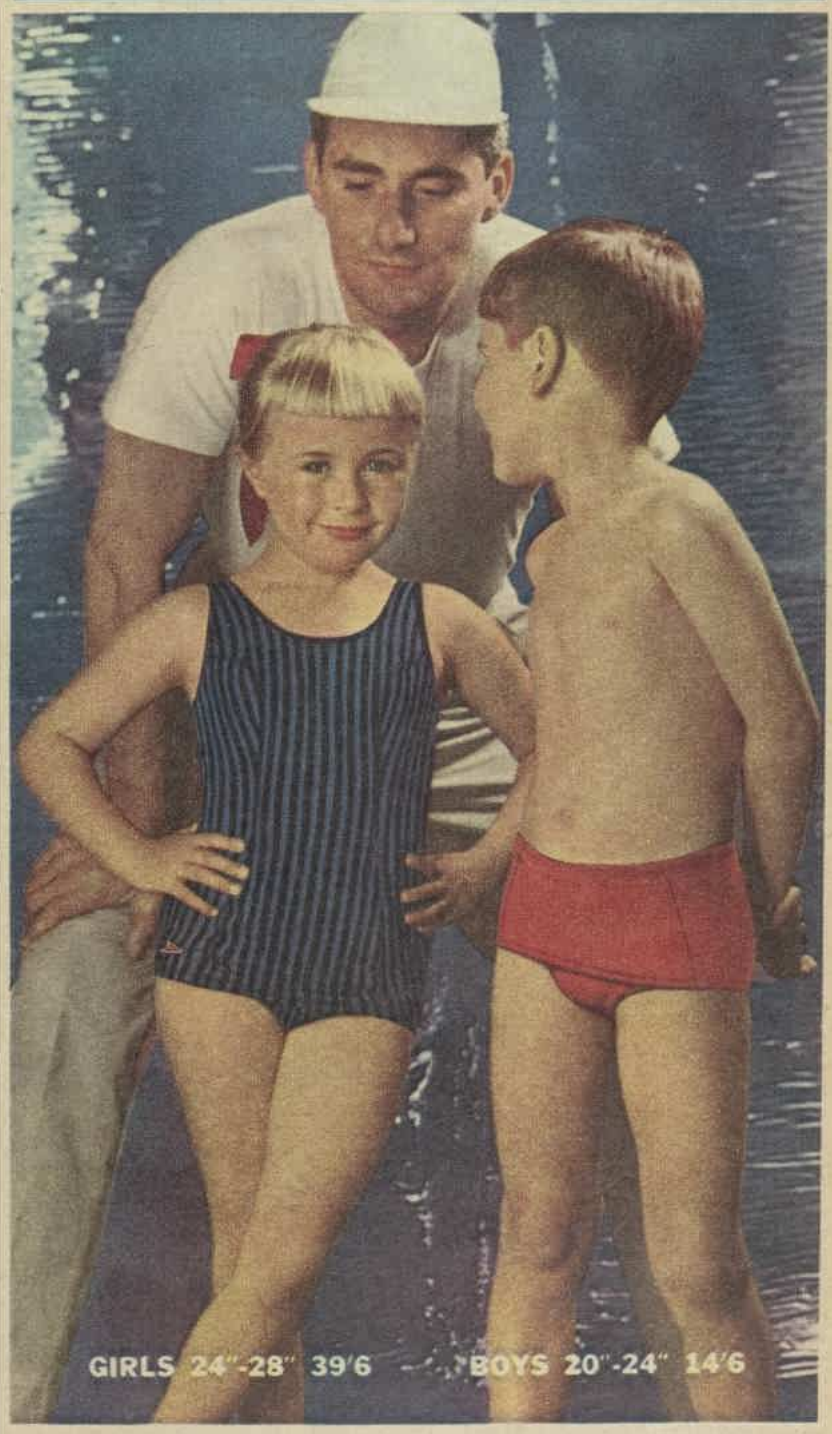
FRENCH LAVENDER (Lavendula dentata) flowers in winter. It is not quite as strongly perfumed as English lavender (L. spica) or Bosisto's variety, which is an improved English type.

BALM (Melissa officinalis) is a hardy herbaceous perennial with lemon-scented leaves that are used also in seasonings and liqueurs. Grows best in light sandy loams, needs sunny bed.

CARNATIONS and pinks are fragrant and easy to grow. Add lime or superphosphate to the soil about six weeks before planting, and bank the earth up to provide reliable drainage.

Heart winners

These little Olympians of tomorrow will win more hearts than races. But that's no matter because their mothers know that Speedo "Jetstream" BRI-NYLON costumes are quick-drying, will never shrink or fade, have a snug clean healthy fit, are triple stitched on all seams and...Speedo "Jetstreams" are completely NON-TRANSPARENT even when wet!



Both costumes illustrated are available in 14 colours. SOLID — White, Red, Black, Maroon, Newport Blue, Electric Blue, Royal, Navy, Empire Green, Forest Green. STRIPED—Black/Green, Red/Black, Electric Blue/Black, Green/Royal.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS

FOR BRILLIANCE

● *Mesembryanthemum chamberlainii, with Dundas pelargonium and purple verbena.*

Gardening Book — page 39

● The glorious coloring of a host of new hybrids belonging to the mesembryanthemum family is attracting gardeners' attention.

MANY of the choicest varieties are still unnamed.

This extremely beautiful South African plant is known in its native country as the African fig marigold. The family includes the group called pig-face in Australia. Ice-plants are a relation.

Mesembryanthemums grow quickly and revel in sunny positions away from overhanging trees. Plants and cuttings can be given a start before the heat of midsummer. When planted in spring, they may not flower until March or April.

These plants flourish in the poorest soil as well as in good soil. They will grow in stony areas or in clay, and they permanently cover rocks and banks or unsightly corners, choking out the weeds as they progress.

They seem almost unaffected by dry conditions that would kill off many another plant. They can be trained into hedges several feet high and will climb wire-netting.

Mesembryanthemums flower for several months on end, providing intense sheets of color. Some species are hardier than others and will withstand light frosts; others will thrive only in frost-free areas and in glasshouses.

There are small upright growers; rampant upright growers which will cover a few feet of ground-space per plant; down-growing species which creep like a heavy blanket over banks; and open, loose-trailing kinds which produce exotic red, wine, and pink flowers in rich profusion (these don't manage to outgrow the weeds as do the closer-matting types).

Once established, mesembryanthemums will look after themselves. There may be an element of surprise in store, for it is quite possible to find a few new hybrid seedlings growing alongside the border with the shot-silk colors mixed to an even more dazzling shade.

In the world of useful plants, there are few that can outshine the modern varieties of mesembryanthemum.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

● *An upright-growing type with flowers of fiery intensity.*

Gardening Book — page 40

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE WINNING TOUCH

...A Speedo "Jetstream" Olympic racer. When you leave the blocks you feel "Jetstream's" smooth, lightweight sleekness giving you extra freedom in the water, extra speed through the water. Body-hugging "Jetstream's" are tailored from miracle BRI-NYLON. They're completely NON-TRANSPARENT even when wet! Speedo's exclusive triple-stitch construction gives every seam a triple-long life, they're fadeproof, shrinkproof and quick-drying, too!

LOOK A WINNER—BE A WINNER—WEAR A SPEEDO "JETSTREAM."

Both costumes illustrated are available in 14 colours. SOLID — White, Red, Black, Maroon, Newport Blue, Electric Blue, Royal, Navy, Empire Green, Forest Green. STRIPED—Black/Green, Red/Black, Electric Blue/Black, Green/Royal.

Manufactured by the "House of Speedo"

SPEEDO Jetstream

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Get your "Jetstream" from your favourite men's or women's store or your pool shop.

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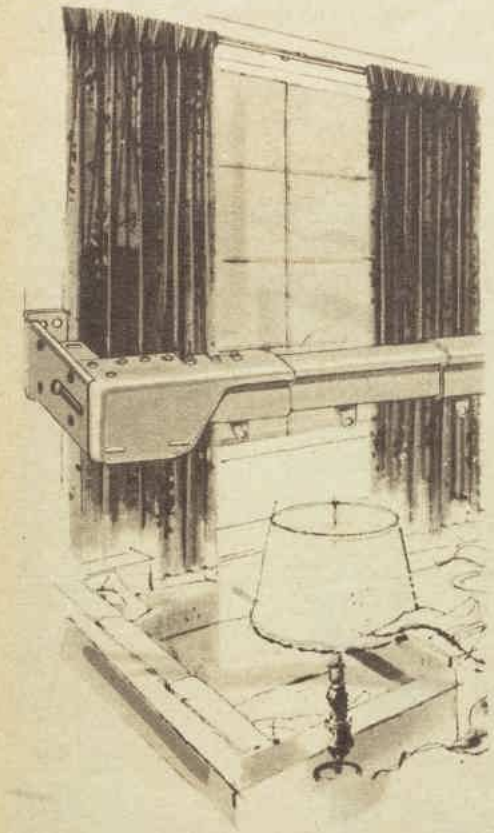
Kirsch

is the key to smart women's window styling secrets . . .



The simplest way to create the most beautiful effect in any room is to fashion your decorating plan around your windows. With Kirsch drapery hardware, fresh, exciting curtain and drapery effects are easy and most rewarding.

Today's newly developed Kirsch drapery hardware styles bring you more beauty . . . more window decorating versatility than ever before.

Kirsch nylon rollers ride on flat tracks . . . silently, smoothly, with never a tug or snag. For flawless operation, for full overlap, for any installation 28" to 150" wide . . . ask for Kirsch—by name.

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Kirsch shows the easy way to transform any window quickly. Heavy-gauge rodding in oven-baked white enamel, with white metal spear ends or plastic ball ends, provides a neat mounting. White clip-on rings grip curtains firmly, eliminating the need for sewing or stitching.

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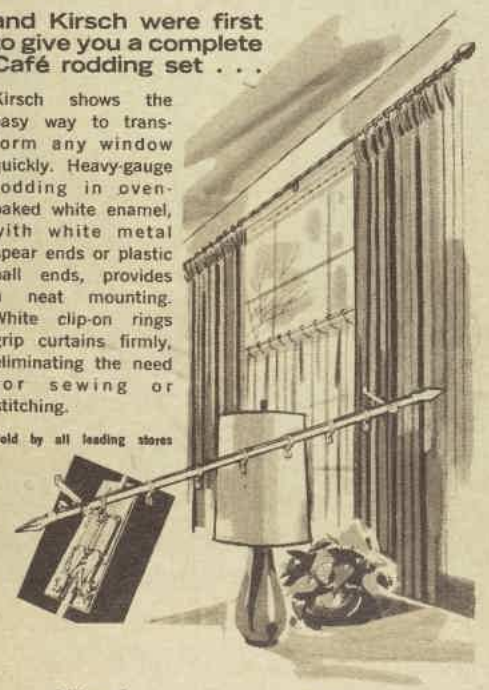

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Continuing . . . MADAME SCANDAL

from page 25

"Perhaps," said Colonel Mulliner judiciously, "that would be the best solution of it all, because I'm afraid the Committee will take a very poor view of his outburst in the reading-room—and dragging a lady's name into it, too!"

"You may take it from me," said Rumpot dryly, "that Daddles is far less concerned about what the committee will say than about Julia—if she ever hears about it."

. . . . .

"Daddles," bellowed Lady Gallstone that evening, causing the windows of their wretched little house to rattle.

"Yes, my dear. What is it," replied the general, shaking like a leaf.

"What have you done with 'The Times'? It was on the table in the hall, unopened, and now it's disappeared before I've had a chance to read it."

"Amazing, my dear, quite amazing! I wonder who could have taken it."

"As we have no butler, footmen, parlormaid, or anyone except that slovenly Mrs. Braggs, who comes only on Tuesdays and Thursdays and this is neither, one of us must have taken it, and as I didn't that leaves you. Where is it?"

"I can't think, my dear," he replied, realising that this was almost literally true. "Memory's not what it was."

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, fixing him in the gaze of a pair of eyes which glinted ominously, "if 'The Times' isn't at once put back where I put it on the hall table I shall go out and find another copy. I can tell by your demeanor that you are hiding something — doubtless something disreputable."

Shrugging his shoulders and whistling in an effort to appear unconcerned, the general went out into the postage-stamp-sized garden, hoping that it would not occur to his wife to look at the back of the toolshed, where he had concealed "The Times."

While Lady Gallstone was out scouring the neighborhood for another copy, the telephone rang. "That you, Daddles?" asked a voice, husky with anxiety. "This is Rumpot. What in the hell are we going to do?"

"I don't know, my dear chap. I'm too petrified to think straight. You know, I wouldn't have believed this of Milly. Has Bonzo heard about it?"

"Yes, Bonzo's with me now. Like you, he's scared stiff. Thinks we should get together and have a chat with Milly — before it's too late. 'Murder Will Out!' I don't like that title, Daddles, don't like it at all."

"Let's meet for lunch tomorrow," said Daddles hastily. "I think I hear Julia coming. G'bye."

"Who phoned while I was out?" asked Lady Gallstone on her return with a copy of "The Times."

"I didn't," replied the general, cutting the truth somewhat finely.

"Then how is it," demanded this formidable woman, "that when I left the house the receiver was on as I left it, with the mouthpiece nearest the wall, while now I find it reversed, replaced by someone who uses the right hand to telephone? I, let me remind you, am deaf in my right ear."

"And I," retorted the general, realising that attack here was better than defence, "shall be deaf in both ears if you bellow at me like that. Now that I come to think of it, Rumpot phoned me while you were out."

"What did he want?"

"Me."

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, her voice taking on the snarling whine of a racing car warming up, "don't try my patience too far. You are hiding something from me and, knowing you as I do, I am quite sure it is something disgraceful. A clue to it is the disappearance of today's 'Times,' which I shall now read from beginning to end."

Lady Gallstone was as good as her word. The "Personal" column was the third column from the left on the front page. The general hung around until she had passed that without, apparently, seeing anything unusual. When she was wading through the shipping notices on the right-hand side of the page, he went for a stroll, believing that all danger was past.

But there was a bad moment after dinner when, having read through the paper as far as the editorial page and found nothing, Lady Gallstone announced casually, "I see that Millicent Pelham-Langley is writing her memoirs. It should be interesting."

"Millicent who, my dear?" asked the general, stifling a yawn and hoping he did not look as pale as he felt.

"Pelham-Langley!" snapped his wife. "He served under you, so don't pretend you don't remember his name!"

"I'm not pretending anything. I didn't hear you clearly, that's all. Of course I remember Pelham-Langley —a sly chap who drank too much. His wife, as I remember it, was a dainty little brunette. Didn't she drink, too?"

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, "something's wrong with you tonight. If Pelham-Langley was, as you say, a sly chap who drank too much, will you kindly explain why, knowing this, you recommended him for promotion?"

"Any report I may have made on Pelham-Langley, my dear, was confidential, so you will forgive me if I point out to you that — unless, of course, you admit possessing a key to my confidential file, which I would hestitate to believe — you cannot possibly know what I reported on the man."

"Very well, Daddles, we will let that pass. But I flatly decline to believe that you, with your roving eye, can remember a tall, statuesque beauty with emerald-green eyes and glorious auburn hair as 'a dainty little brunette.' That, Daddles, is too much! And to make matters worse, you hid today's 'Times.' "

"My dear Julia," retorted the general loftily, "even if your worst suspicions were founded on fact, which I do not admit, what does it matter? Pelham-Langley's been dead these last twenty years, so let the poor chap rest in peace. Millicent, if my memory serves me, is eighty-three next month."

"You remember her birthday, but you've forgotten those emerald-green eyes! And," her voice thundered through the little house, "you expect me to believe that! Well, Daddles, I don't believe it. I believe—"

"Bless my soul!" retorted the general, his own voice rising to parade-ground proportions. "I haven't seen the woman for more than forty years, not since—— Well, what does it matter?"

"Not since when, Daddles? And what has time to do with the matter? Do you suppose that time washes away your guilt? Look at you! Guilt is written in every line of you now. You look like a dishonest office boy who's been caught stealing the stamps."

"Now, my dear, you are talking nonsense, because I am prepared to bet a month's pension that you have never seen a dishonest boy in that unfortunate predicament."

That held her, but only briefly. She went to her writing desk, where she wrote a short letter. "To save you the trouble of steaming open the letter, Daddles," she said during the lull which followed, "I have just written to my bookseller ordering a copy of 'Murder Will Out'."

. . . . .

Daddles was the first to arrive at the Ancient Warriors on the day following the events already recorded. Rumpot arrived soon after-

To page 72

Revenge

My husband's really very nice,
A perfect dear, although
He has one aggravating vice—
He always says: "I know!"
To any news I have to tell,
Be it of joy or woe,
My words he manages to quell
With one remark — "I know!"
I tell him "Mrs. D's. got twins,"
That "Flo's eloped with Joe,"
He merely nods his head and grins,
Then murmurs: "Yes, I know!"
But retribution's on the way,
And with this end in view
I'm borrowing, for just one day,
Something from the zoo.
When he gets home and sees it there
He's sure to yell out: "Oh!
A warthog's sitting in my chair!"
And I'll reply: "I know!"

—*E. M. JOHNSON.*

The world's First Instant sweet!

STILL A FAMI FAVOURITE

DELICIOUS HANSEN'S JUNKE

5 IN FLAVOUR (AND PLAI

Pineapple
Strawberry
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Junket, being a milk-based contains all the goodness milk . . . a variety of nutr necessary for a balanced di an attractive form.

HANSEN'S JUNKE TABLETS

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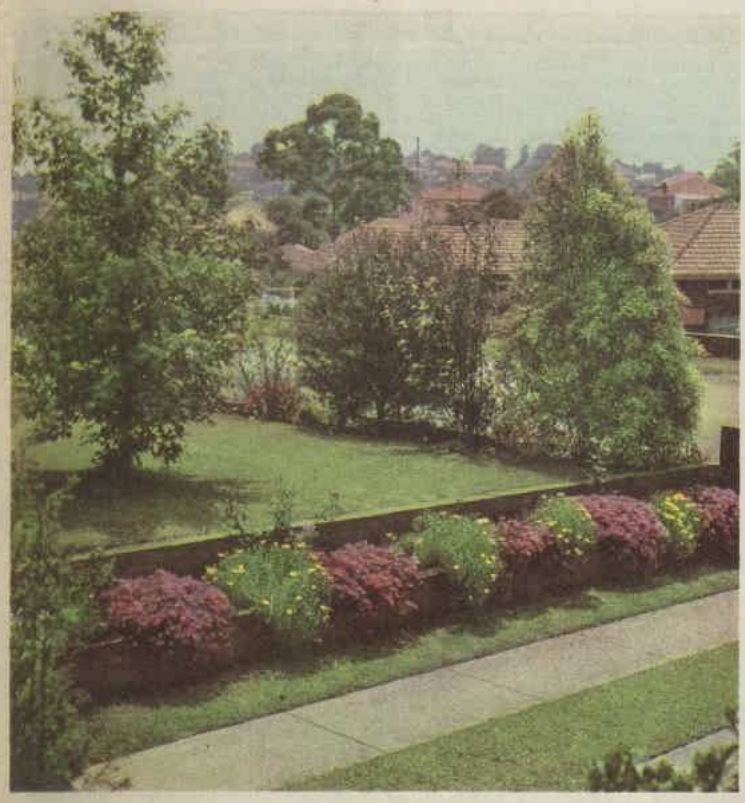
MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS

—continued



● *Most varieties are extremely useful for borders, as well as between rocks and covering banks or scarred ground.*

Gardening Book — page 41

● *The tiny heavy-headed flowers of this variety covering the bank at right are mingled with the larger-flowering type. Mesembryanthemums are easy to grow, but most are sensitive to frosts.*

● *Here is a leafy variety which possesses strongly marked flower heads.*

● *Very few other flowers can grow quite as densely as mesembryanthemums.*

Gardening Book — page 42

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Action elegance

. . . that's Speedo "Jetstream" Olympic racers. Tailored from fabulous lightweight BRI-NYLON "Jetstreams" are NON-TRANSPARENT even when wet and will never sag — completely guaranteed. Sleek, smooth, figure-hugging "Jetstreams" are the fashion fad on the beach or around the pool. Racing, relaxing, you can't go past a "Jetstream".

Both costumes illustrated are available in 14 colours. SOLID — White, Red, Black, Maroon, Newport Blue, Electric Blue, Royal, Navy, Empire Green, Forest Green. STRIPED—Black/Green, Red/Black, Electric Blue/Black, Green/Royal.

Manufactured by the "House of Speedo"

SPEEDO Jetstream

NOW IN BRI-NYLON

Get "Jetstreams" from your favourite men's or women's store, sports store or pool shop.

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Collectors' Corner

● ***Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique pottery, plate, and pewter.***

I have a pewter teapot which stands 8in. high with two bands on the handle which look like bone. Could you tell me its age, please? — Mrs. J. Lyall, Sth. Gippsland, Vic.

Your teapot (shown below) was made about 1875.

My table napkin-ring is decorated with filigree work in the form of tiny cupids. Could you give me some information about it, please? — Mrs. G. Staveley, Ryde, N.S.W.

Your napkin-ring (above) is American quadruple-plate and was made about 1900. It is electro-plate.

Could you tell me something about a jug that I own, please? It stands 6½in. high and is inlaid with small pieces of marble — Mrs. P. Spilsbury, Como West, N.S.W.

Your jug (right) is pottery, glazed and treated to simulate marble. It is English Doulton and was made about 1885.

USEFUL HOME HINTS

● **These handy hints, sent in by our readers, help you overcome everyday problems in the home. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/-.**

RIGHT-HAND rubber gloves usually wear out first. When they do, save the left-hand glove until you have two, then turn one inside-out and you have a new pair.—Mrs. V. Amor, Spence St., West Dubbo, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To prevent costume jewellery necklaces and bracelets staining the skin, coat the underneath surface with colorless nail polish — Miss Michele Palm, 19 Harker St., Burwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Double the life of plain curtains by making the top and bottom hems the same width. Curtains can then be reversed after each washing. — Mrs. M. Simpson, Box 193, P.O., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Bathroom curtains in gay terry towelling look very attractive. They absorb steam and are very easy to launder, and you can use left-over scraps to make matching guest towels. — Miss Olive Dobson, 2 Calbourne St., West Preston, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Using old razor blades to scrape paint off windows? Try fitting them into an old safety razor; it's much quicker and prevents cut fingers.—Mrs. M. P. East, 6 Cowrie Crescent, Mt. Pleasant, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Make a picnic tablecloth of plastic or cotton with a pocket in each corner. These can be filled with stones at the picnic to hold the cloth down on a windy day. — Mrs. L. W. Edwards, 13 The Crossway, Strathmore W.E., Melbourne.

Stop shoulder-straps slipping by sewing one end of 1in. length of narrow elastic to inside shoulder-seam of blouse or dress. Attach other end by means of a press-stud farther along seam. The shoulder-strap can be slipped through very easily and is quite secure.—Mrs. Valerie Brown, 24 Caithness Drive, Floreat Park, Perth.

★ ★ ★

Use an orange stick to get weeks of extra use from the end of a favorite or expensive lipstick. Apply a small amount of lipstick with the spatulate end of orange stick, draw a fine outside line with pointed tip, and fill in with the flat of the stick. — Mrs. Vivien Rothwell, 11 Stuart Highway, Alice Springs, N.T.

★ ★ ★

Cook stewing-chops or soup bones in a wire basket in the saucepan and the bone fragments can be easily strained from the stock. Leave basket in stock until cold and fat is lifted off easily. Use a wire basket also to cook beetroot. — Mrs. M. Clarke, 43 Paringa Ave., Somerton Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Add a few drops of rose water occasionally to jars of face cream during the hot weather. It will stop the cream from drying out and make it go further. — Mrs. Williams, Box 27, P.O., Ettalong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Remove fingermarks from patent leather by rubbing with a cloth dipped in cold milk. To preserve the leather rub some olive oil in with a flannel. Leave on the patent leather for a while, then polish with a dry cloth. This is excellent for preventing cracks in the leather. — Mrs. Martin Kiddle, 2 Gray Ave., Mangere East, Auckland, N.Z.

this week's

SUNDAE

Island Romance

One 15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple, 1 tray ice-cream, 3 slices rainbow cake, garnishings.

Fill sundae dish close to rim with crushed pineapple. Place scoop of vanilla ice-cream in centre, surround with broken rainbow cake. Dust ice-cream with crushed nuts and decorate with palm tree made of angelica strips on toothpick. Serves 6.

Continuing . . . MADAME SCANDAL

from page 70

ward. They chatted uneasily while waiting for the third member to form their committee of ways and means. While waiting for him, let us introduce him by his full style of General Sir Walter Bonsor-Kettlebridge, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., known among old friends and comrades-in-arms as "Bonzo."

These three old soldiers had much in common.

They had served together on three continents. Their respective wives were jealous and possessive women who, over the embattled years, had entertained the darkest suspicions regarding their husbands' extra-marital excursions and adventures.

To them, as to many women, the passage of time meant nothing. A fall from grace in the first decade of the century, or even a suspected fall from grace, was as fresh and vivid as though it had occurred recently. Each of these three wives had at various times known Millicent Pelham-Langley, and each, seeing her spectacular beauty and knowing something of her reputation, had wondered whether her husband had fallen under the spell of those emerald-green eyes.

"Frankly," said Bonzo after he had wetted his whistle, "I don't like it. Whatever may have happened — and I see not the smallest necessity for us to be so caddish as to compare notes — happened so long ago that I feel we were entitled to believe that it was dead, buried and forgotten.

"Milly didn't know the meaning of the word 'discretion' sixty years ago and, from one or two things I've heard since, I doubt very much indeed whether she's yet learned it. Milly just didn't care a damn what people thought."

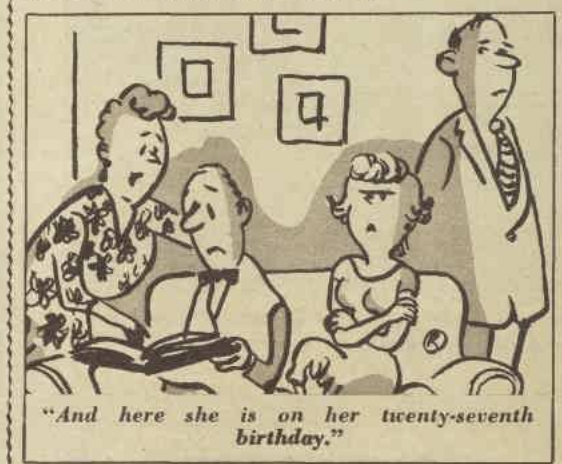
"Precisely, my dear chap," said Daddles with a misty look in his bright-blue eyes, "and that's what made her so irresistibly charming. She didn't speak evil of others, and it just didn't occur to her that others were not so charitable about her. But now — well, I don't mind admitting that the title she's chosen for her memoirs scares me stiff. 'Murder Will Out'! Ugh!"

"It's got to be stopped," said Rumpot firmly. "But how?"

"As you both know," said Daddles, "I usually favored a frontal attack, but I don't feel that will serve us now. I think now we've got to adopt diversionary tactics while one of us infiltrates the enemy's lines, so to speak."

"Splendid idea, Daddles!" said Rumpot enthusiastically. "And, as you probably knew Milly better than either of us did, you undoubtedly are the man."

"That," said Daddles with lofty reproof in his voice, "is something I am not prepared to discuss, but, if it is your wish, I will undertake to reconnoitre the position. I hope," he added tenderly, "that the years have been kind to Milly and that time has not destroyed all that loveliness."



"And here she is on her twenty-seventh birthday."

The three old soldiers sighed in unconscious unison, and, realising that they were on the forbidden borderland of a public display of sentiment, began hurriedly to discuss the merits and demerits of the Derby runners.

With masterly cunning Daddles chose the day of the big race to be absent from home. He did not specifically say that he was going to see the Derby run, for that would have been a direct lie, but his "Well, shan't see many more Derbies, I suppose!" when he left the house certainly left that impression on Lady Gallstone.

The railway station at Bellingdon Green is three miles from the village, so Daddles hired an ancient taxi for the drive to Primrose Cottage. The elderly driver, like many of this kind, was inclined to be chatty. "Where to, sir?" he asked when the general emerged from the station.

"Primrose Cottage. Know it?"

"If you'd asked me that a week ago, sir," said the driver, "I'd've told you I'd never 'eard of it. But blimey, you must be the sixth or seventh gentleman I've taken there since Monday. Funny 'ow things go. Nice old lady, too. Bin livin' 'ere for nigh on twenty years, and, so the neighbors say, never 'ad 'ardly no visitors till now."

The words were hardly out of the man's mouth when the general realised with alarm that the sensation stealing over him was jealousy. Who were these others who, like ghosts from the past, were beating a pathway to Primrose Cottage all because Milly—how sweet and lovely she had been!—was about to write her memoirs?

What did they fear? What could they fear unless they, too, had tasted the sweetness of her lips? Worse — how many of them had there been? So strong were the emotions engendered by these speculations that the old soldier felt himself torn asunder. Such was the power of a pair of emerald eyes he had not seen for more than forty years.

Primrose Cottage had a doll's-house quality. The biggest thing about it was a Tudor chimney stack which rose high above a thatched roof. Daddles' first thought was one of wonderment that there was room in it for such a splendidly proportioned girl and woman as Millicent Pelham-Langley had been in the long ago.

When she answered the knock at the front door Daddles would not have known her but for her unforgettable eyes, which seemed not to have changed at all.

"It's good to see you, Daddles," she said unaffectedly, holding her face up to be kissed like a child. To kiss her the old soldier was compelled to stoop, for she had shrunk with the years and now looked like a tiny Dresden-china doll.

"It's good to see you, Milly. On the way from the station I was trying to recall exactly when and where it was we last met."

"I can tell you, Daddles, and I'm hurt that you don't remember. It was in Cairo in 1917. You were on your way through to Mesopotamia. Jumbo was on the staff in Cairo. He was expecting me for dinner when you and I ran into each other. I forget exactly where.

"But what I don't forget, Daddles," she added with a laugh, "is that Jumbo was cross—very cross—when I didn't get home until breakfast-time. That was the last time I danced until dawn, Daddles, half a lifetime ago. And what fun it was! Now tell me what you've been doing all these years. Julia's well, I hope?"

"Yes, Milly, Julia's well—considering that she, like all of us, is getting a bit long in the tooth. I suppose I ought not to say so, but I have a strange fancy that Julia is quite indestructible."

"I always liked Julia, Daddles, even though I knew she didn't like me. I'm glad she's worn well. Does she know you're here today?"

"Heaven forbid, my dear!" said the old soldier explosively. "Don't think for a

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

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TEENAGE girl's bedroom (left) has a charming four-poster bed with broderie anglaise and taffeta spread. Pretty flower-sprigged wallpaper, rocking-chair, silk and velvet cushions, candlesticks add a feminine touch.—Pictures by Keith Barlow, staff photographer, taken at Grace Bros., Sydney.

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Continuing . . . MADAME SCANDAL

moment that I'm being disloyal, but Julia isn't the — well, the easiest woman to live with at any time, but if she knew I was here with you she'd be impossible."

"Where are you supposed to be?" asked Milly.

"At the Derby, of course. This is Derby Day."

"Then don't forget to buy a late-evening paper before you go home so that you'll have a thrilling eyewitness account of the race. I thought of going myself," she added sadly, "but it isn't much fun going alone, so I stayed at home. I'm glad now that I did. I can't tell you how happy I am to see you, Daddles, you naughty old man. You've still got that wicked twinkle in your eye."

Then over tea and crumpets, and later over whiskies and soda, they reminisced bitter-sweetly over past follies, voices that would never be heard again, names which had not crossed either of their minds for years until the lengthening shadows reminded the old soldier that it was time to leave.

"I hope, Milly, that none of this is going to appear in your memoirs," he said pointedly. "Some of it, I'm afraid, wouldn't look too well in print."

"But how could I leave out the best part, Daddles?" she asked, aghast. "Whether you believe me or not, the bits about you are the best part. You see, Daddles, I

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won't deny that I flirted with lots of men, but with you it wasn't just flirtation. It was wicked of me, I suppose, but I went on hoping for years that you'd divorce Julia and, when you didn't, I—well, I married Jumbo, but although I've never said this to a soul until now, I didn't ever love him."

"My dear Milly," said the general, panic-stricken at the turn the conversation had taken, "I find all this most embarrassing, but not half as embarrassing as that damned book of yours could be if you don't excerise a little discretion."

"But Daddles, my darling," said Milly with laughter in her eyes, "I have no discretion. You of all people should certainly know that."

"And while we're on the subject, my dear Milly, can't you possibly think of a less — a less menacing title than 'Murder Will Out'?"

"I did think of 'Kittapore Days and Nights' as a title, but then, you see, it was hardly suitable, because only about half the book will be about Kittapore."

"Half the book!" exclaimed the general, leaping from his chair in a positive frenzy. "If you have the smallest consideration for me, the most you'll do is gloss over Kittapore."

"You don't have to be alarmed, Daddles, because I don't call you Daddles in the book. I've changed your name to Diddles so nobody will recognise it. Do you remember the time when we were all staying with the maharajah and you climbed over the roof to kiss me good night? That was terribly sweet and brave of you, Daddles. It made me so happy that I cried myself to sleep."

"Yes, and what you seem to forget is that I lost my way back and spent the night on the roof. Julia was very nasty about that. I cooked up some story with Bonzo about a bet."

"Ah, dear Bonzo! Is he still above ground? Give him my love, won't you, and tell him I'd adore to see him. There's nearly a whole chapter about Bonzo, but not as much as there is about you."

"You know, my dear, deeply touched as I am by your remembrance of all these childish pranks, I would prefer on the whole to forgo the honor of figuring in your memoirs and, I believe, Bonzo would be of the same mind if you were to consult him."

"Childish pranks, Daddles! That isn't a bit how I remember it. Not at all. We were both young, of course, but the way you talk of it, one would think we were in our cradles."

"Now, my dear, let's talk about you. What have you been doing lately?"

"Me? Nothing, Daddles. I have a cat and my knitting and my memories. I'm an old lady of over eighty, whose only real pleasures are to see a few old friends and to relive the old days that were so utterly different from today that I sometimes wonder, sitting here alone by the fireside, whether I didn't dream it all. So, you see, time doesn't hang heavily for me — especially now that I am working on my memoirs . . .

"Must you go, Daddles? Well, if you must, you must. But come again soon — and before you go, let me show you something I found the other day."

The something was an old dance programme numbered for each dance and with a blank space beside each for the name of the partner. Attached by a wisp of silken cord was a pencil. Across the card, in the general's own handwriting, was the bold legend, "All with Daddles."

"We danced every dance together that night — you naughty old man. It's funny, but I can't remember where it was — Poona, Ootacamund, or one of the other hill stations. All I remember is that you were the handsomest man present and, of course, some of the terrible things you whispered in my ear. How tongues must have wagged!"

DADDLES retorted, "How tongues would wag, my dear Milly, if you should ever let any of that appear in print!"

"Come again soon, Daddles, won't you, and then you'll be able to help me censor the — naughty parts. And please, before you come the next time telephone me. You see, I have several old friends coming to refresh my memories of all sorts of things and—well, you understand, it might be embarrassing for you—not for me —if you ran into them. Goodbye, dear Daddles, and thank you for coming."

. . . . .

The three old conspirators, Daddles, Bonzo, and Rumpot, met once again in the bar of the Ancient Warriors. "This," said Daddles, reporting on his visit to Milly, "is quite clearly a case of each man for himself. I do not know and, frankly, prefer not to know, which episodes in your respective associations with Milly would cause you embarrassment.

"Even at our ages, there are things which gentlemen may not discuss. It is my considered opinion, therefore, that you should each make the pilgrimage to Primrose Cottage, see Milly and—well, protect your own interests in your own fashion. Mark you," he added with a flash of jealousy he could not control, "I am far from convinced that Milly was ever sufficiently interested in either of you to warrant your feeling—er—compromised. It's up to you now. Her phone number is Bellingdon Green 0027."

"As you say, Daddles," remarked Bonzo somewhat stuffily, with resentment blazing from his eyes, "these are matters which we may not discuss, but all the same you don't have to behave so dashed proprietorially about it all."

So matters rested for some months, during which Daddles, Bonzo, and Rumpot, to say nothing of an unknown number of ghosts from Milly's past — unknown anyway to everyone but Milly herself and the Bellingdon Green taxi-driver — were visitors to Primrose Cottage.

They came fearfully, but like the fools who came to scoff, they stayed to pray, for now, near the end of their

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Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.

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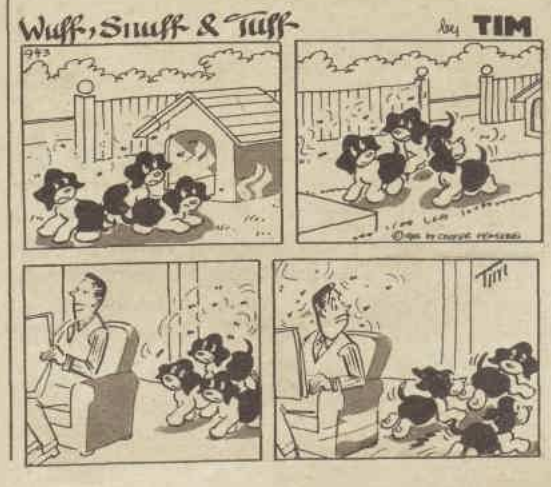

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"Ever since he built that outdoor fireplace they've been eating every meal out there."

Continuing . . . MADAME SCANDAL

from page 75

lives and hers, they were discovering with pleasure and amazement that the old magic of her charm still lived.

"Blimey!" said the Bellingdon Green taxi-driver on one of Daddles' visits, as a car swung out of Moat Lane, at the bottom of which was Primrose Cottage. "If this keeps up we'll soon be 'aving traffic lights, you know!"

"Kindly keep such observations to yourself!" snarled the general, experiencing once again the surge of a jealousy beyond all reason.

"How are the memoirs coming along, Milly?" asked Daddles on another visit, realising with a shock that it had been a number of months since they had been mentioned.

"Slowly, Daddles, slowly! My fingers get cramped holding a pen for long. But I hope to turn the manuscript over to the publishers within three months. I shall be glad when it is done, dear Daddles, because between ourselves I'm a very tired old woman. Writing about life is so dull, not a bit like living it."

Then one day as summer was dying the general arrived to find a doctor's car outside Primrose Cottage. The doctor himself opened the door. "General Gallstone?" he asked, "before you come in, general, I should warn you that Lady Millicent is in a very low state. There is a nurse in the house now."

"Is she seriously ill?"

The doctor nodded. "Had she not expressly asked to see you I would have forbidden visitors. Please do not stay too long."

Milly seemed tinier than ever propped up by pillows in the big four-poster bed and wearing a dainty lace cape. Her skin was translucent. Only the startling emerald eyes were unchanged and even now laughter lurked behind them.

"I'm so glad you came, dear Daddles," she said, slipping her hand into his trustingly like a little girl. "It would have been horrid to go without saying goodbye to you—as it won't be long now.

"Take this letter, please Daddles," she said, giving him an envelope, "and don't open it until I'm gone. I've made you my literary executor—what a pomposity that sounds! You will know the right thing, the kind thing, to do when you have read it. I know I've been very naughty, but I've tried never to be unkind or waspish.

"Wasps leave a sting behind them when they go and I must do that. You will understand. No Daddles, no tears! We—you and I—aren't the weeping kind. Go over there and stand by the window. I want to look at you through my closed eyes—to fix you in my mind."

The general did as she bade him, standing at attention with the afternoon sun streaming through the window on his tall, spare, erect figure. "You know, Daddles, you are older than I am," she said with a chuckle, "but even now you're a handsome old devil, and you've still got a wicked twinkle in your eye.

"Poor Julia! She can't have known any peace of mind with you on the rampage. Be good to her, Daddles, for the time that remains. Don't cry for me, I implore you. I'm not worth it. I'm only gilt, but Julia is pure gold. She's given you her love over the years, while I only gave you a little bit of mine. Never forget that.

"Now go, please. Thank you for everything, Daddles, for coming to me today and just for being you. When you remember me, old friend, let it be as I was, not as I am. Warn yourself by remembering the outrageous things you whispered to me as we danced that night in Siam. They're warmed me often enough, dear, dear Daddles, in the lonely years between. Go, Daddles, go before we make fools of ourselves."

As the old soldier bent down to kiss her lightly on the cheeks, he knew that he was looking into those emerald eyes for the last time. Straightening himself, he turned and marched out of the room without once looking back.

That evening when the general returned home, Lady Gallstone looked at him sharply and said, "You'd better let me bathe your eyes, Daddles. They look quite inflamed."

"Must have got some dust in them. They feel a bit sore."

"I should know the feeling, Daddles, for you've thrown enough dust in mine!"

. . . . . .

The general opened Milly's letter on the morning he read of her death. It read:

"Dearest Daddles: There never were any memoirs. 'Murder Will Out' was never written. I did what I did because I was so hideously cruelly lonely and wanted a few old friends to come and talk to me. Let my literary executor, put it right for me in the way that seems best to you. Let people know that my indiscretions are dying with me. Goodbye, you wicked old man. Milly."

The "Personal" column of "The Times" a few days later carried an announcement which was read with sighs of relief in many parts of the world:

"The Literary Executor of the late Lady Millicent Pelham-Langley wishes to announce that, owing to errors and omissions in 'Murder Will Out,' which cannot now be rectified, the book is being withdrawn and the manuscript destroyed."

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Continuing . . .

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 38

his cabin, before his men had taken over the ship. He probably hadn't bothered to shift it since the takeover. Where would he have hidden it where a steward wouldn't stumble across it?

That ruled out all the furniture fittings, all the places I'd wasted time searching. It also ruled out bed, blankets, mattresses—but not the carpet! The ideal hiding-place for a sheet of paper.

I almost threw myself at the carpet in his sleeping cabin. The carpets in the Campari's accommodation were secured by press-button studs for ease of quick removal. I caught the corner of the carpet by the door, ripped free a dozen studs, and there it was right away, six inches in from the edge. A large sheet of canvas paper, folded in four, with "T.E.S. Fort Ticonderoga. Most Secret" printed in one corner. Five minutes to go.

I stared at the paper until I had memorised its exact position relative to the carpet, picked it up and smoothed it out. Diagrams of the Ticonderoga with complete stowage plans of the cargo. But all I was interested in was the deck cargo. The plan showed crates stacked on both fore- and aft-decks, and twenty of those on the fore-deck were marked with a heavy red cross. Red for gold.

In a small, careful hand Carreras had written on the side: "All deck-cargo crates identical in size. Gold in waterproof, kapok - filled welded steel boxes to float free in event of damage or sinking. Each crate equipped with yellow water-stain." I supposed this was some chemical which when it came in contact with salt water, would stain the sea for a wide area around.

I read on: "Gold crates indistinguishable from general cargo. All crates stamped, 'Harmsworth & Holden Electrical Engineering Company.' Stated contents generators and turbines. For'ard deck cargo consigned to Nashville, Tennessee, exclusively turbines: after-deck cargo consigned to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, exclusively generators. So marked. For'ard twenty crates on for'ard deck gold."

I STUDIED the plan, which corresponded exactly to Carreras' observations, and I studied the observations themselves until I knew I would never forget a word of them. I folded and replaced the plan exactly as I had found it, pressed the carpet snapstuds back into place, went swiftly through the cabins on a last check to ensure that I had left no trace of my passing: there were none that I could see. I locked the door and left. I reached number four hold within two minutes of leaving Carreras' cabin.

I needn't have hurried. Carreras had made no attempt to replace the tarpaulin he'd had to pull back in order to remove the battens, and I could see straight down into the bottom of the hold.

Four men down there, two holding powerful electric lanterns, Carreras with a gun, the lanky, stooped form of Dr. Slingsby Caroline, still wearing that ridiculous white wig askew on his head, bent over the Twister. I couldn't see what he was doing.

I rose to my feet and made a couple of cautious circuits of the hatch, the first close in, the second farther out. But Carreras had no prowlers there: apart from the guards on the gun, the after-deck appeared to be completely deserted. I returned to the port for'ard corner of the hatch and settled down to wait.

I hoped I wouldn't have to wait too long. The sea-water had been cold, that heavy rain was cold, the wind was cold, I was soaked to the skin and was recurringly and increasingly subject to violent bouts of shivering. Maybe the thought of Dr. Caroline's hand slipping had something to do with the shivering.

Another five minutes, and I took a second cautious peek down into the hold. Still at it. I rose, stretched, and began to pace softly up and down to ward off the stiffness and cramp that was settling down on my body, especially on the legs. If things went the way I hoped I couldn't afford to have stiffness anywhere.

I peered down a third time into the hold, and this time stayed in that stooped position, unmoving. Dr. Caroline had finished. Under the watchful eye and gun of the radio operator, he was screwing the brass-topped lid back on to the coffin while Carreras and the other man had the lid already off the next coffin and were bent over it, presumably fusing the conventional explosive inside: probably it was intended as a stand-by in case of the malfunction of the Twister or, even more probably, in the event of the failure of the Twister's timing mechanism, it was designed to set it off by sympathetic detonation.

The crucial moment had come.

The crucial moment for Dr. Caroline. I knew — as he was bound to know — that they couldn't afford to let him live. He'd done all they required of him. He was of no further use to them. He could die any moment now. If they chose to put a gun to his head and murder him where he stood, there was nothing in the world I could do about it, nothing I would even try to do about it. I would just have to stand there silently, without movement or protest, and watch him die.

For if I let Dr. Caroline die without making any move to save him, then only he would die; but if I tried to save him and failed, then not only Caroline but every member of the passengers and crew of the Campari would die also. The greatest good of the greatest number . . . Would they shoot him where he stood or would they do it on the upper deck?

Logic said they would do it on the upper deck. Carreras would be using the Campari for a few days yet, he wouldn't be wanting a dead man lying in the hold and there would be no point in shooting him down there and then carrying him up above when he could make the climb under his own steam and be disposed of on the upper deck.

Caroline tightened the last screw, laid down the screwdriver and straightened. I caught a glimpse of his face, white, strained. The radio operator said: "Senor Carreras?"

Carreras straightened, turned, looked at him, then at Caroline and nodded.

"Take him to his cabin, Carlos. Report here afterwards."

I moved back swiftly as a torch shone vertically upwards from the hold. Carlos was already climbing the ladder. "Report here afterwards." For a moment I panicked, hands clenched on my pitiful weapons, irresolute, paralysed in thought and action. Without any justification whatsoever I'd had the picture firmly in mind of being able to dispose of Caroline's appointed executioner without arousing suspicion. Had Carlos, the radio operator, been under instructions to knock off the unsuspecting Caroline on the way for'ard then carry on himself to his wireless office, then I might have disposed of him and hours might have passed before Carreras got suspicious.

HEAVY rain was slanting whitely through the wavering torch beam as Carlos climbed swiftly up the ladder. By the time he reached the top I was round the other side of the hatch coaming, lying flat on the deck.

Cautiously, I hitched an eye over the top of the coaming. Carlos was standing upright on the deck now, his torch shining downwards into the hold. I saw Dr. Caroline's white head appear, saw Carlos move back a couple of steps, and then Caroline, too, was over the top, a tall hunched figure pulling high his collar against the cold lash of the rain. I heard, but failed to understand, a quick sharp command and then they were moving off diagonally, Caroline leading, Carlos with his torch on him from behind, in the direction of the companionway leading up to "B" deck.

Was Carlos taking him back to his cabin after all? I never finished the thought, I was running after them as quickly, as lightly, as silently as the stiffness in my legs would permit. Of course Carlos was taking him in the direction of the companionway, had he marched him straight toward the rail Caroline would have known at once what awaited him, would have turned and hurled himself against Carlos with all the frantic savagery of a man who knows he is about to die.

Five seconds, only five seconds elapsed from the time I started running until I caught up with them. I was only three or four feet away when, in the backwash of light from the torch, I saw Carlos reverse his grip on his tommy-gun, catch it by the barrel, swing it up high over his head. It had reached its highest point and was just started on the down-swing when the base of the heavy marline-spike caught him on the back of the neck with all my weight and fury behind it.

I caught the tommy-gun out of his suddenly nerveless hand before it could crash to the deck and made a grab for the torch. I missed. The torch struck the deck with a muffled thud, it must have been a ship's rubber composition issue, rolled over a couple of times and came to

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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rest, its beam shining straight out over the edge of the ship. Carlos himself pitched heavily forward, struck Dr. Caroline, and the two of them fell against the lower steps of the companionway.

"Keep quiet!" I whispered urgently. "Keep quiet if you want to live!" I dived for the torch, fumbled desperately for the switch, and turned it off.

I found the trigger on the automatic pistol and stood there stock-still, staring aft into the darkness, in the direction of both the hold and the gun, striving to pierce the darkness, listening as if my life depended on it. Which it did. Ten seconds I waited. Nothing. I had to move, I couldn't afford to wait another ten seconds. Thirty seconds would have been enough for Carlos to dispose of Dr. Caroline: a few seconds after that and Carreras would start wondering what had happened to his trusty henchman.

I thrust gun and torch toward Caroline, found his hands in the darkness. "Hold these," I said softly.

"What — what is this?" An agonised whisper in the dark.

"He was going to smash your head in. Now shut up. You can still die. I'm Carter, the chief officer." I'd pulled Carlos clear of the companionway where he'd held Caroline pinned by the legs and was going through his pockets as quickly as I could in the darkness. The key to the wireless office. I'd seen him take it from his right-hand trousers pocket, but it wasn't there any more. The left-hand one. Not there, either. Desperately I tore at the patch-pockets of his army-type blouse, and I found it in the second pocket. But I'd lost at least twenty seconds.

"Stay here." I shoved the key into a safe inner pocket, caught the guard by his collar, and started to drag him across the wet deck. It was less than ten feet to the ship's rail. I dropped him, located the hinged section of the teak rail, fumbled for the catch, released it, swung the rail through 180 degrees, and snapped it back in its open position. I caught the guard by his shoulders, eased the upper part of his body over the second rail, then tipped the legs high.

I ran back to where Dr. Caroline was still sitting on the lower steps of the companionway. "Quick, give me your wig."

"My wig. But—it's glued on."

I leaned forward, clamped my left hand over his mouth, and pulled savagely with my right.

The machine-gun was still in his hand. I snatched it away, whirled, and stopped motionless. For the second time in a minute I could see rain slanting whitely through the vertical beam of a torch. That meant only one thing: someone was climbing up the ladder from the bottom of the hold.

I reached the ship's side in three long steps, placed the wig in the scuppers, laid the gun on top of it, raced back to the companion way, jerked Dr. Caroline to feet, and dragged him toward bosun's store, less than ten feet board from the companionway. door was still less than half-o shut when Carreras appeared o the coaming, but his torch wa pointing at us. I closed the d silently until only a crack remain

Carreras was closely followed another man, also with a tor Both of them headed straight the ship's side. I saw the be of Carreras' torch suddenly sta on the opened rail, then heard sharp exclamation as he bent f ward and peered in the scuppers. moment later he was erect a examining the gun and the wig held in his hand. Then he start talking rapidly to his compan but it was in Spanish and I could get it. He then examined the side of the wig, indicated so thing with the torch beam, sho his head in what might have be sorrow but was more probably ex perated anger, flung the wig o the side, and returned to the ho taking the tommy-gun with him.

His companion followed.

"Our friend didn't seem happy," I murmured.

"You heard him. One of his men dead and all he could call was a crazy fool, and he laughed when the other man s gested they turn the ship to for him."

"You understand Spanish?"

"Pretty well. He said somethi like: 'Just like that sadistic so-and to force Caroline to open the so that he could see what was co ing to him.' He thinks I sur on the guard, grabbed his gun that in the fight, before we h went overboard, my wig was off. There was a handful of my h sticking to the underside of the w he says."

"Sorry about that, Dr. Carolin

"You saved both our lives. Mi anyway. Sorry!" Dr. Caroline thought, was a pretty strong-ner person, he was recovering from shock. "It was that handful of h that convinced him."

I said nothing, and he w "Please tell me exactly what is ing on?"

FOR the next minutes, while I kept watch throu that crack in the doorway, Dr. Ca line plied me with questions and answered them as quickly and brie as I could. At the end of the f minutes he knew as much about past developments as I did mo what he didn't know was what to come, for I hadn't the heart tell him. He was giving me details of his kidnap when Carre and his companion appeared.

They replaced battens, tied tarpaulins, and went for'ard with any delay. That meant, I suppo that the fusing of the auxili time-bombs in the other two coff was complete. I unwrapped torch from its oilskin cover looked around the store, picked a few tools, and switched off light.

"Right," I said to Carolin "Come on."

"Where?"

"Back down that hold. Hurry

Two minutes later, with the h tens and tarpaulins as well pull back into place as possible alm us, we were on the floor of the h

I gave Caroline the torch to hol selected a screwdriver, and start on the lid of the brass-plaqued fin.

"For pity's sake be careful! Th weapon is armed! It's due to off at seven o'clock. It's unsa highly unsafe. It's as unstable hell, Carter. I know, I know!" unsteady hand was on my arm, face contorted with anxiety. development on this missile was fully completed when it was sent The fuse mechanism was only in untried experimental state, a tests showed that the retaini spring on a trembler switch is too weak. The Twister is dead normally, but this trembler swit is brought into circuit as soon as is armed.

"And?"

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"A jar, a knock, the slightest fall — anything could overcome the ension of the spring and short-ircuit the firing mechanism. Fifteen econds later the bomb goes up."

"Have you told Carreras this?"

"I told him. He won't listen. I hink—I think Carreras is a little ad. More than a little. He seems erfectly prepared to take a chance. nd he has the Twister tightly acked in cotton-wool and blankets eliminate the possibility of a jar."

I gazed at him for a long moment ithout really seeing him, then got n with the next screw. It seemed uch stiffer than the last one but was just possible that I wasn't pplying so much pressure as I had een before. For all that, I had all e screws undone inside three min-tes. Gently I slid off the lid, placed to one side, slowly peeled back couple of blankets and there lay e Twister. It looked more evil an ever.

I stood up, took the torch from aroline and said: "Armed, eh?"

"Of course."

"There are your tools. Disarm e cursed thing."

He stared at me, his face sud-enly empty of expression. "That's hy we're here?"

"Why else? Surely it was obvious. et on with it."

"It can't be done."

"Look, friend, you armed the amn' thing. Just reverse the pro-ess, that's all."

"Impossible." Finality in the voice. When it's armed, the mechanism locked in position. With a key. he key is in Carreras' pocket."

I THOUGHT of all e impossible solutions to this one d recognised them at once for at they were—impossible. I knew hat had to be done now, the only ing that could be done. I said, edly: "Do you know, Dr. Caro-e, that you've just condemned ty people to certain death?"

"I have done that?"

"Well, Carreras. When he put at key in his pocket he was con-mning himself and all his men to ath just as surely as the man who alls the switch for the electric air. And what am I worrying out, anyway? Death's the only rtain and permanent cure for ourges like Carreras and the ople who associate with him. As r Lord Dexter, he's rolling in the ff. He can always build another mpari."

"What are you talking about? e you feeling all right, Carter?"

"Of course I'm all right," I said ritably. "Everybody's always ask-g the same stupid questions."

I stooped, picked up the rope ommet and Haltrac Midget Hoist taken from the bosun's store. en rose wearily to my feet. "Come Doctor, give me a hand. I nt to get the Twister over to the rt side hidden in the tarpaulins hind the baffle."

"Are you crazy?" he whispered. ou're going to lift it out of its ffin with—with that? One little p, the tiniest jar——"

"Are you going to help me?"

He shook his head, shuddered. d turned away. I hooked the ist on to a head-high rung of e ladder, pulled the lower block til it hung just above the Twister. cked up the grommet, and moved ound to the tail of the weapon. was stooping low over it when I ard a quick footstep behind me d a pair of arms locked them-ves around my body, arms in-rmed with all the strength of fear d desperation.

"Let go!" I said savagely. "What e hell do you think you're doing?"

"I'm not going to let you do it! m not going to let you kill us ll!"

I half turned, thrust backwards ith all the power of my good leg. d heard him gasp as his back ruck heavily against the ship's side. momentary loosening of his grip, wrench, and I was free. I picked p the big marline-spike and showed to him in the light of the torch.

"I don't want to use this," I said ietly. "Next time I will. Can't u stop shaking long enough to alise that I'm trying to save all r lives, not throw them away on't you realise that anyone might ass by up top any moment, see the ose tarpaulin, and investigate?"

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He stood there, hunched against the metal, staring down at the floor. He said nothing. I turned, took the torch in my teeth, placed the grommet on the edge of the coffin, and went down to lift the tail of the Twister. It weighed a ton. I managed to lift it perhaps three inches and didn't see how I was going to hold it there for even a couple of seconds when I heard a footstep and a kind of moan behind me.

I tensed, braced myself for the next assault, then relaxed slowly as Dr. Caroline stepped past me, bent down, and slid the grommet round the tail of the Twister. Together we managed to move the grommet up to approximately the mid-point of the missile. Neither of us said anything.

I hauled on the Haltrac pulley until it became taut. Dr. Caroline said hoarsely: "It'll never take it. That thin cord——"

"It's tested to a thousand pounds." I hauled some more and the tail began to lift. The grommet wasn't central. I lowered it again, the grommet was adjusted, and next time I hauled the Twister came clear along its entire length. When it was about three inches above its cotton-wool and blanket bed I set the autolock.

"How are you going to get it across to the other side?" Caroline's voice had lost its shake now; it was flat and without inflection, the voice of a man resigned to the dark inevitability of a nightmare.

"We'll carry it across. Wait here," I said. I took the torch, crossed to the port side, picked up a couple of tarpaulins from behind the baffle, and dragged them across the floor. "We'll place it on these and pull it across."

"Pull it across the floor? Bump it across the floor?" He wasn't as resigned to the nightmare as I had thought.

He looked at me, then at the Twister, then at me again, and said with unshakable conviction: "You're mad."

"Can't you think of something else to say?" I grabbed the pulley again, released the lock, hauled, and kept on hauling. Caroline wrapped both arms round the Twister as it came clear of the coffin, struggling to make sure that the nose of the missile didn't collide with the baffle.

"Step over the baffle and take it with you," I said. "Keep your back to the ladder as you turn."

He nodded silently, his face strained and set in the pale beam of the torch. He put his back to the ladder, tightened his grip on the Twister, an arm on each side of the grommet, lifted his leg to clear the baffle, then staggered as a sudden roll of the ship threw the weight of the missile against him. His foot caught the top of the baffle, the combined forces of the Twister

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and the ship's roll carried him beyond his centre of gravity, he cried out and overbalanced heavily across the baffle to the floor of the hold.

I'd seen it coming — or, rather, I'd seen the last second of it happening. I swept my hand up blindly, hit the autolock and jumped for the swinging missile, throwing myself between it and the ladder, dropping my torch as I reached out with both hands to prevent the nose from crashing into the ladder. In the sudden impenetrable darkness I missed the Twister — but it didn't miss me. It struck me just below the breast-bone with a force that brought an agonised gasp from me, then I'd both arms wrapped round that polished aluminium shell as if I were going to crush it in half.

"The torch," I yelled. Somehow, in that moment, it didn't seem in any way important that I should keep down my voice.

"My ankle—"

"The hell with your ankle! Get the torch!"

I heard him give a half-suppressed moan, then sensed that he was clambering over the baffle. I heard him again, his hands scuffing over the steel floor. Then silence.

"Have you found it?" The Campari had started on its return roll and I was fighting to keep my balance.

"I've found it."

"Then switch it on, you fool!"

"I can't." A pause. "It's broken."

That helped a lot. I said quickly: "Catch hold of the end of this damn' thing. I'm slipping."

He did, and the strain eased. He said: "Have you any matches?"

"Matches!" Carter showing inhuman restraint, if it hadn't been for the Twister it would have been funny. "Matches! After being towed through the water for five minutes alongside the Campari?"

"I hadn't though of that," he said gravely. A few moments' silence, then he offered: "I have a lighter."

"Heaven help America," I said fervently. "If all her scientists—light it, man, light it!"

A WHEEL scraped on flint and a flickering pool of pale yellow light did its pitiful best to illuminate that one tiny corner of the dark hold.

"The block and tackle. Quickly." I waited until he had reached it. "Take the strain on the free end, knock off the lock and lower gently. I'll guide it on to the tarpaulins."

I moved out half a step from the baffle, taking much of the weight of the missile with me. I was barely a couple of feet away from the tarpaulins when I heard the click of the autolock coming off and suddenly my back was breaking. The pulley had gone completely slack, the entire 275lb. of the Twister was in my arms, the Campari was rolling away from me, I couldn't hold it, I knew I couldn't hold it, my back was breaking. I staggered and lurched forward, and the Twister, with myself above and still clinging desperately to it, crashed heavily on to the tarpaulins with a shock that seemed to shake the entire floor of the hold.

I freed my arms and climbed shakily to my feet. Dr. Caroline, the flickering flame held just at the level of his eyes, was staring down at the gleaming missile like a man held in thrall, his face a frozen mask of all the terrible emotions he'd ever known. Then the spell broke.

"Fifteen seconds!" he shouted hoarsely. "Fifteen seconds to go!"

He flung himself at the ladder, but got no further than the second step when I locked arms round himself and the ladder. He struggled violently, frantically, briefly, then relaxed.

"How far do you think you're going to get in fifteen seconds?" I said. I don't know why I said it, I was barely aware that I had said it, I had eyes and mind only for the missile lying there, my face probably showed all the emotions that Dr. Caroline's had been registering. And he was staring, too.

Ten seconds passed. Twelve. Fifteen. Twenty. Half a minute. I eased my aching lungs—I hadn't drawn breath in all that time—and my grip round Caroline and the ladder. "Well," I said, "how far would you have got?"

Dr. Caroline climbed slowly down the two steps to the floor of the hold, dragged his gaze away from the missile, looked at me for a long moment with uncomprehending eyes, then smiled. "Do you know, Mr. Carter, the thought never occurred to me." His voice was steady and his smile wasn't the smile of a crazy man. Dr. Caroline had known that he was going to die and then he hadn't died, and nothing would ever be quite so bad again.

"You grab the trailing rope first and then release the autolock," I said reproachfully. If I was light-headed, who was to blame me? "Not the other way around. You might remember the next time."

THERE are some things for which to make an apology is impossible, so he didn't even try. He said regretfully: "I'm afraid I'll never make a sailorman. But at least we know now that the retaining spring on the trembler switch is not as weak as we had feared." He smiled wanly. "Mr. Carter, I think I'll have a cigarette."

"I think I'll join you," I said.

After that is was easy — well, relatively easy. We still treated the Twister with the greatest respect — had it struck at some other angle it might have detonated — but not with respect exaggerated to the extent of tiptoeing terror.

We dragged it on its tarpaulins across to the other side of the hold, transferred the Haltrac hoist to the corresponding ladder on the port side, arranged a couple of spare tarpaulins and blankets from the coffin to make a cushioned bed for the Twister between baffle and ship's side, hoisted the missile across the baffle without any of the acrobatics that had accompanied the last transfer, lowered it into position, pulled over the blankets, and covered it completely with the tarpaulins on which we had dragged it across the floor.

"It'll be safe here?" Dr. Caroline inquired.

"They'll never see it. They'll never even think to look here."

"What do you propose to do now?"

"Leave with all possible speed. I've played my luck far enough. But first the coffin — must weight it to compensate for the absence of the Twister, then batten down the lid again."

"And then where do we go?"

"You're not going anywhere. You're staying here." I explained to him just why he had to stay there, and he didn't like it one little bit. But he saw that it had to be done, and the fear of certain death eventually outweighed the very understandable and almost hysterical panic my suggestion had caused him.

Five minutes later I battened down the coffin lid for the last time, thrust the screwdriver into my pocket, and left the hold.

I took my time making my way for'ard. There was no hurry any more, and now that the worst was behind I had no mind to destroy it all or destroy us all by undue haste. I was a black shadow, at one with the blackness of the night, and no ghost was ever half so quiet.

I had no means of telling the time, but at least twenty minutes must have passed before I once more found myself outside the wireless office. Every major event in the past three days, right from the very first, had in some way or other stemmed from that wireless office: it seemed only fitting that it should also be the scene of the playing of the last card left in my hand.

The padlock was through the hasp and it was locked. That meant there was no one inside. I retreated to the shelter of the nearest boat and settled down to wait. The fact that there was no one in there didn't mean that there wasn't going to be someone there very soon. Tony Carreras had mentioned that their stooges on the Ticonderoga reported course and position every hour.

Carlos, the man I'd killed, must have been waiting for just such a message, and if there was another report due through, then it was a certainty that Carreras would have his other operator up to intercept it. At this state of the game, he would be leaving nothing at all to chance. And, neither was I: the radio operator bursting in and finding me sitting in front of his transmitter was the last thing I could have afford happen.

The rain drummed pitilessly on my bent back. I couldn't get any wetter than I was, but I could get colder. I got colder, very cold indeed, and within fifteen minutes I was shivering constantly. Twice guards padded softly by. But on both occasions the guards passed by oblivious. The shivering became even worse. Would that damned radio operator never come?

Then the click of a key turning in the padlock, the faint creak of the door, the metallic sound of it shutting, a faint gleam of light behind the curtained window. Our friend preparing to receive, I thought. He wouldn't stay long, that was a safe enough guess, just long enough to take down the latest details of course and speed of the Ticonderoga and take it up to Carreras on the bridge. I presumed that Carreras would still be there, it would be entirely out of keeping with the man if, in those last few crucial hours, he didn't remain on the bridge and take personal charge of the entire operation as he had done throughout.

My thoughts stopped dead right there because whatever else Carreras had not established himself as — and there were many things — he had established himself as a consistent, prudent, and methodical man: he'd never yet worked out any chart problems on figures supplied him without coming to have a check made by his trusty navigator, Chief Officer John Carter.

My mind churned into low gear again, but it didn't make any difference. True, he'd sometimes waited some hours before having his check made, but he wouldn't be waiting some hours tonight because by then it would be far too late. We couldn't be more than three hours now from our rendezvous with the Ticonderoga, and he'd want a check made immediately.

NOTHING was surer than that within ten or fifteen minutes of that message coming through he'd be calling at the sick-bay. To find his navigator gone. To find the door locked from the inside. To find MacDonald waiting with a gun in his hand. MacDonald had only one automatic, Carreras could call on forty men with submachine-guns.

When the radio operator left the office, if I got inside unseen, if I was left undisturbed to send off the message, how long would that leave me to get back to the sick-bay? Ten minutes, not any more than ten minutes, say seven or eight minutes. I could make my way under the guard-rail right aft to the port side, where I had left the rope ropes tied to the guard-rail stanchion, secure one end of myself, grab the lifeline, give the signal to the bosun, and myself into the water, then make the long and drowning trip back to the sick-bay. Ten minutes? Eight?

I knew I could never do it in double that time. The trip from the sick-bay to the after-deck through that had been any criterion, the trip back, against tide and with the current, would take at least twice as long. If the first trip had been enough the end of me, minutes? The chances were high I'd never get back at all.

Or the radio operator could kill the radio as he left the office, the way Carreras would never the message. But he would be waiting for it, eh, would be waiting for it if it didn't come minutes he was going someone to investigate when that someone found operator was dead or the balloon would be up a vengeance.

There was a way. In a way that gave little hope of success, with added drawback that I be forced to leave those incriminating ropes at to the guard-rail aft. least it didn't carry an outright guarantee failure.

I stopped, felt for coiled fall rope, cut it my clasp-knife. One the rope I secured waist with a bowline rest of it, about sixty wrapped round my tucking the end in. I

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 80

for and found the radio office key that I'd taken off the dead Carlos. I waited.

A minute elapsed, no more, then the radio operator appeared, locked the door behind him and made for the companionway, leading up to the bridge. Thirty seconds later I was sitting in the seat he'd just vacated, looking up the call-sign of the Fort Ticonderoga.

Twice I tapped out the call-sign of the Ticonderoga, and on the second occasion I got an acknowledgement. One of Carreras' radio operator stooges aboard the Ticonderoga was certainly keeping a pretty sharp watch. I should have expected nothing else.

It was a brief message, speeded on its way by the introductory words "HIGHEST PRIORITY URGENT IMMEDIATE REPEAT IMMEDIATE ATTENION MASTER FORT TICONDEROGA." I sent the message and took the liberty of signing it "FROM THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT BY THE HAND OF VICE-ADMIRAL RICHARD HODSON DIRECTOR NAVAL OPERATIONS." I switched off the light, opened the door, and peered out cautiously. I came out, locked the padlock, and threw the key over the side.

Thirty seconds later I was on the port side of the boat-deck, carefully gauging, as best I could in that darkness and driving rain, the distance from where I stood to the break in the fo'c'sle. About thirty feet, I finally estimated, and the distance from the fo'c'sle break aft to the window above my bed was, I guessed, about the same. If I was right, I should be almost directly above that window now: the sick-bay was three decks below. If I wasn't right — well, I'd better be right.

I checked the knot round my waist, passed the other end of the rope round a convenient arm of a davit and let it hang down loosely over the side. I was just about to start lowering myself when the rope below me smacked wetly against the ship's side and went taut. Someone had caught that rope and hauled it tight.

BUT the pressure was only momentary, no pull but a tug. Four tugs, in rapid succession. The prearranged signal with MacDonald to show I was on my way back: I might have known Archie MacDonald would have been keeping watch every second of the time I was away. He must have seen or heard or even felt the rope snaking down past the window and guessed that it could only be myself. I went down that rope like a man reborn, checked suddenly as a strong hand caught me by the ankle and five seconds later was inside the sick-bay.

"The ropes!" I said to MacDonald. I was already untying the one around my own waist. "The two ropes on the bedstead. Off with them. Throw them out the window." Moments later the last of the three ropes had vanished, I was closing the windows, pulling the curtains and calling softly for lights.

The lights came on. MacDonald and Bullen were as I had left them, both eyeing me with expressionless faces: MacDonald, because he knew my safe return meant at least possible success and did not want to betray his knowledge: Bullen, because I had told him that I intended to take over the bridge by force, and he was convinced that my method of return meant failure and didn't want to embarrass me. Susan and Marston were by the dispensary door, both fully dressed, neither making any attempt to conceal disappointment. No time for greetings.

"Susan, on with the heaters! Full on. This place feels like a fridge after this window being open so long. Carreras will be here any minute and it's the first thing he'll notice. After that, towels for me. Doc, a hand to get MacDonald back to his own bed. Move, man, move! And why aren't you and Susan dressed for bed? If Carreras sees you—"

"We were expecting the gentleman to come calling with a gun," MacDonald reminded me. "You're frozen stiff, Mr. Carter, blue with cold. And shivering like you were in an ice-box."

"I feel like it." We dumped MacDonald, none too gently, on his bed, pulled up sheets and blankets, then I tore off my clothes and started to towel myself dry. No matter how I towelled, I couldn't stop the shivering.

"The key," MacDonald said sharply. "The key in the sick-bay door."

I'd forgotten all about it. "Susan, will you? Unlock it. And then to bed. Quickly! And you, Doctor." I took the key from her, opened the window behind the curtain, and flung the key out: the suit I had been wearing, the socks, the wet towels followed in that order, but not before I had remembered to remove the screwdriver and MacDonald's clasp-knife from the jacket. I dried and combed my hair into some sort of order — as orderly as anyone could expect it to be after a few hours sleeping in bed — and helped Doc Marston as he swiftly changed the plaster on my head and wrapped splints and fresh bandages round the still soaking ones covering the wounds in my leg.

Then the lights clicked off and the sick-bay was once more in darkness.

"Have I forgotten anything, anybody?" I asked. "Anything that might show I've been out of here?"

"Nothing. I don't think there's anything." The bosun speaking.

"The heaters?" I asked. "Are they on? It's freezing in here."

"It's not that cold, my boy," Bullen said in his husky whisper. "You're freezing, that's what. Marston, haven't you—"

"Hot-water bags," Marston said briskly. "Two of them. Here they are." He thrust them into my hands in the dark. "Had them all prepared for you, we suspected all that sea-water and rain wouldn't do that fever of yours any good. And here's a glass to show your friend Carreras a few drops of brandy in the bottom to convince him how far through you are."

"You might have filled it," I complained.

"I did."

I emptied it. No question but that that neat brandy had a heating effect, it seemed to burn a hole through me all the way down to my stomach.

Then MacDonald's voice, quick and quiet: "Someone coming."

I'd time to fumble the empty glass on to the bedside table, but time for nothing more, not even time to slide down to a lying position under the blankets. The door opened, the overhead lights clicked on and Carreras, the inevitable chart under his arm, advanced across the sick-bay toward my bed.

"Not asleep, Carter, eh?" he said slowly. "Not even lying down." He picked up the glass from the bedside table, sniffed it and set it down again. "Brandy. And you're shivering, Carter. Shivering all the time. Why? Answer me!"

"I'm frightened," I said sourly. "Every time I see you I get terrified."

DOCTOR MARSTON appeared through the dispensary doorway, a blanket wrapped round him, his mane of white hair tousled in splendid disorder, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "This is outrageous. Disturbing this very sick boy—and at this hour. I must ask you to leave, sir. And at once!"

Carreras looked him over from head to toe and back again, then said quietly and coldly: "Be quiet."

"I will not be quiet!" Doc Marston shouted. "Chief Officer Carter is a very sick man. I haven't the facilities here to treat a compound fracture of the femur and the result was inevitable. Pneumonia, sir, pneumonia! In both lungs, so much fluid gathered already that he can't lie down, he can hardly breathe. Temperature 104, pulse 130, high fever, constant shivering, I've packed him with hot-water bottles, fed him drugs, aspirin, brandy—all to no effect. Can't you see he's a sick man? Leave him be."

"I'll only keep him a moment, Doctor," Carreras said soothingly. Whatever faint stirrings of suspicion he might have had had been completely laid to rest by Marston's Oscar-winning performance. "I can see that Mr. Carter is unwell. But this will give him no trouble at all."

I was reaching for the chart and pencil even before he handed it to me. What with the constant shivering and the numbness that seemed to be spreading from my injured leg over my entire body, the calculations took me longer than usual, but they weren't difficult. I looked at the sick-bay clock and said: "You should be in position shortly before 4 a.m."

"We can't miss him, you would say, Mr. Carter?"

"With the radar going I don't see how you can." I wheezed some more so that he wouldn't forget to remember how sick I was, and went on: "How do you propose to make the Ticonderoga stop?" I was as anxious as he was that contact should be established and transfers accomplished as quickly and smoothly as possible. The Twister in the hold was due to blow up at 7 a.m.: I'd just as soon be a long distance away by that time.

"A shell across the bows and a signal to stop. If that doesn't work," he added reflectively, "a shell through the fo'c'sle."

"You really do surprise me, Carreras," I said slowly. "A man who has taken such infinite pains and, I must admit, shown such superb planning throughout — to throw it all away by such careless haphazard action at the end." He made to speak, but I held up my hand and carried on: "I'm just as interested as you are in seeing that the Fort Ticonderoga is stopped. I don't give a tuppenny damn about the gold. I do know it's essential that Captain Bullen, the bosun, and I get to a first-class hospital immediately. I do wish to see all the passengers and crew transferred to safety. I don't want to see any members of the Ticonderoga crew killed by gunfire. And finally—"

"Go on with it," he interrupted coldly.

"Right. You intercept at five. In the present weather conditions it'll be half light then — light enough to the master of the Fort Ticonderoga see you approaching. When he sees another vessel closing in on him—with the whole width of the Atlantic to use to pass him by—he will become immediately suspicious. After all, he knows he's carrying a fortune in gold. He'll turn and run for it. In the half light, with poor visibility, falling rain, pitching decks, and a gun-crew almost certainly untrained in naval gunnery, your chances of administering a hit on the moving target presented by a ship running away from you are pretty small. Not that the pop-gun I'm told you've mounted on the fo'c'sle will achieve very much, anyway."

"No one could call the gun I have mounted on the after deck a pop-gun, Mr. Carter." But for all the untroubled smoothness of the face, he was thinking plenty. "It's almost the equivalent of a 3.7."

"So what? You'll have to turn broadside on to him to that one to bear, and when you're turning the Ticonderoga will be getting even farther away from you. For the reasons already given you'll almost certainly miss anyway. After the second shot, those deck-plates will probably be buckled to hell and gone. Then how do you propose to stop him? You can't make a 14,000-ton cargo ship stop just by waving a few tommy-guns at it."

"It will not come to that. There is an element of uncertainty in everything. But we shall not fail."

"There's no need for an element of uncertainty, Carreras."

"Indeed? How would you propose it should be done?"

"The thing's dead simple, Carreras. When he comes within a few miles on the radar scope, start firing distress signals. At the same time — you'd better arrange this now — have your stooge on the Ticonderoga take a message to the master saying they've just picked up SOS signals from the Campari. When he comes nearer, send an Aldis message that you've sprung engine-room plates, coming through the hurricane, which he's bound to have heard of, that the Campari's pumps can't cope, that you're beginning to think that you want crew and passengers taken off." I smiled my wan smile. "The last part is true, anyway. When he stopped alongside and you whip the tarpaulins off your guns — well, you have him. He can't and won't dare to try to get away."

He stared at me without seeing me, then gave me a small nod.

"I suppose it's out of the question to persuade you to become my—ah—lieutenant, Carter?"

"Just see me safe aboard the Ticonderoga, Carreras. That's all the thanks I want."

"That shall be done." He glanced at his watch. "In under three hours six of your crew will be here with strong arms to transfer Captain Bullen, the bosun, and yourself to the Ticonderoga."

He left. I looked round the sick-bay. They were all there, Bullen and MacDonald in their beds, Susan and Marston by the dispensary door, both shawled in blankets. They were all lookin

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Shall we dance?"

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

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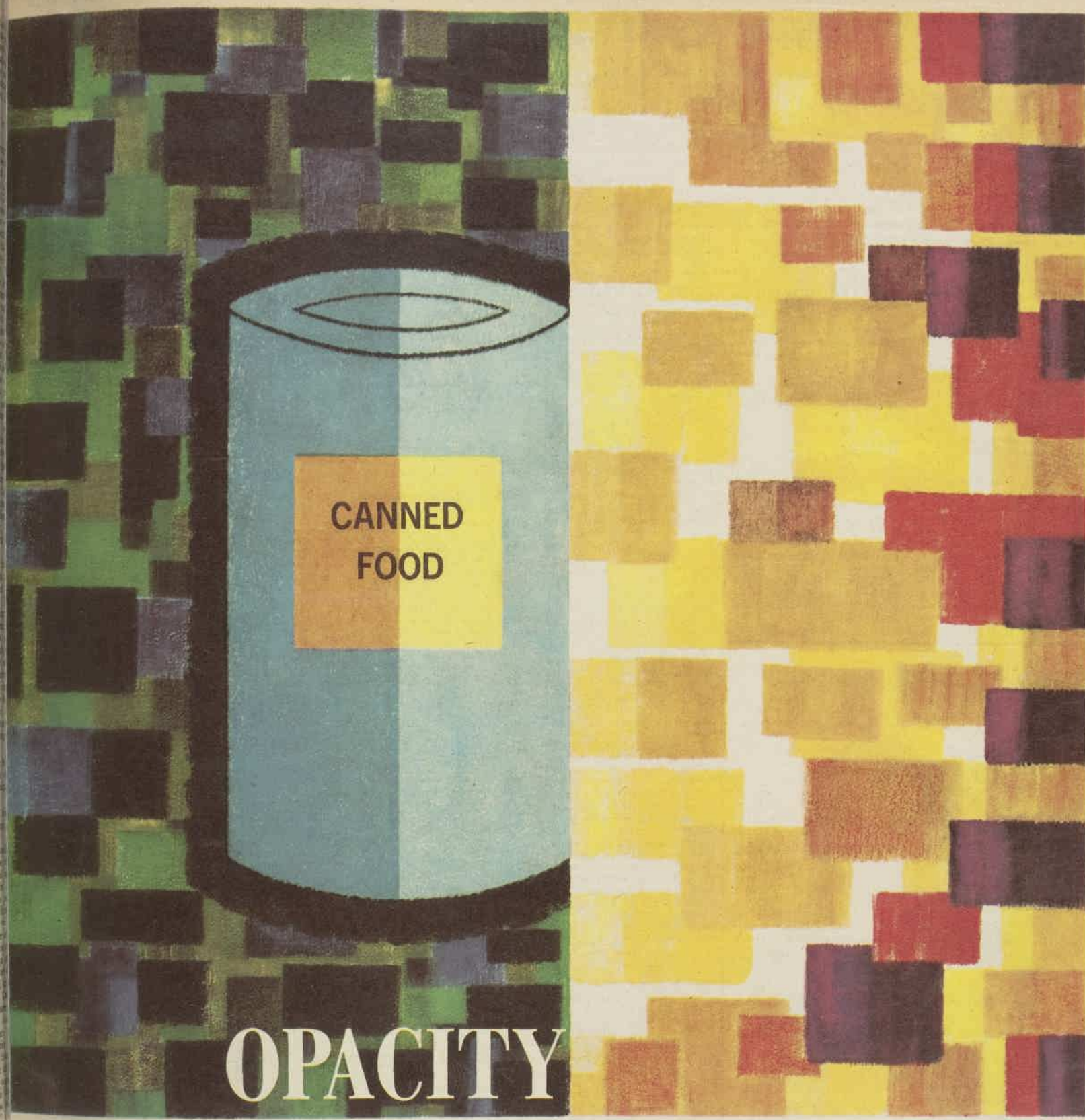

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 82

at me, and the expressions on their faces were very peculiar, indeed, to say the least of it. Then Bullen spoke, his voice slow and hard.

"Carreras has committed one act of piracy: he is about to commit another. By doing so he declares himself an enemy of Queen and country. You will be charged with giving aid and comfort to the enemy, with being directly responsible for the loss of 150 million dollars in gold bullion. I shall take statements from witnesses present as soon as we get aboard the Ticonderoga." I couldn't blame the old man; he still believed in Carreras' promise as to our future safety. In his eyes I was just making things too damned easy for Carreras. But now wasn't the time to enlighten him.

I looked round them one by one and they turned away one by one: Susan, Marston, and Bullen, not bothering to hide their expressions. And then MacDonald, too, turned away, but not before his left eyelid had dropped in a long, slow wink.

I eased myself down in bed and made up my mind for sleep. No one asked me how I had got on that night.

When I awoke I was stiff and sore and still shivering. But it wasn't the pain or the cold or the fever that had brought me up from the murky depths of that troubled sleep. It was noise, a series of grinding, creaking, metallic crashes that echoed and shuddered throughout the entire length of the Campari as if she were smashing into an iceberg with every roll she took. I could tell from the slow, sluggish, lifeless roll that the stabilisers weren't working: the Campari was stopped, dead in the water.

"Well, Mister" — Bullen's voice was a harsh grate — "your plan worked, damn you. Congratulations. The Ticonderoga's alongside."

"Alongside?"

MacDONALD confirmed the news. "Lashed alongside. I can hear the jumbo winch aft. He's started transhipping cargo already."

"Aft? Are you sure?"

"I'm sure, sir."

"Are we tied bow to bow and stern to stern or are we facing in opposite directions?"

"No idea." Both he and Bullen were giving me very close looks, but there was a difference in the quality of the closeness. "Does it matter, Mr. Carter." He knew damned well it did.

"It doesn't matter," I said indifferently. Not much it didn't matter: only 150 million dollars, that was all it mattered.

"Where's Miss Beresford?" I asked Marston.

"With her folks," he said shortly.

The phone rang. Marston picked it up, listened briefly, then hung up. "Stretcher party in five minutes," he announced.

"Help me dress, please," I said. "My white uniform shorts and white shirt."

"You—you're not getting up?" Marston was aghast.

"I'm getting up, dressing, and getting back to bed again," I said shortly. "Do you think I'm daft? What's Carreras going to think if he sees a man with a compound fracture of the thigh hopping briskly over the rail on to the Ticonderoga?"

I dressed, stuck the screwdriver under the splints on my left leg, and got back to bed again. I was no sooner there than the stretcher party appeared and all three of us, still blanket-wrapped, were lowered gently on to the stretchers.

We were carried straight aft along the main deck passage to the after-deck. I saw the end of the passage approaching, the grey cold dawn light replacing the warm electric glow of the passageway, and I could feel my muscles tense involuntarily. The Ticonderoga would be in sight in a few seconds along our starboard side and I wondered if I would dare to look.

Would we be tied bow to bow or bow to stern? Would I have won or lost? We came out on the after-deck. I forced myself to look.

I'd won. Bow to bow and stern to stern. That meant that the Campari's after jumbo was unloading from the Ticonderoga's after-deck. I looked again and checked again and there was no mistake. Bow to bow, stern to stern. I felt like a million dollars. A hundred million dollars.

The Ticonderoga, a big cargo vessel, dark blue with a red funnel, was almost the same size as the Campari. More important, their after-decks were almost the same height above the water, which made for ease of transfer of both cargo and human beings. I could count eight crates already aboard the after-deck of the Campari: a dozen still to come.

ALL of the passengers, as far as I could judge, and at least half of the Campari's crew were already standing on the after-deck of the Ticonderoga, making no move except to brace themselves against the rolling of the ship: their stillness was encouraged by a couple of hard-faced characters in green jungle uniform, each with a machine-pistol cocked.

A third gunman covered two Ticonderoga seamen who were stationed at lowered guard-rails to catch and steady men as they jumped from the after-deck of the Campari to that of the Ticonderoga, as the two ships rolled together. Two more supervised Ticonderoga crew members fitting slings to the crates still to be transferred. From where I lay I could see four other armed men — there were probably many more — patrolling the decks of the Ticonderoga and four others on the after-deck of the Campari.

Carreras himself had taken personal charge of the transhipment of the crates, hurrying on both his own men and the crew of the Ticonderoga, shouting to them, encouraging them, driving them on with an unflagging unrelenting energy and urgency which seemed strangely at variance with his normally calm, dispassionate bearing. He would, of course, be understandably anxious to have the transfer completed before any curious third ship might heave in sight over the horizon, but even so . . . And then I knew what accounted for all the nearly desperate haste: I looked at my watch.

It was already ten minutes past six. Carreras would want to be over the horizon when the Twister went up—and the Twister was due to go up in fifty minutes. I wondered what had held him up. Perhaps the late arrival of the Ticonderoga or the lapse of a longer period of time than he had expected in luring it alongside.

A signal from Carreras and it was time for the stretcher cases to be transferred. I was the first to go. A minute later and both other stretchers had been brought across.

We were set down near the for'ard break of the after-deck beside our passengers and crew. In a group slightly to one side, with a guard all to themselves, stood a few officers and maybe a dozen men of the Ticonderoga's crew. One of them, a tall, lean, angry-eyed man in his early fifties with the four gold rings of a captain on his sleeves and carrying a telegraph form in his hand, was talking to McIlroy, our chief engineer, and Cummings. McIlroy, ignoring the sudden lift of the guard's gun, brought him across to where we'd been set down.

"Thank heaven you all survived," McIlroy said quietly. "Last time I saw you three I wouldn't have given a bent penny for any of your chances. This is Captain Brace of the Ticonderoga. Captain Brace, Captain Bullen, Chief Officer Carter."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," Bullen whispered huskily. "But not in those damnable circumstances." No question about it, the old man was on the way to recovery. "We'll leave Mr. Carter out of it, Mr. McIlroy. I intend to prefer charges against him for giving undue and unwarranted aid to that damned monster Carreras."

"Johnny Carter?" McIlroy looked his open disbelief. "It's impossible!"

"You'll have your proof," Bullen said grimly. He looked up at Captain Brace. "Knowing that you knew what cargo you were carrying I should have expected you to make a run for it when intercepted, naval guns or no naval guns. But you didn't, did you? You answered an SOS, isn't that it? Distress rockets, claims that plates had been sprung in the hurricane, sinking, come and take us off? Right, Captain?"

"I could have outrun or outmanoeuvred him," Brace said tightly. Then, in sudden curiosity: "How did you know that?"

"Because I heard our first mate here advising him that that was the best way to do it. Part of your answer already, eh, McIlroy. Have a couple of men move me nearer that bulkhead. I don't feel too comfortable here."

I gave him an injured glance, but it bounced right off him. His stretcher was shifted and I was left more or less alone in front of the group. I lay there for about three minutes watching the cargo transfer. A crate a minute, and this despite the fact that the manila holding the after-ends of the two vessels together snapped and had to be replaced. Ten minutes at the most and he should be all through.

A hand touched my shoulder and I looked round. Julius Beresford was squatting by my side.

"Never thought I'd see you again, Mr. Carter," he said candidly. "How do you feel?"

"Better than I look," I said untruthfully.

BERESFORD frowned. "But why left all alone here?"

"This," I explained, "is what is known as being sent to Coventry. Captain Bullen is convinced that I gave unwarranted help or aid or some such legal phrase to Carreras. He's not pleased with me."

"Rubbish!" he snorted.

"He heard me doing it."

"Don't care what he heard," Beresford said flatly. "Whatever he heard he didn't hear what he thought he did. I make as many mistakes as the next man, maybe more than most, but I never make a mistake about men . . . Which reminds me, my boy, which reminds me, I can't tell you how pleased I am—and how delighted. Hardly the time and place for it, but, nevertheless, my very heartiest congratulations. My wife feels exactly the same way about it, I can assure you."

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"The job at my Scot oil-port." He was half patient, half smiling. know. Delighted that you going to accept. But rest as delighted as we are all you and Susan.

"All her life she's pursued, as you can guess hordes of gold-digging beats, but I always told that when the day came she met a man who give a damn for her even though he was a even though he was a I wouldn't stand in her Well, she's found him. you're no hobo."

"The oil-port? Susan and me?" I blinked at

"I might have known might have known it!" laugh was pretty close guffaw. "That's my daughter. Never even got to telling you yet. Wait my wife hears this!"

"When did she tell you I asked politely. When last seen her about twelve that morning I would have thought it was the thing in her mind.

"Yesterday afternoon That was even before she made the job proposal to "But she'll get around my boy; she'll get around it."

"I won't get around to I didn't know how long had been standing there. never get around to it. must have been mad. ashamed of myself for thinking of it. I heard Daddy. I was there night with the others in sick-bay when he was

To page 85

Nora was naughty yesterday

Look at her today

HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nervy, it may be constipation that's upset her normal happy nature. If she pushes food away; if she torments her brother; if her temper flares up, she's showing her distress. Aren't you glad you can make her happy and well overnight — the Laxette way?

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 2

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ An eventful week with a lot of things happening, mostly pleasant. Romance, courtship, all the pleasure side of life are favored early. Saturday has very good influences.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, trielors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ A romantic and fortunate aura surrounds partnership, marriage, and new moves this week. Sunday is excellent for romance and courtship. Influences on Monday, however, are shifting.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ The emphasis is on health, work, home, career. Very fortunate influences are at work. Monday strikes a sour note. Avoid depression and stick to routine. There could be a pay rise.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Adverse influences affect finance, love, romance, children and marriage on Saturday and Monday. Otherwise it is a very good week for luck and romance. Try a ticket Wednesday.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, tan, purple. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ On the whole, a lucky period of beneficial expansion and change. Monday spoils a beautiful vista—make no contracts, do nothing new. Buy a ticket Wednesday and Saturday.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ Not a good week for romance, courtship or speculation, especially on Saturday and Monday. But marriage, partnership, and legal affairs are greatly favored. Unexpected journey on Sunday.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-Oct. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ The most romantic day is Sunday. Saturday and Monday do not favor romance, speculation and material interests. There could be benefit from influential friends, hopes could be realised.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, purple. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ You begin your adventure cycle, so get busy. Career, personal prestige, finances, material welfare, romance, speculation all receive lucky vibrations. Monday, when use caution.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ On the whole a lucky week, although romance receives a setback on Saturday. It's not a severe one, as Saturday is the best day of the week. Good day to buy that block of land.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, pink, white. Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.
★ A lifting of conditions, with a let-down later, sums up the week. Do your important business before Saturday. Sunday favors material affairs. You could receive benefits from relatives.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ You begin your destiny year under favorable portents. This period favors ambitions, especially business goals. Finances should expand. Beware of matrimonial trouble on Saturday.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, white. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ Mainly a fortunate week, favoring material pursuits. Friday is good for speculation and romance. The weekend is propitious for marriage. Watch health on Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 84

Carreras that the best way of stopping the Ticonderoga was——"

A long piercing blast on a whistle brought the tale of Carter's cowardice to a merciful end. Immediately green-shirted armed men began to appear from other parts of the Ticonderoga, from the bridge and engine-room where they had been on guard during the transhipment, which was now finished except for one crate. Two of the men with guns, I noticed, were dressed in blue Merchant Navy uniforms: those would be the radio officers Carreras had introduced aboard the Ticonderoga. I looked at my watch. Six twenty-five. Carreras was cutting it fine enough.

And now Carreras himself had jumped across to the after-deck of the Ticonderoga. He said something to Captain Brace. I couldn't hear what it was, but I could see Brace, his face hard and grim, nodding reluctantly. Carreras arranging for the transfer of the coffins. On his way back to the rail he stopped beside me.

"You see that Miguel Carreras keeps his word. Everybody safely transferred." He glanced at his watch. "I still need a lieutenant."

"Goodbye, Carreras."

He nodded, turned on his heel, and left as his men brought the coffins on to the after-deck of the Ticonderoga. They handled them very reverently, indeed, with a tender delicacy that showed they were only too aware of the contents.

Captain Brace stooped and looked down at the brass plaque with the name of Senator Hoskins on it. I heard a quick in-drawing of breath, saw that Susan Beresford, hand to her parted lips, was staring down wide-eyed at it, too, remembered that she must be still under the impression that the Twister was inside, reached out and grabbed her ankle. I grabbed it hard.

"Be quiet!" I muttered fiercely. "For heaven's sake shut up!"

She heard me. She kept quiet. Her old man heard me, but he kept quiet also, which must have taken quite a bit of doing on his part when he saw me with my hand round his daughter's ankle.

The last of Carreras' men was gone, Carreras with them. He didn't waste any time wishing us "Bon voyage" or anything of the kind; he just ordered ropes cast off and disappeared at speed for the bridge. A minute later the Campari was under way and, her after-deck haphazardly packed with crates, was slewing round and heading away toward the east.

"Well," Bullen said into the heavy silence. "There he goes, the murderer. With my ship, damn his soul!"

"He won't have it for long," I said. "Not even half an hour. Captain Brace, I advise you——"

"We'll dispense with your advice, Mister."

Captain Bullen's voice was a series of rat-traps snapping shut, the blue eyes very frosty indeed.

"This is urgent, sir. It's imperative that Captain Brace——"

"I gave you a direct order, Mr. Carter. You will obey——"

"Will you please be quiet, Captain Bullen?" Respectful exasperation, but more exasperation than respect.

"I think you'd better be listening to him, sir," the bosun put in gravely unhappy. "Mr. Carter was not idle last night, unless I'm very much mistaken."

"Thanks, Bosun." I turned to Captain Brace again. "Phone the officer of the watch. Due west 180 degrees from the Campari and full speed. No, emergency power. Now, Captain Brace."

The urgency in my voice got through. For a person who had just lost 150 million dollars in gold Brace reacted surprisingly quickly and well to the man who had caused him to lose it. He gave a few quick words of instruction to a junior officer, then turned a coldly speculative gaze on me.

"Your reasons, sir?"

● A woman driver: a person who drives the same way a man does — only she gets blamed for it. —*Valentine.*

"In number four hold of the Campari Carreras is carrying an armed atomic bomb with the time fuse running out. The Twister, the new missile stolen from the Americans a week or so ago."

"Atomic bomb?" Brace's voice was harsh and too loud. "What damned rubbish——"

"Will you listen? Miss Beresford, am I telling the truth?"

"You're telling the truth." Her voice was unsteady, her green eyes jumpy and still on that coffin. "I saw it, Captain. But——"

"So," I said. "The bomb. Armed. Due to go off in"— I glanced at my watch — "less than twenty-five minutes. Carreras knows it's due to go off then. That's why he's in such a tearing hurry to get away: he imagines the Twister is aboard here. And that's why I'm in such a tearing hurry to go in the opposite direction: I know it's not."

"But it is here," Susan said violently. "It is, you know it is! That coffin! There!"

"You're wrong, Miss Beresford." Then the poop of the Ticonderoga had swung round to the east, the Campari was blocked from sight and I was out of my blankets, ripping off the outside bandages and splints and fishing out the concealed screwdriver before getting stiffly to my feet. I hobbled to the nearest coffin and pulled the flag clear.

I had the lid off the coffin in two minutes flat: in coffin-lid removing, as in everything else, practice makes perfect.

Dr. Slingsby Caroline was as pale as any corpse I'd ever seen. He looked as if he had been frightened to death. I didn't blame him: there must be lots of harrowing experiences calculated to drive a man around the bend, but I think being screwed down in a coffin for about five hours must beat the lot. Dr. Caroline wasn't yet round the bend, but he'd been approaching it pretty fast, with the throttle wide open, by the time I got to him. He was shaking like a broken bed-spring, his eyes were wide with fear and he could hardly speak.

I left the ministrations to other hands and headed for the next coffin. The lid on this one was either pretty stiff or I was pretty weak, and I wasn't making much progress when a burly seaman from the Ticonderoga's crew took the screwdriver from my hand. I wasn't sorry to let it go. I looked at my watch. Seventeen minutes to seven.

"And this time, Mr. Carter?" It was Captain Brace once more at my elbow, a man whose expression clearly showed that his mind had given up trying to cope. It was understandable enough.

"Conventional explosive with a time-setting. I think it's meant to blow up the Twister in sympathetic detonation if the Twister's own time mechanism doesn't work. Frankly, I don't know. The thing is that even this could sink the Ticonderoga. You might get someone to unscrew the third lid, too."

I looked at my watch again. Fifteen minutes to seven. The Campari was already hardly more than a dark smudge far down on the lightening horizon to the east, six, perhaps seven miles away. A fair distance off: but not far enough

The lid was clear of the second coffin. I pulled back the covering blankets, located the primer and the two slender leads to the inset detonator, and gingerly sliced through these, one at a time, with a knife. Just to be on the safe side I threw detonator and primer over the side. Two minutes later I'd rendered the time-bomb in the third coffin equally harmless.

"Mr. Carter," Bullen said slowly. He'd stopped glaring at me. "I think perhaps you owe us a little explanation. This business of Dr. Caroline, the coffins, the—the substitutions—"

So I gave it to him, highly condensed, while everybody crowded round, and at the end he said: "And I think, maybe, I might owe you a small apology." Contrite, but not going overboard about it. "But I can't get the thought of the Twister out of my head —the Twister and the Campari. She was a good ship, Mister. Damn it, I know Carreras is a villain, a monster, a man surrounded by cut-throats. But did you have to do it this way? To condemn them all to death? Forty lives on your hands?"

"Better than a hundred and fifty lives on Carreras' hands," Julius Beresford said sombrely. "Which is what it would have been but for our friend here."

"Couldn't be helped, sir," I said to Bullen. "The Twister was armed and locked in position. Carreras has the key. The only way to render that bomb safe would be to tell Carreras and let him unlock it. If we'd told him before he'd left here, sure, he'd have disarmed it: then he would have killed every man and woman on the Ticonderoga. You can bet what you like that the generalissimo's last instruction was: 'No one must live to talk about this.'"

"It's still not too late," Bullen said insistently. He wasn't giving a damn about Carreras, but he loved the Campari. "Once we're under way there's no chance of his being able to board us again and kill us, even assuming he comes after us. We can dodge whatever shells——"

"One moment, sir," I interrupted. "How do we warn him?"

"By radio, man, by radio! There's still six minutes. Get a message——"

"The Ticonderoga's transmitters are useless," I said wearily. "They're smashed beyond repair."

"What!" Brace caught my arm. "What? Smashed? How do you know?"

To page 86

Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 85

"Use your head," I said irritably. "Those two bogus wireless operators were under orders to wreck the transmitters before they left. Do you think Carreras wanted you sending out SOSs all over the Atlantic the moment he took off?"

"The thought hadn't even occurred to me." Brace shook his head and spoke to a young officer. "On the phone. You heard. Check."

He checked and was back in thirty seconds, his face grave. "He's right, sir. Completely smashed."

"Our friend Carreras," I murmured. "His own executioner."

Two seconds later and five minutes ahead of schedule the Campari blew itself out of existence.

She must have been at least thirteen miles away. She was well hull-down over the horizon and the high square bulk of the Ticonderoga's raised poop lay in our direct line of sight, but, for all that, the searing blue-white glare that was the heart of the exploding bomb struck at our cringing, wounded eyes with all the strength of a dozen noon-day suns while it momentarily high-lit the Ticonderoga in blinding white and shadows blacker than night as if some giant searchlight had been switched on only yards away.

The intense whiteness, the murderous dazzlement lasted no more than a fraction of a second — although its imprint on the eye's retina lasted many times longer — and was replaced by a single bar-straight column of glowing red fire that streaked up into the dawn until it pierced the cloud above; and, following that, a great column of boiling, seething-white water surged up slowly from the surface of the sea, incredibly slowly, seemed to reach half-way up to the clouds, then as slowly began to fall again. What little was left of the shattered and vaporised Campari would have been in that gigantic waterspout. The Campari and Carreras.

From birth to death that waterspout must have taken a full minute, and it was only seconds after it had vanished and the eastern horizon become clear again that the single flat thunderclap of sound followed by the deep menacing rumble of the after-explosion and accompanying shock-waves came at us over the surface of the sea. Then again all was silence, profound and deathly.

"Well, Dr. Caroline," I said conversationally, "at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the damned thing works."

He didn't take me up on my conversational gambit. No one took me up on it. They were all waiting for the tidal wave, but no tidal wave came. After a minute or two a long, low, very fast-moving swell bore down on us from the east, passed under the Ticonderoga, made her pitch heavily perhaps half a dozen times, and then was gone. It was Captain Brace who was the first of them all to find his voice.

"That's it, then, Captain Bullen. All gone up in smoke. Your ship and my 150 million dollars in gold."

"Just the ship, Captain Brace," I said. "Just the ship. As for the twenty vaporised generators, I'm sure the United States Government will gladly recompense the Harmsworth and Holden Electrical Engineering Company."

He smiled faintly. Heaven knows, he couldn't have felt like smiling.

"There were no generators in those crates, Mr. Carter. Gold bullion for Fort Knox. How that devil Carreras——"

"You knew there was gold in those crates?" I asked.

"Of course I did. Rather, I knew we had it on board. But there had been a mistake in marking the crates. So much damned secrecy, I suppose, that one hand didn't know what the other hand was doing. According to my manifest, the crates of gold were in the for'ard twenty on the upper deck, but an Admiralty message last night informed me of the mistake that had been made. Rather, it informed those damned renegades of radio operators. Never showed it to me, of course. They must have radioed the news to Carreras and the first thing they did when he tied up alongside was to give him the written message itself as confirmation. He gave it to me as a souvenir," he added bitterly. He held out his hand with the form in it. "Want to see it?"

"No need." I shook my head. "I can tell you word for word what's in that cable: HIGHEST PRIORITY URGENT IMMEDIATE REPEAT IMMEDIATE ATTENTION MASTER FORT TICONDEROGA: GRAVE ERROR LOADING MANIFEST; SPECIAL CARGO NOT REPEAT NOT FOR'ARD TWENTY CRATES FOR'ARD DECK MARKED TURBINES NASHVILLE TENNESSEE BUT REPEAT BUT IN FOR'ARD TWENTY CRATES AFTER DECK MARKED GENERATORS OAK RIDGE TENNESSEE: INDICATIONS YOU MAY BE RUNNING INTO HURRICANE. ESSENTIAL SECURE AFTER DECK CARGO EARLIEST FROM THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT. THE HAND OF VICE-ADMIRAL RICHARD HODSON DIRECTOR NAVAL OPERATIONS."

Captain Brace stared at me. "How in the name of——"

"Miguel Carreras also had a manifest in his cabin," I said. "Marked — and correctly — exactly the same as yours. I saw it."

"That radio message never came from London. I sent it from the wireless office of the Campari at 4 o'clock this morning."

It was a long, long silence indeed that followed: predictably enough it was Susan Beresford who finally broke it. She moved across to Bullen's stretcher, looked down on him, and said: "Captain Bullen, I think you and I both owe Mr. Carter a very great apology."

"I think we do, Miss Beresford. I think we do, indeed." He tried to scowl, but it didn't quite come off. "But he told me to shut up, mind you. Me. His captain."

"That's nothing," she said in dismissal. "You're only his captain. He told me to shut up, too, and I am his fiancee. We're getting married next month."

"His fiancee? Getting married next month?" In spite of the pain Captain Bullen propped himself on one elbow, staring uncomprehendingly at each of us in turn. "Well, I'll be damned! This is the first I've heard of this."

"It's the first Mr. Carter has heard of it, too," she admitted. "But he's hearing it now."

(Copyright)

The novel "The Golden Rendezvous" was recently published by William Collins.

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"I know that Thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee."*
— Job 42.2.

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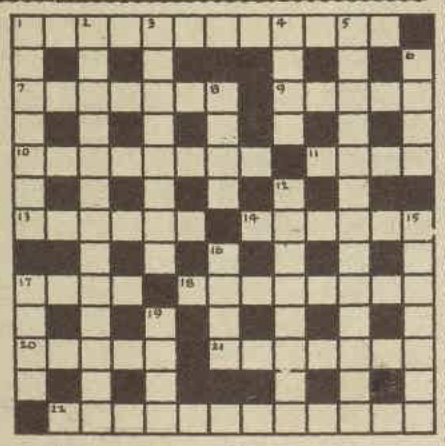
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

They may be found in a chain store or in a shirt (7, 5).

Bright orange-red color (7).

Small weight or a lynx (5).

It's not the upper part of a marsh plant but the part of an organ (4-4).

Part of a ship made by an Amsterdam astronomer (4).

Essential for entering and travelling (6).

1, provided with a chore, fitting the principal character (6).

Gifted sailor with the French (4).

Only a sick student can have it (8).

He is inside this good fare (5).

A Venetian boat (7).

If you want to get the inside information you must read here (7, 5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Raiment in a mosque (7).
2. To belong to it one must be a cardinal (6, 7).
3. Irruptions in plants for making baskets (8).
4. Cromwell's troopers were on that side (4).
5. Prickly Australian acacia made by a marsupial with a spiny part of a plant (8-5).
6. Trial without jury, but not without judge (4).
8. Stepped, the end measuring 5½ yards (4).
12. Rope lent to this ancient horseman's pistol (8).
15. Sword which could wound a girl (7).
16. A Yankee safe-robber (4).
17. Pre-eminent curve (4).
19. Bow, but not a sign of submission (4).

...ion of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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